April 30, 1932

3

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Booth Tarkington's

new short story

Perilous Strands

It's your money but who cares? - S

APRIL 30, 1932

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERICK KUCKUK 80X
2922 E 28TH 2331
3 C
KANSAS CITY 14 2
MO 28MY32

Bottled Beverages are Popular

and Bottlers say you can't beat INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

SOON after the Revolutionary War, Townsend Speakman sold a new drink called "charged water" in his Philadelphia pharmacy. In 1807 he thought of adding fruit juices for flavoring . . . and that's how carbonated beverages began!

Today we buy bottled carbonated beverages of many flavors and many names. We drink the products of approximately 10,000 American bottlers, whose annual sales total between three and four hundred million dollars! We down each year the delicious contents of over *eleven billion* bottles!

Quality products, improved production and aggressive selling have all been factors in the tremendous growth and success of the bottling industry.

So has distribution . . . and that's where International Trucks come in! In this industry, where trucks must help to pay the dividends, Internationals keep delivery cost per case at the lowest possible figure. These sturdy trucks are as easy-riding as they are easy to handle . . . and they carry their breakable loads safely and swiftly under any conditions. Last, but by no means least, the striking appearance of Internationals is good advertising for their owners; for bottlers, butchers, and bakers, for businesses of every kind.

There are speed and heavy-duty Internationals to meet the need of every route of every bottler. And there are Internationals to meet the specific requirements, in body and chassis, of every other kind of business as well.

Have the nearest International Branch or Dealer arrange a demonstration to show what International Trucks will do for you, and how economically they will do it. Pick out any model you want, and have the demonstration made on your own job. Then you'll *know!*

The Illustration shows the New 1½-ton 6-cylinder Model A-3

$795

for the 136-in. wheelbase chassis f. o. b. factory. (Dual rear wheels extra.) Other sizes from ¾-ton to 5-ton. International Company-owned branches at 183 points in the United States and Canada.

Hauling at Low Cost

The Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Southwestern Arkansas (Camden, Ark.) kept records on a 2-ton 6-cylinder International for a year and found the operating cost to be under 6½ *cents a mile*—all possible costs except driver's wages included. Truck covered 18,253 miles; on the job 312 days; 58 miles per day, mostly on gravel roads. *This example is typical of International economy.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Buick pleases all of us—best!"

Have you ever "listened in" to a Buick family
discussing Buick's big 3500-pound Straight Eight sedan, only $995, f. o. b. Flint?
"It's so convenient, almost drives itself—and so comfortable and *dependable!*" says Mother.
"It's good for years of service," says Father.
"Faster than you can say 'Jack Robinson'!" say the children.
If you've talked to a Buick family, you *know* why more than half of all buyers
of the fourteen eights in its price range choose Buick.
And you know it will please all members of your family, too!

Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS WITH BODY BY FISHER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

TWO weeks ago we warned you that the mandarin Fu Manchu was about to become active again in the affairs of the world. But we said nothing about the most alarming aspect of this new menace to civilization. No doubt you believed it would issue from the brain of an old man—a brain of supreme criminal genius, to be sure, but housed in an outworn body.

That is not true. No longer will you see Fu Manchu support his lean height with the aid of an ivory-headed cane. After twenty years of experiment the insidious doctor has succeeded in extracting from the blossoms of a rare orchid the *elixir vitae* and appears before you in all the vigor and magnificent daring of his prime.

And not the doctor alone. His daughter Fah Lo Suee, as beautiful as she is evil, will strive with the lovely Rima for the love of Shan Greville, while her father matches wits with Sir Denis Nayland Smith for the relics of the Masked Prophet of Korassân and the control of the world.

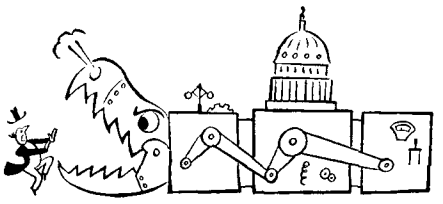
With a shudder we give you "The Mask of Fu Manchu" by Sax Rohmer.

—

ON THE desk of Mr. William G. Shepherd there lie relics of other mysteries. One of them is a strip from the covering of the airship Norge, in which Amundsen flew over the North Pole; the other is a handsomely bound congressional rule book.

Mr. Shepherd keeps the two souvenirs side by side. To him both of them represent strange realms, difficult to understand.

To the new members (and there are sixty-five of them in the Seventy-second Congress) our lower house is a ponderous machine in which they are small and—they sometimes think—unnecessary parts. Mr. Shepherd reports their plight and their ideas in "Oh, Say, Can You Hear?"



"PAT," said old man Lang, "never marry a wild one that'll drag you from pillar to post and break your heart." He was talking about Jim Irons, who had come hotfoot north to the Texas border with the law behind him and a raging river ahead. Ernest Haycox tells you what came of that advice in "One More River."

—

LAST October when the provisional government of Peru arranged for the first honest election in a generation, about ninety per cent of Pizarro's children turned out "to make the vote." They installed as president the soldier-statesman Sanchez Cerro. Even those of us who do not hold bonds will be interested in the announcements he makes in Edward Tomlinson's article "Peru Polls Out." And everyone will enjoy the colorful pictures of the country of the Incas.

—

DANA BURNET, Philip Drouer, Gerald Mygatt, Grantland Rice, Arthur Train, Freling Foster and Clinton W. Gilbert contribute gems to your thesaurus of knowledge and zest to the gayety of nations.

THIS WEEK

April 30, 1932

Cover—James Trembath

Page 7—Booth Tarkington

PERILOUS STRANDS: Captain Valentine in hair-raising danger.

Page 10—Walter Davenport

SPARE THE AXE AND SPOIL EVERYTHING: The politics of duplication.

Page 12—Edward Shenton

IN HIS HEART: The fight was blue-printed, but the prints got lost.

Page 14—Millard Ward

HORSESHOES: Beginner's luck—in Greenwich Village.

Page 16—Clinton W. Gilbert

HOUSE WRECKERS: Representatives in rebellion.

Page 17—Grantland Rice

BILL OF HEALTH: Take Keene Fitzpatrick, for example.

Page 18—Arthur Train

THE UNGUARDED QUEEN, Part X: Brent leads the way.

Page 20—John B. Kennedy

CITY OF HOPE: Detroit and its mayor.

Page 22—W. E. Woodward

NINE-O'CLOCK TOWN: Hollywood, in case you didn't know.

Page 26—Arthur Somers Roche

THE GRACIOUS LADY, Conclusion: Two women—and Dean Resolve.

Page 30—In One Ear

Anecdotes you'll want to repeat.

Page 34—The Short Short Story

AT THE MINIMUM RATE: By Frederick Skerry.

Page 36—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Far-fetched facts.

Page 41—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? It's cold-decked, of course.

Page 54—Editorial

DON'T CHOKE THE FUTURE.

Any Week

THE first page of Mr. B. Reginald Curlap's letter from Chicago had us in a bad way. Didn't know whether to be chagrined, indignant or just crushed. Mr. Curlap tells us that we are incapable of sustained and coherent thought and that our readers are all morons. But in his last paragraph Mr. Curlap explains he is twenty years old and a sophomore in college. Once we were like that, and gosh! what a good time we had.

—

"I HAVE just been reading," writes Mrs. Regina C. Mahaffey of New York City, "that two scientists in the California Institute of Technology have come to the conclusion that the end of the world will never arrive. That comes of spending your life in a laboratory. You would think that anybody would know that it can't go on like this."

—

NOW here's an idea. Mr. R. L. Pedler of Lawrence, Mass., after reading our recent editorial setting forth the casualties due to the apparent American inability to drive motor cars as they should be driven, writes: "Can you not enlist the support of such strong bodies as the Anti-Saloon League in a movement to remove the automobile from the public highway?"

—

"AND have any of our perspiring congressmen figured out how much of these increased taxes will be devoted to the perpetuation of admittedly useless bureaus, commissions and boards in Washington?" demands Mr. Jack Bernstein of Memphis, Tennessee.

—

MISS FLORENCE J. FREELAND of Sacramento, California, thinks it odd that nobody is blaming the current business debacle on the younger generation. "Somebody," she assures us, "is missing a lot of newspaper publicity."

"WHY shouldn't we have more lawlessness than any other major country?" asks Dr. G. C. Dewees of Indianapolis. "We have more laws to break, including laws that make it unlawful to violate the law. Did you ever figure out how many laws you break every day without knowing it? I broke nineteen last Sunday between church and bedtime and I'm the only person who knows what they are."

—

"MAY I," writes Mr. J. M. Jenkins, Jr., of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, "respectfully state that I am sick and tired of reading fiction in which the white characters from below the Mason and Dixon line speak like uneducated Negroes?"

—

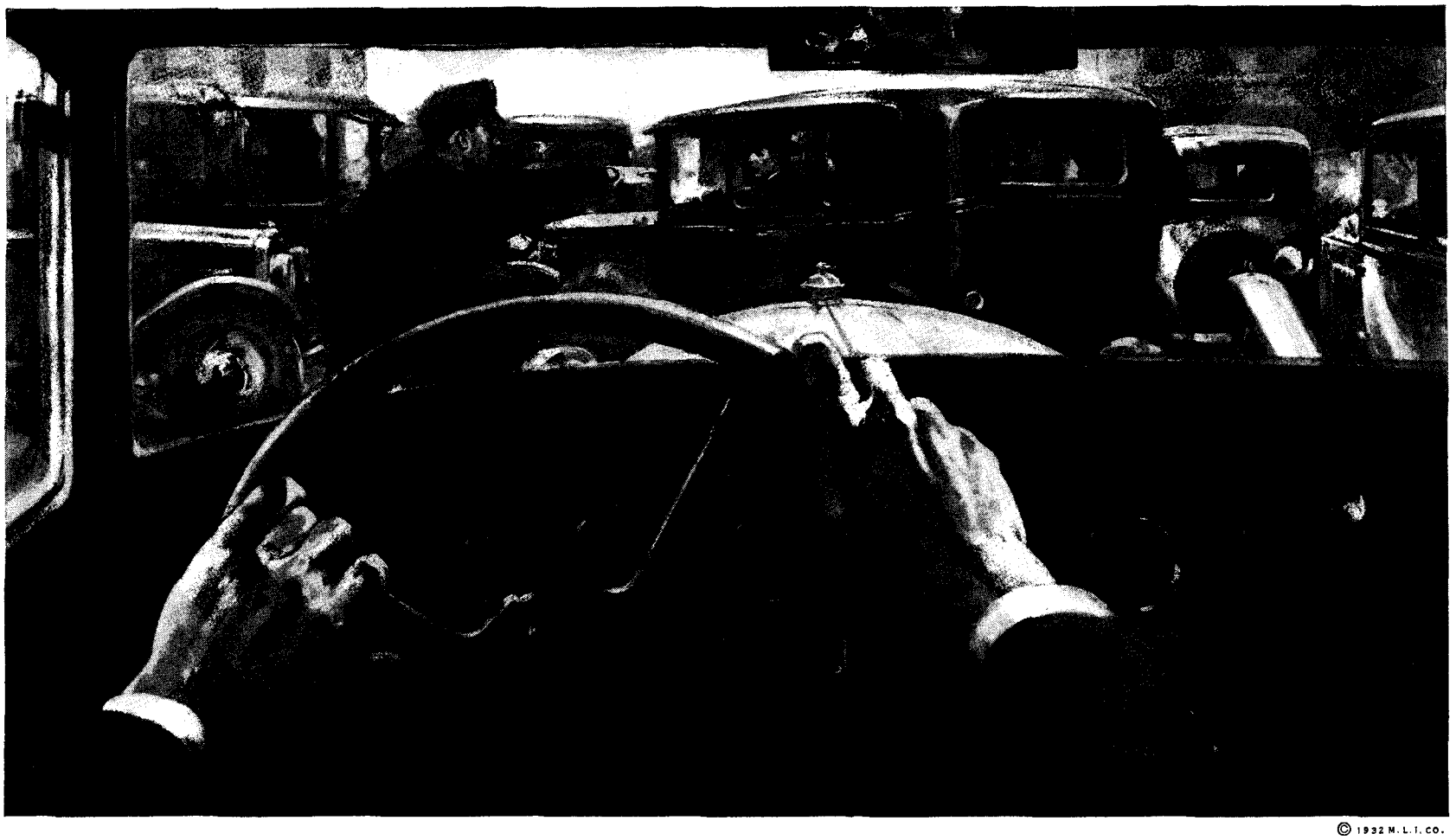
IN CONCLUSION a word of advice from Mrs. Lucy Burns of Detroit. Says she, the way to learn the truth about a great man's reputation is to elect him to office.

Vol. 89, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1932, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States. $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. For other countries add $2.50 per year extra postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Be a REAL Driver



© 1932 M. L. I. CO.

THE inexperienced and unskilful driver risks his own life and endangers pedestrians and other motorists every time he ventures on the road.

Things happen so quickly in a car. At thirty miles an hour you travel forty-four feet in one second; four feet—often the margin between collision and safety—in one-eleventh of a second. Learn to figure distances and allow yourself ample road-room.

Could you forgive yourself if a moment's inattention resulted in a crash which you might have avoided?

PREPARE FOR YOUR SUMMER DRIVING

Check yourself on the following ten points of good motoring, enjoy your driving this summer and make it free from accidents to your family and others.

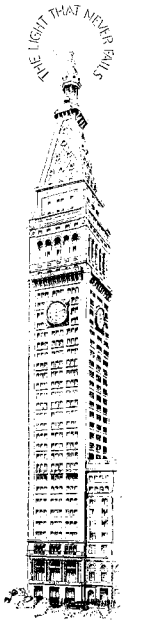
	Perfect Score	Your Score
1. Do you keep your mind on your driving?	10	___
2. Do you keep in line of traffic?	10	___
3. Do you watch the movements of other cars and try to anticipate what they will do?	10	___
4. Do you watch for pedestrians, particularly children?	10	___
5. Do you slow down at schools, crossings and dangerous intersections?	10	___
6. Do you signal to the car behind when you intend to change your course?	10	___
7. Do you know the feeling of having your car under control?	10	___
8. Do you keep in line when nearing top of hill or a sharp turn?	10	___
9. Do you comply with traffic regulations, signals and signs?	10	___
10. Do you have your car, brakes especially, inspected regularly?	10	___
	100	

Last year 33,000 people were killed and 1,000,000 injured in automobile accidents.

Relatively few of these accidents were the result of mechanical defects in the machines. The majority of them were caused by poor drivers or by good drivers who momentarily failed to control their cars.

A real driver does more than start, stop and guide his car. He controls its every action. He is at all times alert and anticipates possible blunders of pedestrians and drivers he meets or passes.

With 26,000,000 registered motor vehicles in the United States, all too many of which are driven by unfit or unskilful drivers, the need for real drivers is greater than ever before.



Learn the fine points of skilful driving. Not only are experts rarely injured, but they seldom suffer from nervous fatigue after a long, hard drive. Most of them enjoy their mastery over a powerful machine, perfectly obedient to intelligent direction.

* * *

Send for free booklet which tells what a real driver does. In addition to valuable information, the booklet contains pages on which to record mileage, gasoline and oil consumption. Address Booklet Dept. 532-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Build sturdy little bodies like these

... yet save amazingly on food costs!

Yes you *can* keep little bodies strong and well . . . serve even more delicious breakfasts . . . yet cut food costs in half.

THOUSANDS of mothers are guarding child health and cutting down food costs at the same time. By serving Quaker Oats breakfasts!

For Quaker Oats provides protein, the precious repair element that makes meat, milk and eggs so valuable. Like fresh fruits and vegetables it is abundant in minerals for good red blood. Like far costlier foods it is a concentrated source of energy.

Yet you can give your child a whole month of these supreme breakfasts for scarcely more than 10 cents!

Plump oats roasted whole to give richer flavor

In addition (and this is important, for children's appetites *must* be tempted) Quaker Oats has a rich, delicate flavor that children relish. A toasty, nut-like flavor that comes from the exclusive Quaker *roasting* process.

Picture the plumpest, most flavory oat kernels turning and whirling as they go roasting and toasting through 14 rotating ovens. Think how this roasting brings out their rich savoriness. How it seals the goodness *in*. So it can't cook *out*.

Think, too, what it adds to wholesome digestibility. You can cook Quick Quaker Oats tenderly done in just 2½ minutes! That's faster than toast or coffee.

Save cooking time. Cut food costs in half

So easy and quick to cook! So rich in exactly what children need. So unbelievably low in cost!

Yes, you *can* keep little bodies strong and well. You can make that first meal of the day extra delicious. You can cut food costs in half. By serving Quick Quaker Oats regularly.

❦

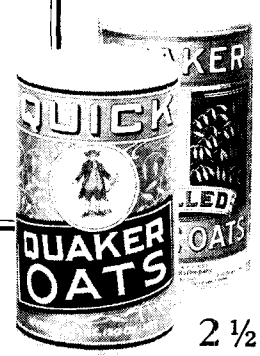
Have you tried Quaker Crackels? They are the newest of ready-to-eat cereals . . . a combination of grains, blended together into crisp, golden little pillows.

ROASTING!

Exclusive process, secret of Quaker's delicious flavor!

Roasting . . . an exclusive process. Only the plumpest, most *flavory* oats are used. The choice 30% in every bushel. The ripe whole oats are *roasted* through 14 different ovens. This roasts the delicious flavor *in* so it can't boil *out*. The oatflakes are made so digestible that they cook wholesomely done in 2½ *minutes*.

And – important economy – every package of Mother's Oats and Quaker Oats contains from 30 to 40% more oatflakes than most millers pack!



LISTEN to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C.
Consult your newspaper radio program for the time.

QUICK QUAKER OATS, *cooks in* 2½ *minutes*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perilous Strands

The harrowing experience of the valorous Captain Valentine who loved a lady with beautiful hair

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

The feelings inside of me on account of her having hold of me that way was something that couldn't ever be expressed

AT COBBLE REEF, that pleasant little harbor set like a rocky horseshoe into the coast of Maine, my next-door neighbor is the retired tugboat mariner, Captain Ambrose Valentine, without whose occasional society my summers would lack much of their salty piquancy. Elsewhere has been mentioned the unmistakable likeness of Captain Valentine constructed by a summer boarder at Minns', who used for the materials of her portrait not paper and pencil but a rosy apple and five bits of white cotton; everyone recognized the captain, even though his most eloquent features were omitted—two moist blue eyes, wholly benevolent and of an unquenchable trustfulness.

The captain has a gift for talking, a talent I have encouraged to my own benefit whenever possible. Uninterrupted, he will speak continuously, for as much as an hour sometimes, of watery episodes in tugboat history, of divers in and out of the deep, of crews in port, of moral lessons learned from The Seaman's Zion, the periodical that seems to be his only reading, and even of the always respectable amatory adventures that from time to time either brightened or saddened evenings or afternoons ashore, up to the very hour of his retirement from the sea.

Thus, one warm afternoon last summer, we sat together upon a broken-backed sofa of his that stands outdoors the year round propped against the front wall of his small cottage and, as a hatless, blond, pretty boarder from Minns' passed along the white palings of the captain's fence, on her way to the rocks with a book, I observed that his eyes followed her with that expression of slight disturbance observable sometimes in the elderly when a long-quieted bit of memory is stirred.

"Pretty hair, hasn't she?" I said. "They tell me she spends a great deal of time and trouble taking care of it."

He turned his gaze from the charming head above the palings and, to my surprise, his face now wore the expression of a man who has seen something little to his liking. "Presume she does," he said, with a coldness of manner unusual in him.

I laughed. "I suppose at our age it's true we don't care as much as we used to whether they're pretty or not, Captain."

"I do too! I like to see 'em prettier now than I ever did in my life. I like 'em prettier better'n what I did when I was what you might call a youth!"

"Dear me!" I protested, for he spoke with some heat. "Just this moment when I called your attention to that girl's hair—"

"Yes, you did," he interrupted, almost as if aggrieved. "You says how pretty it was and how much time she spent on it. They always do when they got it."

"When they've got what?"

"Hair!" he replied, with a curious bitterness. "Hair! My Godfrey, what I couldn't tell you about that if I was a *mind* to!"

I WAS a little astonished by the emphasis with which he spoke and also by what seemed to me an overseriousness upon such a subject, though it's true that Captain Valentine usually was serious. "You mean what you couldn't tell me about hair, Captain?"

"Yes, sir! Hair!" he said. "My Godfrey! Listen!"

I listened indeed, and the rest is what he told me:

You take and look at Homer Thomas that's our depity sheriff and inks his mustache black four days out of seven because he has to or come out in his true colors, and it's a case of the unnatural, because Providence never designed for men to depend on their hair for public opinion, else Providence wouldn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

create they become bald so easy. I don't argue against the lesson of Samson, or Abaslom either, when I say this, because they was special examples and not put forward for us to try and do likewise, the same as David and Bashtheba and Aaron's rod and Jezebel and all those. It's a case of the unnatural when a man sets up to alter Providence in the question of his hair or mustache, or even where he doesn't seek to oppose them designs from on high, if he takes and spends all his spare time in a barber shop it shows he swings too much toward a feminine nature. Because spending all their time on their hair is more in the courses of nature for women when they got good hair or are maybe threatened with not, and you can make allowances for it; but it's something can be carried too far and bring about evil results in their train.

YOU take the case of when I was on the tugboat Mrs. Frank Turner, and it proves what I mean. This was a long while before I got my sustificate, because I wasn't only a deck-hand on the Mrs. Frank Turner; but I enjoyed the work and always had a nice time because the Mrs. Frank Turner was as nice a vessel as I ever expected. She was owned by an independent concern that Mr. Frank Turner was the owner of, and how her name come about, his wife always had the say-so. But this summer I commenced relating of he had us down east in Wenmouth harbor hauling scows out to sea and dumping for a dredger that was deepening the channel of the Wen River. I hadn't ever been to Wenmouth before and we laid up at a dock before sunset every evening and didn't have anything to do till next morning, so most always I would go ashore and walk up Water and Front Streets to see what might be taking place.

It seemed a nice place, Wenmouth, with nice brisk business going on, drug stores and three or four restaurants and a poolroom and two ship chandlers and a nice seed store and other enterprises, so when I asked the clerk in the drug store I spent the most time in what was the population he told me eleven thousand, and I presume it must have been anyhow near half what he said, which was natural.

So, being in this little city where there was a good deal going on and me at the age to think practi'lly all the time about the fair sex except on duty, I would walk up and down the street, looking around, feeling kind of lonely and wishing I had the acquaintance of a good-looking lady I could escort somewheres or sit on her front steps with. But most that come out was already in couples with a male, or maybe three or four young ladies walking together, which would daunt me from going up to them to ask which was the way to the bank, a means toward making acquaintances our steward on the Mrs. Frank Turner instructed me was the best, though I had never yet tried it myself.

WELL, one evening just when the sun was setting like it was straight at the far end of the street, awful pretty, I noted I was walking behind the finest head of hair I ever see in my life. It was goldish and glossy, all full of waviness, and done up nicer than I ever noted any before, and more of it than you'd think the human head would carry. She had a hat on it, but only a little one, and, walking toward the setting sun, there was a circle round it all lit up like it was made out of when the sun draws water. Right when I see this, I got a feeling like I'd eat something cold that was warming up inside of me.

She went up to the corner and turned around and come back, passing me, so I see she had a face all nice and white-powdery, the way you didn't usually see 'em except on Saturday afternoon, and she was dressed up nice, too, and this was only Thursday, so you could tell she must be one that had a good regard for her looks all the time. After I went on a piece I turned around and come back, and she was standing in front of the seed-store window and looking at it and kind of feeling her hair a little. Then, just as I got there, she went on to the other corner and come back, passing me again; so I turned and come back too after her, and after a bit she crossed over to the other side of the street and walked up and down the sidewalk there four or five times while I was walking up and down the other one, so I see she was just out strolling. Each time when I come opposite her, on my side of the street, I would get that warming-up feeling inside stronger and wish I had some way to form her acquaintance; but I didn't look over at her right strong for fear she would think I was some roustabout.

I know how of course there's people think that whoever follows the sea, and maybe especially tugboat men, make themselves all hail-fellows-well-met the minute they mingle among young ladies, and that their customs, as soon as they wish to become acquainted, partake nothing but just rough-and-tumble and would go right up and commence laughing and joking without having ever see her before.

WELL, this might be a special case or two, just the way it would of a doctor maybe or a furniture-store man or any other calling in life; but our class, tugboat men as much as any, it's composted of separate persons that's got separate customs for every case that belongs to it, just as I would have my own customs with ladies and our fireman on the Mrs. Frank Turner would have his, for instance, and the average is equal to any. My mother brought me up to respect the fair sex, and when I was only a child the first time I ever hit a little girl, thinking her an equal and because she hit me, my father took me into the shed where he smoked his haddock and used a rope's end on me till Kingdom Come.

Besides this, I have always held to it that the fair sex is set above our own and not to take liberties with, so when she would come opposite me across the street, I would more or less let on like I was looking at something I took out of my pocket, such as a knife or a quarter or maybe my handkerchief. Then afterwhile she crossed back to my side of the street and walked up and down there a couple of times, me passing her the same and letting on to have a cold when I got near her, because from my first sight of her I got to feeling a girl with that hair would be above my going up to her and asking which way was the bank, and now I was commencing to feel embarrassed by my making it so kind of plain I would like to obtain an introduction. But finally, when I turned around at the corner, about the third or fourth time after this, I didn't see her, so I see she must took and went home.

That night I couldn't sleep in my bunk when I first got into it because the way I kept thinking I never did see such hair, and I had walked up and down behind it so much on Front Street I could see it with my eyes shut like it was right there in front of me, and next morning I woke up the same way. All day while we was towing them scows I kept wondering if I would see her on Front Street when I went ashore after work, and sure enough there she was when I got there, looking in the seed-store window again and feeling her hair just the same as the day before. Soon as I see her I got a choking feeling, because it seemed to me maybe she come down to Front Street again on account of presuming I took an interest in her.

SO SHE commenced walking up and down that sidewalk and the one across the street, and I did the same, just like the day before, and it went on like that for three evenings till I thought I would pretty near haf to die if I couldn't obtain an introduction to this girl with the pretty hair, and the way it finally come about was this: Her slippers had the stylishest high heels you ever see, and one of 'em had kind of a list to port, which I thought made her even better because it give her kind of a graceful use of herself in her walking; but it come off right on the curbstone at the corner when she was going to cross the street and I was only about twenty feet behind her, and she stood, kind of helpless, looking at it where it laid.

For a while I didn't hardly know what to do; but then I hear her say, "Oh, my!" kind of loud, so I went and picked this heel up and sort of held it out to her; but I was too nervous to say anything. And to be almost talking to a young lady with hair I'd thought so much about made me so near what you might call bashful I let on again to have a cold at the same time.

"Oh, my!" she says. "I wonder if Mr. Reamur could be open this late?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Open?" I says. "Who?"

"Mr. Reamur, the cobbler," she says.

"Oh," I says, and kind of come back to my presence of mind and took off my hat and says I hoped she wouldn't think I was trying to push myself on her acquaintance because I wasn't one that would do such a thing except in the case of this accident, and she says she wasn't the kind would allow it unless in such a case either; but since it had happened she would accept of my aid and would have to lean on my arm to get there on account of her heel being off.

So she did, and we walked around to this Mr. Reamur's, and the feelings inside of me on account of her having hold of me that way was something that couldn t ever be expressed. For a young lady with that hair to be holding onto me I wouldn't changed my lot in life with Mr. Frank Turner's himself, and far less if being so had me have to be already married, and especially to this Mrs. Frank Turner.

We had good fortune because he was still keeping open, and while he was cobbling the heel onto her slipper I went on letting on to have a cold and to be looking at some of his shoes; but stole most of my glances at her, while she spent the time looking kind of sideways in a looking-glass Mr. Reamur had there and feeling her hair. Then of course he got through and I asked him how much and he says fifteen cents and she says she wouldn't think of such a thing; but I paid him and we went on out, and I was so excited I could hardly believe it when she laid hold of my arm again like she did before.

"NOW," she says, "we better walk on up home and tell mother how this accident took place so we're acquainted, because I never stay out late and I would wish you to be introduced to her."

He looked back over his shoulder, making his eyes sort of glitter and giving a contemptible laugh like he was gibing

So I told her who I was and all, and her me, and it seems she went by the name of Miss Alberta Miller living with her mother that kept two couples of married boarders, her father, Mr. Miller, not being living by this time.

So we walked up there talking about how it come about her heel worked off and went in the house, and this Mrs. Miller, her mother, was in the setting-room and right away I see she must had almost as fine a head of hair in her day as Miss Alberta Miller did right then. After I got introduced Alberta spoke about it herself. "Not one gray hair yet in the hull of it," she says. "It hardly comes out at all, and my grandmother was the same way. She didn't have a single gray hair when she was seventy, and what's funny is my father, Mr. Miller, was a thin-haired man and had to bring it over the top from one side. So it all descends from mother's family and couldn't be from his."

Then she went upstairs to take off her hat and I asked Mrs. Miller if she thought it'd be all right for me to say something to Alberta about her hair.

"Why, goodness me!" she says. "What's to hold you back?"

So I told her the way I'd been brought up to look up to the fair sex and not to come right out on first acquaintance with whether it seemed to me they was fine-looking or not, on account of it's being good manners not to practi'lly go right up to a lady, or gentleman either for that matter, and speak to them about their face, for instance, no matter if your opinion was favorable, but wait till you got their friendship and then do it; so I thought maybe I oughtn't to speak to Alberta about her hair till I had won her friendship. Well, this Mrs. Miller couldn't been cordialer; she asked me all about where I come from and what I was doing and what I got and if I was saving, and says she was sure I already had won Alberta's friendship the way she see her act toward me, holding onto my arm after we got clear into the setting-room and all, and if I thought so much about Alberta's hair, like I told her, why, go ahead and say so all I wanted, especially as the whole town had talked about it all her life.

Then Alberta come back and Mrs. Miller took and got up and went out, and Alberta says she was sorry she stayed upstairs so long but had to fix her hair on account of taking off her hat, and I out with it and says I never see such hair in my life.

She says, "Well, it does almost touch the floor; but you most likely wouldn't believe it unless I was to prove it." And right there she took it down and it come below her knee. I never see such a sight, and she says, "You can feel it if you want to; I keep it rubbed up with a little Jennings' Number Two and wash it thoroughly Tuesdays and Fridays. The majority thinks washing oughtn't to be indulged in; but it's the best thing for it if it's followed up with a good brushing and Jennings' Number Two," she says. "It takes about three hours to dry," she says.

She went on talking about it, and I held just the end of some of it around my fingers and hardly knew what I was doing. It seemed a good deal too soon to speak of entering the married state; but on the other hand the way I was brought up, and what with looking up to the fair sex and all, it didn't seem like I ought to express the feelings I was having except by asking her if she wouldn't be willing to be engaged to be married to me. I was just going to; but Mrs. Miller come back for a minute and put it off.

SHE had a little hard-rubber comb in a leather comb-case in her hand and says she wanted to give it to me because I had won Alberta's friendship and on account of the way I'd been about her heel and all. The leather case was some worn, and she says this was from its having been Mr. Miller's, he carrying it all the time in his vest on account of he was so particular about keeping it brought over from the side all the time and also his mustache and eyebrows, and she thought I would like to have it because it had been used so much by Alberta's father.

I took it and put it in my vest, though I didn't feel like I would intend to use it on account of its being bad luck because of this Mr. Miller not being living; but I told her I would take the will for the deed and would be glad to put it on the Mrs. Frank Turner where I could look at it sometimes because of coming from Alberta's father. She patted me on the shoulder and went out, and then Alberta told me to feel her hair again up near the roots to see how thick it was, and I did it, and so it come about I come away from Millers' that night engaged to be married to her, with Mrs. Miller going as far as the gate with me and saying now I must call her Mother Miller.

Well, sir, for the next few days when I would ponder on how I was engaged to a young lady with that hair I could hardly hold in my joyfulness. I would go up to Millers' soon as I washed up, and Alberta would take down her hair, and once in a while Mother Miller would let hers down, and we would set and talk about it and what was good for it, and how Mr. Miller would likely never got so he had to comb his over from one side if he had dieted right and rubbed in good lotions, and how before they found out about Jennings' Number Two they was using a lotion they thought now might have been almost dangerous.

THEY got me to buy two bottles at the drug store for myself—it had to be two, they says—and they both says they noticed a place they thought it might be pretty soon commencing to fall out right on top, and how I ought to use it three times a day, rubbing for as much as half an hour each time, and they would always ask if I'd done it.

When we took a walk she would note some woman across the street maybe, and kind of gasp and say, "*Look* at the way she wears it!" And if we would be setting in the drug store and I would point at a nice-looking advertisement picture and say, "Ain't that pretty?" she would say, "Well, but look at the way she's got it all in little tight

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spare the Axe and Spoil Everything

If you want to know How to Build a Cat Trap, the Public Printer will supply you with a book on the subject. Or perhaps he could interest you in The Self-Help Bib or Helpful Hints for Glycerine Users. Usually he can't interest anyone and he has to burn up annually tons of literature printed at your expense. There's one field for retrenchment. The consolidation of bureaus is another. But wherever the axe is plied the wails are hideous. Politicians bleed easily

By Walter Davenport

IT HAD been a discouraging evening. Mr. Garner, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, was seeing his conferees to the door of his hotel. It was late and they were tired. A Republican—particularly one who occupied a seat in the House—might have smiled a bit, even thought it worth a derisive laugh. He might, too, have given hasty thanks to his gods that he was now of the political minority in the lower branch of Congress. Let the Democrats find the answer. Let them try to make ends meet.

Of course they couldn't. Nobody could. Between what the Federal treasury would receive from taxes and whatnot during the new fiscal year and what it was costing to run the government in that twelve months was the appalling difference of two billion one hundred and twenty-three million dollars. All that the Democrats had to do, now that they had assumed the responsibility in the so-called popular House, was to find that amount somewhere and apply it to the gap—the gap being coarsely spoken of as the Deficit.

Actually they had much more than that to worry about. There was a deficit left over from the last fiscal year amounting to a mere nine hundred and three million. And worse—much worse now that the chances were supposed to be exceedingly bright that the Democrats might take over the whole government in the coming elections—the probable deficit for 1933 would be at least one billion seven hundred million.

With a little simple addition, you can appreciate why a Republican might have snickered and also why Mr. Garner and his Democratic colleagues were looking a trifle mauled. As they exchanged their farewells and last words of the evening, a gentleman who had taken on much more alcohol than he could manage weaved through them, tottered down the steps and went careening forth into the night. Several of Mr. Garner's coworkers, their tempers shortened by worry, spoke harshly of the lurching one, one of them going so far as to hope that the inebriate spend the next month or so in a dry cell.

"Oh, let's be charitable," sighed Mr. Garner. "He too seems to be trying to balance a budget."

A Gift from the G. O. P.

Now, in ordinary times, when airy extravagances piled up a deficit, the discrepancy between receipts and expenditures might readily be met and wiped out by a little boost here and there in taxes, excises and duties. Or by the floating of a nice bond issue. In such normal days nobody would care much anyway, because the country's pockets, stomachs, larders, banks and workshops would all be filled and there would be no concerted protest about a bit of upping here and a small invasion there. You can get away with almost anything if your audience is comfortable.

But when Mr. Garner and his party took over the House, the deficit situation (made up of deficits actual and deficits in the process of being born) was not one that could be remedied by a touch here, a dab there and a smear of varnish over all. Internal revenues, customs receipts, income taxes—all treasury feeders—were puny. And growing more so. Of course taxes would have to be increased. And if our creditor nations quit paying—! Well, the moratorium was bad enough. Why contemplate what our once-beloved collaborators at arms might do when that expired?

You must appreciate too that the country was showing signs of being a bit fed up with both major political parties. Under the Republicans we had got into a frightful mess, whether it was the fault of the Republicans or not. And there was a pretty general feeling that the Democrats wouldn't be able to do much about it, even if given the opportunity. Nevertheless, there was only this one party to turn to—the Democratic—and inasmuch as it might conceivably think of something, there began a veering toward it, the first sign of the possible coming defeat of the Republicans being the ascendancy of the Democrats in the House.

This brings us to the meeting in Mr. Garner's hotel—Mr. Garner being not only Speaker but the actual and active leader of his party in his end of the Capitol. One of the curious aspects of the situation is the absence of any discernible connection between the Democrats in the House and the alleged party

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by George de Zayas

leadership of Messrs. Raskob and Smith. For example, there was the Southwestern Democrat who seemed a bit startled when I mentioned Mr. Smith's name. After all, I had said, Mr. Smith was the party leader —nominally, anyway. Smith and Raskob.

"Smith, Smith," he said in momentary bewilderment. "Oh—Al Smith. Oh—Al, you mean."

All of which may mean little or much, but the point is that without any conventional leader at hand to nurse party ambitions and tend the little political expediencies that create victories, the Democrats were rallying around Mr. Garner, seeking something, some measure, that might lessen the depth the tax-paying public would have to go into its pockets to make up the deficit. Even when you are sure of victory—or think you are—it is well to have done something to merit it. It is never safe to depend wholly upon the unpopularity of your opponent.

Therefore, at the moment—this being shortly after the Democrats had organized the House, they were addressing themselves to a problem that had frightened politicians, to say nothing of defying them, since 1849 when Congress increased the number of executive arms of the government from four to five by creating a Department of the Interior. A riot almost ensued. It was the first important reorganization of the executive branch of the government of the United States; and in Congress and out of it the land rocked with oratory that denounced the growing complications, the additional expense and the bureaucratic tendencies of our once simple democratic aims and ideals. The passionate words of Mr. Tull of Illinois may be repeated briefly because they are typical of what the opponents of governmental complexities had to say.

Mr. Tull arose from his seat in the House of Representatives and likened government to the house of his grandfather. When his grandfather built that house it was roomy, airy, healthful and pleasing to the eye. It had enough furnishings—and no more. One could breathe deeply in Grandfather Tull's new house without knocking over a chair or upsetting a table.

But little by little that house became the refuge for "knickknacks and jimcracks, whimwham and trumpery, doodads and frippery, fiddle-faddle, bagatelles, stuff, rubbish and baubles until, by heaven, you couldn't brush your hair without breaking a window." The upshot of this dreadful state of affairs was, of course, strife. Crowded to desperation, the family disintegrated. One by one its members left those once spacious halls, being either thrown out or crowded out, until only Grandfather Tull remained, lonely, haggard and disillusioned. The family no longer spoke to one another and even the two hound dogs had gone mad.

"And thus, gentlemen," cried the fearful Mr. Tull, "will this great nation come to naught. Let one more furbelow, one more flapdoodle, one more blitherblather be added to our institutions, to this dream of our fathers, and we too shall disintegrate and perish in civil war."

Our Bureau-Breeding System

Nevertheless the Department of the Interior was created, taking into its jurisdiction such matters as patents, public buildings, Indians, public lands and the accounts of the officers of the United States courts. And the secretary or director thereof took his place in the Cabinet along with the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War and Navy. The Departments of War and Navy, by the way, were born as a unit —the War Department in 1789—but were subsequently divorced for efficiency and more romantic reasons. Behind the separation of the Navy from the War Department was a lively social feud. It seemed totally impossible for the officers of the two military arms, and particularly for their ladies, to forgather on any social plane.

To the amazement and consternation of stanch Jeffersonians, the infant republic, supposedly incurably democratic, was breeding not just one caste but two —an Army set and a Navy set. They beheld the animosity take on such stature that at least once the wife of a midshipman snubbed the wife of the Secretary of War because the latter's husband was merely a major-general. And several duels were fought at Bladensburg, Maryland, between officers of the Army and of the Navy over questions of precedence. So it was thought better that the two branches be parted and conserve their respective energies in case they were called upon to do a bit of concerted national defending. All this is, of course, beside our story.

In spite of the Tulls and their alarmed constituencies shuddering under increasing costs of government, the establishment grew. But not speedily. Such was the furor over the Department of the Interior that a sixth department was not created until 1870—the Department of Justice. Before that we had an Attorney-General who had surrounded himself with a staff of lawyers and was supposed to attend to all the legal controversies of all departments. But even then, as since, the departments confined themselves to mere routine of government. When any extraordinary problem arose to vex the reigning administration, such as our modern problems of prohibition, farm relief, habit-forming drugs, merchant marine and interstate commerce, an independent commission or bureau was created, leaving the departments (the executive branches of the government) to barge along with their forms and precepts, charts and routine. About the only deviation from the rule and the only diversion these habit-bound departmentalists enjoyed was research. And only a few of them had any need for that. Which brings us to today and the problem at hand.

How We've Grown Since 1800

Today we have ten major departments, 134 subsidiary bureaus and thirty-five independent establishments wholly apart and aside from the departments and bureaus. Just how many subdivisions the 134 bureaus are split into, and why, is a matter that would require the attention of a brand-new bureau, which might not be looked to for a detailed report for several years anyway. Just as it is impossible for any single agency in Washington today to tell you the names, the functions and the value of every subdivision of government, so it is a waste of time to look for anyone or any group who can tell you where the overlapping, duplication, obsolescence and disproportion are to be found. All we know, aside from the group statistics set forth above, is that, disregarding members of Congress and their staffs and the judges of the Federal courts, the Federal government employs 1,023,373 workers to whom it pays annually $1,315,690,467. Of course both figures vary a trifle, up and down. But not much.

At any rate, we've grown considerably since 1800 when (if you are one of those people who enjoy contrasts) the seat of our government was moved from Philadelphia to the District of Columbia. The Federal pay roll contained then the names of just fifty-four people. All our governmental documents, archives, dossiers, reports and memoranda were packed into five small and several large boxes. Today it requires whole fleets of heavy-duty trucks to cart away to the burning dumps the hundreds of tons of unwanted printed documents discarded annually by the Public Printer. Nothing short of a major earthquake would suffice to stir the current Federal establishment.

The Roar of the Job-Holder

This, then, was what Mr. Garner and his associates contemplated when they began looking around for somewhere to begin their budget-reducing or balancing. This is no place to become involved in an argument over where our money goes. Get a copy of the President's latest budget message and you'll have all that. But it became clearer by the moment to the budget reducers that such cuts as they might make were but hacks in the dark, made without any sound knowledge of effect and apt to be trivial in total when compared with the deficit. Unless, of course, they could

(Continued on page 51)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marty Ryan fights two great battles: one in the ring and one—

In His Heart

By Edward Shenton

Illustrated by the Author

Round One

AT THE bell, both fighters came swiftly to the center of the ring. Their bodies, one dark and lean, the other pale, stocky, thick-chested, looked strong and well-trained under the downpour of crystal light. Tony Amato jabbed twice. Marty Ryan shook his blond, round head and stepped hesitantly forward, hooking left and right. Tony slid inside the punches and tied him up. The referee slapped the arched backs of the fighters.

"Break it," he said.

Tony smiled, spreading his arms to show he was not the offender. The referee stepped back. Marty wiped his nose with the thumb of his glove and stared at Tony with expressionless eyes. No glint betrayed the hatred burning in him.

Tony jabbed. He came in smartly and landed three or four punches to the blond boy's face. It looked good and the crowd applauded. Marty missed with an awkward left hook and Tony laughed. His white, even teeth shone between his red lips. Ryan could feel himself trembling with rage. He lashed at the dark body with both hands. The Italian rode back with the punches; he stood away and bruised Marty's face with that long left. Both boxers were beginning to sweat, and the glow marked their wet shoulders with crisp high lights. The glazed white shirt and trousers of the referee made the swift ripple of flesh and muscle seem more plastic and alive.

The bell rang!

Tony went grinning to his corner. The blond boy stood gazing at the canvas. Someone yelled, "Wake him up!" Out of the corner of his eye Marty saw the two gamblers sitting in the front row, their impassive faces uplifted toward him, and the black current of his rage was diverted momentarily from Amato to them. He walked to his chair without lifting his head.

All through the black stands, rising in gigantic cliffs about the tiny brilliant spot of the ring, specks of flame appeared and vanished as matches were struck. They were like ten thousand fireflies in the hot, midsummer darkness.

Intermission

The muted radio beside the bed troubled the quiet with a nasal muttering.

. . . "Nothin' much happened in that round, folks. Both boys takin' it easy and feelin' each other out. Tony's jab looks great. It's a sweet left hand. Ryan can't keep his face outta the way of it. Marty looked a little wild. But he allus starts slow. No damage was done. The round was Tony's by a shade. . . ."

Stella Ryan, lying in the narrow iron hospital bed, smiled faintly. The nurse patted her hand.

"Not too excited, Mrs. Ryan?"

"Not a bit."

"Good girl. Doctor Adams wasn't sure you ought to listen in."

"Oh, it's much better," Stella said. "I'd have worried much more, just lying here. I—I feel close to Marty—this way."

She coughed a little. The nurse went to the head of the bed where she could examine her without Stella's becoming aware of the inspection. The dark eyes were unnaturally large in the thin oval of her face, and the clipped black hair, curling over her forehead and cheeks, made the pale skin more transparent. It had the luster of mother-of-pearl and the veins marked the temples with a faint blue pattern.

"MARTY will win," Stella said. "He told me he would."

"Don't talk," said the nurse.

The voice of the distant announcer interrupted:

. . . "There goes the whistle, folks. Ten seconds to the bell. They're taking the chairs away. There's the bell. . . . Tony leaps outta his corner. He comes almost across the ring. He jabs Ryan. He jabs him again! Again! He hooks a left to Ryan's jaw. He sends his head back with a bee-u-ti-ful right. He . . ."

Round Two

Marty clinched and pressed his face down into the dark shoulder of the Italian. Tony jerked his shoulder slightly and the solid bone crashed on Ryan's mouth. He felt his teeth cut into the flesh of his lips. The referee tugged at him.

"Let go, Ryan," he said. "Let go. Break it."

He went between, and beyond him Marty saw Tony's eyes shining with cruel amusement. Marty spat and the blood was bright crimson on the gray canvas. He could feel his lips swelling; his rage was so terrible that he felt sick. He missed Tony with a left and clinched. In the clinch he put his swollen mouth close to the Italian's ear and whispered, "Do that again, and, by heaven, I'll . . ."

"Be yourself," said Tony.

He jabbed at Marty's bleeding mouth. Marty tried to get inside but that long arm held him away. Tony, standing straight, smashed at his face. Ryan bent over, trying to protect himself. The crowd began yelling at the sight of his bloody face.

"Put him away, Tony."

"He's all ready, now."

"Finish him up."

The crowd liked Marty, but they wanted to see a knockout.

Tony laughed. His left arm moved in and out so fast it was impossible to count the punches. . . .

Intermission

. . . "There's the bell, folks. What a round. *What* a round. Maybe this Tony hasn't a pippin of a left hand. Why, it's almost as good as Loughran's. He's got Ryan's mouth bleedin' bad. I never saw Marty look so slow before. He didn't land a single, solid punch. That round was all Amato's. It looks bad for Ryan. They're workin' hard on him, but he took a lot of punishment, a *lot* of punishment. Still he's a game boy. They don't come any gamer than Marty Ryan. And it's early yet. Anything can happen. . . ."

Marty straightened him with an uppercut. He felt free, deliriously happy

"Don't talk," said the nurse. The voice of the announcer interrupted

"Oh," said Stella, "what can be wrong? What's the matter with Marty?"

"I think . . ." the nurse said, hesitantly.

"Oh, no, no! It would be awful now. But Marty . . ."

Was he worrying about her? About the money necessary to keep her at the sanitarium? The past six months had been expensive. And it would be another six months, the doctor said, before she dared leave. Even then she would not be able to return to the city. "Arizona's the place for you, young lady," the doctor had said. And Marty had replied, "That's O. K., Doc. If I can get a couple of good bouts this summer, we'll have enough to make the break. The game's not so good on the Coast, but I ought to be able to pick up a living." But Stella knew he was worried.

"He's worrying about me," she told the nurse. "No fighter's any good if he's worried by outside things."

"WELL, it won't do *you* any good if you start to worry," the nurse answered.

"I don't understand it."

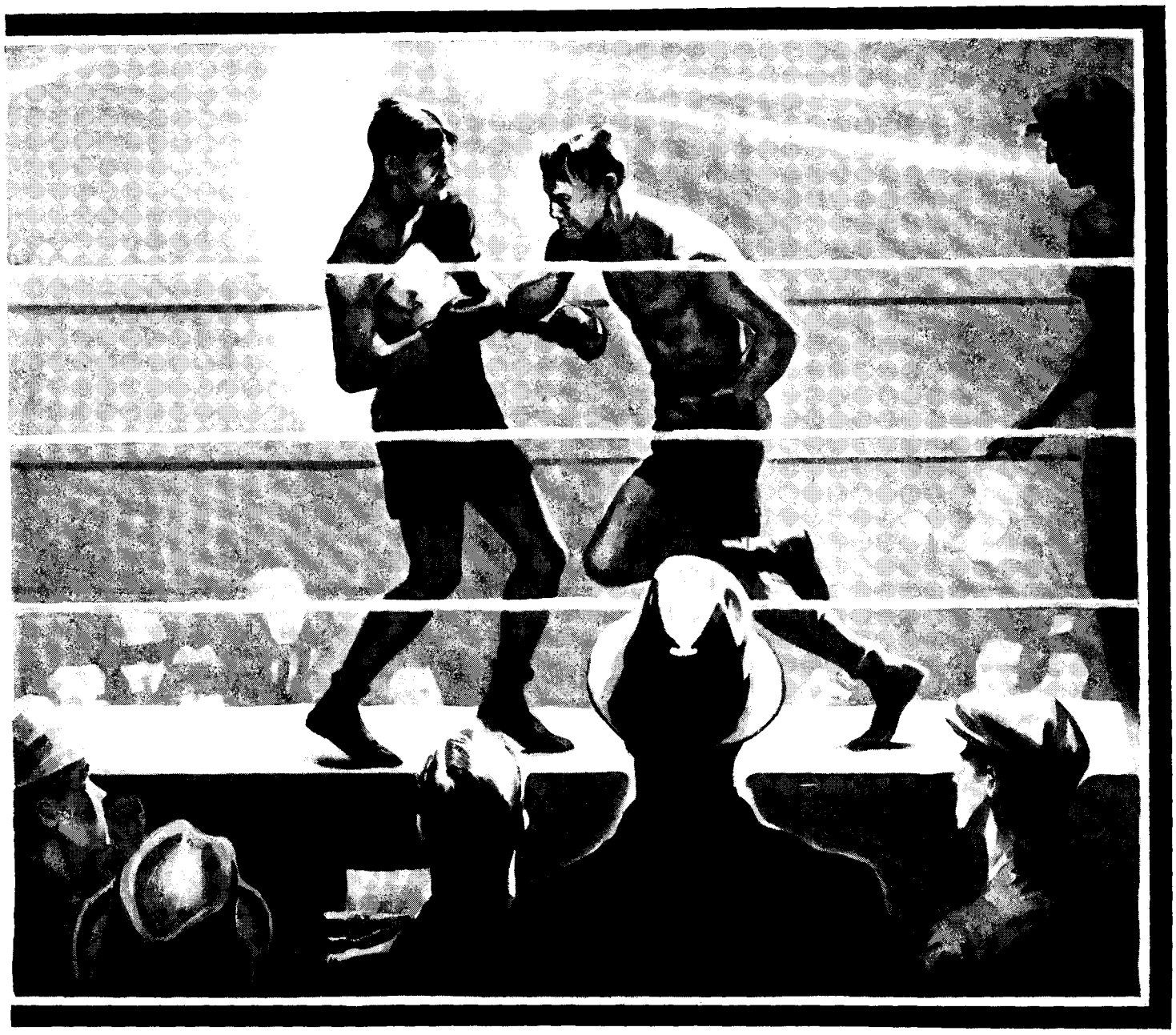
Stella lifted her long, thin hands and ran them through the dark curls.

"We never saved when money came easy," she said. "We both loved to spend and go around. We always talked about saving so we'd have something when Marty quit. Marty took a lot of money and played the market. You know what happened."

"Yes, I know," the nurse said. "But you must be still."

"Then when I got . . . this . . . there wasn't anything. The fight game hasn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



been any good. Marty's good but he's been fighting a long time, twelve years."

"He's still a young man."

"He's thirty. That's old for a boxer. He'll never be champ. But he's still the best middleweight, next to the champ. I don't care about that. He's been swell to me."

She sighed and turned wearily to the radio. Out of the shining box, shaped like a section of cathedral window, with ornate, trefoil decorations, came the confused tumult of a ghostly crowd. A voice called, "Hey, Joe." Someone laughed. It was far away and yet intimate. Stella waited for the announcer to resume. The minute rest between rounds stretched interminably. . . .

Round Three

Joe Morgan, Ryan's manager, said: "Open up a bit, kid." He rubbed Marty's cut lip with a styptic pencil that burned like a lighted match but stopped the bleeding.

Marty said: "He used his shoulder on me. There's no call for that kind of stuff. What's he trying to do, the rat?"

"Oh, he got excited, I guess," said Morgan.

"He better be careful."

"Keep your head. . . ."

Bill Lukas, sitting in the press row just below Ryan, called, "Get inside, Marty." Ryan did not turn his head. The familiar voice brought an instant vision of Bill's long, sallow, friendly face, the handkerchief tucked in his collar, thin, nicotined fingers tapping the keys of his portable. A wave of despair swept over him. He didn't want to think about Bill Lukas. Chair and bucket were snatched away.

He went out slowly, shoulders hunched, gloves and arms curled over his body. Amato leered at him. His left flicked Marty's mouth and started the blood flowing. Ryan led timidly. The Italian brushed his hand aside and rapped him solidly over the heart. Marty winced and stepped back. Tony began crowding him. He felt the ropes rasping his back and tried desperately to get away but a left to the head caught him off balance and he fell heavily.

THE crowd began to boo and stamp and the sound awoke anguish in Ryan's heart. He could feel his face flaming with rage and shame. The referee was counting. He leaped up and rushed at Tony, only to have that left hand snap his head back.

The round went on and on, grotesque, unreal. His arms were limp rags swinging uncontrolled from his body. Presently the referee pushed him toward his corner. He shambled over and dropped onto his chair.

The thousands of matches snapped along the dark, towering cliffs of the stands. A long wail of derision swept down from distant heights.

Intermission

The referee bent over him.

"What's wrong with you, Ryan?"

"I can't get going," Marty mumbled.

"You're stalling. I'll stop the fight. Listen, Morgan, I'll disqualify Ryan for stalling if he don't show something."

"Give us a chance," said Morgan. "You know us. We don't stall. Marty allus starts slow."

"I'm warning you."

"Marty," whispered Morgan harshly, "*come to!* If he stops this fight you'll be up before the Commission."

Marty stared at his shoes. Stalling? That was a laugh. Twelve years in the ring; one hundred and six fights with never a complaint from official or fan, never a hint of not being on the level, and, now, warned for stalling with an upstart who thought he was good enough to rule the middleweight division.

What would Stella think? The thought of her added to his agony of spirit. What must she be going through, away up there in the mountains, helpless in bed, with only the invisible waves of the radio to link her to him? If only he could see her for a moment, explain. . . . Whistle!

"Show something," snarled Morgan.

Round Four

Marty rushed Amato to the ropes, pounding his body with short, jolting hooks. The Italian writhed and squirmed and covered up. Suddenly the crowd was on its feet, yelling. Tony fell, half through the ropes. The referee pulled Marty away and Tony crawled back. The fight whirled to the middle of the ring.

Bill Lukas lit a cigarette and watched the flashing figures; he looked puzzled and unhappy. The reporter from the Courier shouted above the tumult, "That's more like it. Ryan's getting going!"

"Oh, sure," said Bill.

The action grew momentarily faster. Now the fight seemed to be swinging toward Ryan. His pale body pressed close to the swarthy skin of the Italian; his short arms worked inside Amato's guard. A continuous roar poured into the dark pit of the ball park. Then Tony broke away, boxing, and holding Ryan off, and those near the ring could see the fresh-flowing blood streaming from Marty's nose and mouth.

"WHEN did Tony do that?" asked the Courier man.

"He heeled Marty," said Lukas. "I saw it. The ref missed it."

"The dirty bum."

"Oh, sure," said Bill. "He's a gorilla."

The warm blood ran down onto Marty's chin and spattered his chest. He looked at Tony and saw the spite and brutal amusement flickering in the venomous slits of his eyes. Something burst in his head and he hurled himself forward as the bell rang.

The Italian laughed.

Intermission

. . . "Well, folks, this is turning out to be a great fight, a *great* fight. I wish you could see this boy Ryan come to life in that round. He punched Amato all over the ring. I guess he found a way to get past that Eyetalian jab. That was Marty's round by a mile. And it sure woke up the crowd. Lissen to 'em, still yellin'. It wasn't all Ryan, though. Tony connected with a coupla rights that started the claret. Now, while they're workin' over both boys, we'll take this opportunity to tell you that this broadcast is comin' to you over the . . ."

Stella turned the dial and the raucous voice dwindled to the faint buzzing of a petulant mosquito. She smiled happily at the nurse.

"There! That's more like Marty. He's going to win. He's been worrying, I guess. When he got this fight he was so pleased. He said it was a big chance. Are you interested in boxing?"

"Never before," said the nurse.

"This Tony Amato—Marty calls him Tony Tornato—has been coming along fast. He wants a chance at the champ. So they matched him with Marty and said if he won he could have the big bout."

"You *mustn't* get so excited."

"I'M NOT. Marty wasn't offered as much as he wanted. But no purses are what they used to be. Still he was pleased. At first he was. Then, after a while, he seemed unhappy and worried. He wouldn't talk to me about it when he came here."

"*You* shouldn't talk about it."

"Oh, it doesn't hurt me. I feel fine, now. Marty said if he won this he'd get another good bout before the outdoor season ended—"

"Please, Mrs. Ryan . . ."

"All right. Turn on the radio. . . ."

Round Five

. . . "Ryan's going great. There's a left; there's a right, and another. That shook up Tony. This Amato can take it. Those body punches don't seem to hurt him much. Marty's crowdin' him. He won't let him get set. Now they're in a clinch. The referee's parting them.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horseshoes

William Cabell Owen kisses a girl —after which there's plenty of excitement

By Millard Ward

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

WHEN the bus reached Washington Square, William Cabell Owen of Somerset County, Maryland, climbed down with his suitcase and turned westward into Greenwich Village, keeping a lookout for inexpensive lodgings.

For several blocks, high casement windows, shiny brass knockers and even uniformed doormen upset his preconceived ideas of the Village, but did not discourage him. He walked on, noticing with interest how quiet the side streets were, how old the houses looked. The sort of place he wanted must surely be somewhere around.

At the corner of Seventh Avenue, however, quietness ended in a rush of liberated traffic, and Owen set his heavy suitcase down on the corner while he caught his breath. Inexplicably, through all the noises, he picked out a tiny jingling behind him. As he turned, a small brown streak shot past, was caught by a nickled bumper when scarcely clear of the curb and thrown twenty feet aside. He heard the incredibly slight sound of the blow, and saw through the shifting mass of cars a Boston bull terrier lying on its side in the middle of the street, with a slow pool of blood forming under its nose.

Owen's legs moved faster than his mind, taking him off the curb in a convulsive dive. The fenders of two taxicabs brushed his knees, and a ladder out of the back of a truck knocked off his hat before he reached the dog. Then he stood still, holding it in his arms, while other taxis scraped paint off one another's fenders to avoid him. Presently the signal light changed and he made the sidewalk again.

The dog's body was a small, limp weight in his hands; its eyes were closed. He wondered what on earth to do with it. This was one problem he had not foreseen. He noticed then that this dog had a collar hung with little bells. There was a brass plate on the collar: J. Clark, 118 Balboa Street, New York.

A policeman told Owen that Balboa Street was only three blocks away in the direction from which the dog had come. Evidently someone had left a door open a second too long.

When he came to the house in a short back street, Owen found that it was narrow and dark, with a curiously dusty look. At least, he thought, it must be cheap enough for anybody. He pushed a bell in a corroded frame and waited. After a minute, when someone began to open the door, he stepped back cautiously. He checked himself because the person was a girl. She was brown-haired and small but with square, sturdy shoulders. She wore a tan jersey dress and stained sports shoes; her fingers were bright, still half wet.

Owen waited silently for the inquiring look in her dark eyes to change. When the change did come, it brought a slow straightening of every line in her face and an even withdrawal of color.

"He was running across the street," Owen said. "Never knew what hit him."

The girl spoke in a rough-textured voice: "That's good, anyhow. And I know you couldn't help it."

She stretched out her hands for the dog. "I didn't hit him," Owen said hastily. "I was just standing on the corner when it happened. The car didn't stop."

THE girl looked at him as though startled, then very slowly withdrew her hands. "I see. Will you please bring him upstairs?"

Owen followed her up three flights, into a room so high and small that it was nearly like a well. There was one window, opening into a dusky air-shaft, and a second door on the side. The walls were bare, of slick brown plaster spotted with broken places where nails had once been driven for pictures. There was a cot covered with a red-and-yellow India print, a card table with red legs, two unpainted chairs and a pile of books on the floor. A pan of half-peeled potatoes was pushed partly out of sight behind the books.

Owen dropped his bag in a corner and laid the dog on the foot of the cot. As he straightened up, the girl said brusquely, "You've got blood all over your sleeve. Here, I'll fix it for you."

She opened the side door and Owen felt as though a tiny kitchen had dropped suddenly around him. The girl had soaked his sleeve with water and was rubbing a brush on soap when, without any reason, her hands stopped moving. She stood still, her fingers resting on the wet cloth, for an endless time, then in slow silence her face turned away and down.

Owen's wet sleeve passed gently under her arm and drew tight across her back. When the pressure of his arm became greater than her own tension, she yielded at last and cried. Owen held her in both arms.

"Sure," he said. "I know. But don't."

"His name was Hank," the girl said thickly.

At the sound of the word, it seemed, a faint cough came from the foot of the cot. Owen's arms could not have held their grip if they had had time to try. The girl was on her knees beside the cot. Hank had lifted his head and was looking around dazedly.

The girl's laugh was choked between Hank's ears. "He was only knocked out. His real name's Henry Adams, but I call him Hank."

"Well, I'm going to call him a veterinarian," Owen said wryly. "He's still out and doesn't know it."

When he came back from the corner drugstore, he found the teakettle boiling, and Hank watching the steam with one ear cocked feebly up.

"He says he'll be here in an hour or so," Owen reported. "I arranged about the bill. You're J. Clark, aren't you?"

"Yes," the girl said, looking at him, "Jeannette Clark. If I could have typhoid or a broken leg for you, I would." Then because the tea was ready she sat on the edge of the cot before the card table and pulled a chair nearer with one extended foot.

When their cups were filled, she looked at him with deep, bright eyes.

"YOU'RE terribly fond of dogs, aren't you?"

"No," Owen said. "Not particularly. I don't mind them."

"Then I don't see—You must have taken an awful chance in saving Hank. I'm afraid I don't understand."

"As a matter of fact," Owen said, "I felt sure he was gone already. He must have a skull like iron not to be. But nobody was going to stand there and let him be rolled out. That was just natural."

"Then you had to fight a crowd of others away to get to him, did you?"

"Why, no, not exactly. I was nearest to him, you see."

"Yes," Jeannette said. "I see. And I have to know something else. Where do you live?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Owen had not learned Jeannette's face so well that afternoon he would not have known she was startled

Owen smiled. "I live in New York."

He felt amused and a little embarrassed because she was so serious.

"No. I mean where, really?"

"Well," he said, "I was raised near a town called Princess Anne, pretty well down the Eastern Shore of Maryland, but I'm going to be living here now. I got in this afternoon."

She nodded comprehendingly; twenty-one, perhaps, to his twenty-three. "I wish there was something I could do for you. Are you going to have a job or study or what?"

"Have a job. I finished at St. John's of Annapolis last month and that was enough to last me."

"You know people here, of course?" Owen felt suddenly warm and kind toward the world because someone so small and with such large eyes was trying to take care of him, who weighed one hundred and seventy and had played first attack on two national championship lacrosse teams.

"Why, no," he said. "I don't exactly know anybody, but I've got close to fifty dollars to live on while I'm getting settled."

BECAUSE the look in her eyes did not change, he leaned forward earnestly. "You see, I figure this way: Times have changed. In modern life we're all standardized. Now I've never been in New York before, except passing through to play the Army lacrosse, but I don't feel strange at all. My clothes are just like anybody else's; my manners are the same; I eat the same food, read the same books and magazines, hear the same stuff over the radio. I don't even speak with any trick accent, do I?"

"No," Jeannette said. "That's what marks you as a stranger."

Owen laughed. "Seriously, though, you see what I'm getting at? When I stepped out of the train at the station uptown there, at that minute I became a New Yorker."

Jeannette did not answer.

"Don't you really think I'd pass?" Owen asked finally.

Jeannette looked down at Hank, stretched on the cot beside her, ran narrow fingers along his back.

"I think you're pretty sweet," she said. "And a swell arguer. Why don't you go to Columbia and study law?"

Owen grinned delightedly. "You've got me there. That's what I want to do. Nights it'll have to be, of course, when I'm not working at whatever job I decide to take."

Faint lines sketched themselves again between Jeannette's eyes, but before she could speak the doorbell rang. It was the veterinarian to see Hank. Soon his work was done.

"Pup's all right," he said. "I was afraid of a fractured skull, but it's only a slight concussion. Keep him quiet and he'll be O. K. in a day or two."

After the veterinarian had gone, Jeannette kept a steadying hand on Hank's side.

"I'm not usually a cry-baby," she said. "But a good many things have gone haywire in the past year and Hank was about the last one that could. So that's what you did for me."

Owen stood before her, looking down at her forehead. "Do you remember what you said just before he came?" he asked in a voice that apologized for its own inevitability. "I was thinking about it all the time he was here."

JEANNETTE seemed surprised. "That you ought to go to Columbia to study law?"

"I mean before that."

"Oh."

"You shouldn't say a thing like that unless you mean it. You're too sweet yourself. It makes it hard on a man."

"But I did mean it." Jeannette rose quickly as he stooped and he took her in his arms again and kissed her.

"Darling!" he said.

She held her head back a little and looked at him. "You're incredibly beautiful," she said. "Titian."

"No," he answered in a light, edged voice. "You can't pass this off as easily as that. Come here."

After that kiss, she did not speak.

Owen's voice was softer. "It's getting late. Come on out and have dinner."

"No," she said. "Thank you, but no."

"All right," he said. "Let's go somewhere later. Please?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "My job's later. I sell cigarettes in Antonello's speakeasy on Seventh Street."

Owen stood before the door, one foot on each side of his suitcase. "Then tomorrow for lunch?"

She looked at him steadily. "All right. If you really don't mind my job."

"There you go," he said. "Taking it for granted I'll be unsophisticated. Whatever you do, I know it's all right if you do it."

"It just happens," she said, "that I'm doing it to get material for a novel. I'm a writer, you see, but the short story market has been bad this year and I'm going to try a novel. But I have to get some material first. I've only been working a few days."

AS HE closed the door, he saw her standing by the red-legged table looking after him with the little lines between her eyes.

The room he had been wanting for himself appeared quickly in another depressed house only a few blocks away. It was not unlike Jeannette's except that the ceiling was lower and the single window opened on a fire escape instead of an air-shaft.

Owen had not finished his brief unpacking before something he had known all along in his heart cut through blindingly to his mind. He could not wait until the next day to see more of Jeannette. Being a New Yorker might be perfectly natural and easy to believe, but knowing her was not. Their contact was still too fragile; to have it broken for even a few hours might somehow end it. And even in as large a city as New York he understood that nothing like that would ever come his way again.

He scrambled into the dinner coat for which he had done without a spring suit Junior year at St. John's and started toward Seventh Street with long, hard strides.

In the pocket of his waistcoat as he walked he found cards to half a dozen speakeasies in different parts of the

(Continued on page 43)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harry Haenigsen

House Wreckers

By Clinton W. Gilbert

The House leaders' habit of bringing home unwelcome guests has finally produced an explosion

WE HAVE been congratulating ourselves upon the fact that this depression has won through a couple of years without mob violence when suddenly a mob appeared and took command of legislation in the House of Representatives.

Nobody, by reading newspapers or the Congressional Record, can form an idea of the hatreds, the spleen, the malice, the panic fear that animated a majority of the lower chamber when it faced the necessity of levying taxes. The mob spirit spread through both parties, without warning to their leaders. Every amendment to the tax bill was a legislative brickbat. Members snarled at each other in the cloakroom. The mob on the floor yelled and cheered as it defeated proposals of the Ways and Means Committee. There was a certain gayety about the proceedings, the gayety of lynchers pulling on the rope.

Now what was it that caused this outbreak, which at least since the Civil War was without precedent in the usually well-disciplined House?

In the first place, I think it represented pretty well the fears, the hatred, the desperation, the agony, perhaps, of more unfortunate constituencies. It afforded a glimpse at the revolt that is likely to take place in November, which fortunately will find its expression in voting, the harmless outlet of violent emotions in a democracy.

But that was only one cause. Other causes arose in the course of legislation that preceded the tax bill. Members came here and found themselves committed by the President and by their leaders in both parties to vote for the Hoover moratorium on Allied war debts due their country. No more unpopular measure ever went through the House of Representatives than the moratorium resolution. The large vote by which it carried by no means reflected the real sentiment of the members. The great majority voted for it because they had to vote for it, because they saw no alternative.

The House members are bitterly anti-foreign. The vote against the provisions of the present revenue law crediting domestic corporations with taxes paid at foreign branches, on which the repentant members later reversed themselves, was a brickbat intended for Henry Ford and other Americans who have built factories abroad.

After the moratorium came the Hoover Reconstruction Corporation bill. This was also put through as a necessary measure. Leaders of both parties were confidentially told of perilous situations which could only be averted by establishing a government credit available to banks and other corporations. The confidential information spread through the membership. For a fortnight or so there was a worse panic in political Washington than anywhere else in the country. Meanwhile all considerable proposals for unemployment relief were rejected.

The Roots of Rebellion

So the members found themselves voting for the relief of foreign countries, for the relief of banks and railroads, for the relief of those who in their opinion had been responsible for the depression, and voting nothing for the relief of the individual American sufferers from the depression, the poor and the unemployed. I say this without expressing any opinion on this prevailing view. But the members knew what their constituents were saying about them and their votes.

Then came the tax bill.

Now the levying of increased taxes is the hardest task that persons dependent upon the votes of taxpayers have to face. It is hateful at best. But in this case the method proposed to raise half of the billion and a quarter of needed new revenues was a sales tax. It would fall on all consumers, rich and poor.

After the moratorium, granted, so it was said, to aid the banks, and the Reconstruction Corporation, authorized to aid the banks and the railroads, the sales tax was too much. The mob broke loose with its legislative brickbats for the rich.

Those who took part in the legislative violence are worth examining. Representative Huddleston of Alabama, a conservative member who with our meaningless use of names in Washington is usually described as radical, in a witty and eloquent speech for the sales tax described them as the members of the "Demagogues Club," not meaning that any such organization exists but so characterizing the members who are always dipping into the public treasury to win votes for themselves.

The "soldiers' friends" who from the depleted public treasury wish to vote $2,600,000,000 outright to the veterans, the "farmers' friends" who have dug billions out of that treasury for the futile Farm Board and the extravagant Department of Agriculture, the cheap-money men and all the other advocates of groups and blocs and local interests in the electorate joined in the fray. So did the progressive members generally, the ambitious members who are discontented with their places on committees, the "outs" who are not in complete harmony with their party, and the timid souls who become sadistic only when inflamed by mob spirit. Then there were Southern members from states which recently had tried to adopt state sales taxes to cure deficiencies in revenue only to find their populations in revolt.

In the cloakroom the croakers, led by Martin Dies of Texas and half a dozen others, painted dark pictures of what would happen to members. And in the heart of every one of this rabble was, I suspect, anger at the prospect that his own salary in Congress was likely soon to be cut, a thought not conducive to equanimity and statesmanlike poise.

I make no argument for the sales tax. It had been offered reluctantly by the Ways and Means Committee as the best and most equitable method of raising the needed revenue. The sales tax is unimportant as compared with any other way of balancing the budget. What is important is that in a crisis the House lost its national quality and became a mere mob of local and group interests.

The House has often been criticized because of its machine control. People have often wondered at its harsh organization which puts control of it into the hands of a few men. The rationale of its strictness and its suppression of debate, of its jamming through bills without amendment, is now apparent. Without its machine the House would not be a national legislative body at all. The national point of view could not be enforced without the House machine.

Democracy Endangered

It is significant that the mob was composed of the group and bloc elements, the individualists, the representatives of the local spirit, the members of the Demagogues Club, the dippers into the public treasury whose sole aim is to buy votes for themselves. You cannot even dignify what happened as an outburst of radicalism, a protest against the system by which income is divided in this country. The members who went on the rampage are probably just as conservative economically as those who didn't.

What happened is disquieting so far as the future of democracy in this country is concerned. Under pressure of necessity the House has worked out a rough form of parliamentary government in which a group of leaders, corresponding to a cabinet, has enforced a national point of view on a lot of local representatives, separatist in spirit and imperfectly controlled by party organization. At the first period of strain this system broke down. The test of a democracy is its willingness to tax itself and its restraint upon extravagance in expending revenues to procure votes. What will happen with the Demagogues Club in the saddle?

A House Beyond Control

It is probably not without significance that most of the votes to overthrow the House organization were furnished by the newer members. Seventy-six new members entered the House at this session. As the Republicans lost nearly sixty seats in the House in the last election, nearly all of these latest members are Democrats.

There are 177 members, about forty per cent of the House, who are in their first, second or third terms. They have been elected in the period when the demoralization of parties has gone farthest. They are the most timorous about organized minorities.

After heroic efforts by Garner, Snell and other leaders, the House regained its self-control but, if present political indications are realized, the House will be largely made over in November's election. A majority of its members will have seen little or no previous service. A Democratic administration will enter office with a fatal weakness, a disorganized and uncontrollable House, no more capable of functioning as a party unit than the Senate is likely to be.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bill of Health

After more than forty years' experience training and coaching college athletes Keene Fitzpatrick has sound ideas on keeping in trim. Here they are

By Grantland Rice

CALIFORNIA and Alaska have been famous for their gold, among other things. South Africa has scattered riches around the world from its diamond mines. Florida can boast of Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain of eternal youth. But either in the soil or in the air of Natick, Massachusetts, there must have been an ingredient just as valuable to mankind.

If you had happened to visit Natick about fifty years ago you would have seen fifteen or twenty of the greatest professional runners of the day hard at work training for some big-money race. Natick to them was the happy hunting ground of condition and form. You would have seen young Mike Murphy before Yale and Pennsylvania knew him as one of the greatest trainers and coaches that ever lived. It was Mike Murphy who first said: "A team that won't be beaten can't be beaten."

In Natick you would also have seen Pooch Donovan, who later came to fame at Harvard, Piper Donovan, his brother, and Keene Fitzpatrick, who for the last forty-two years has directed the training activities of Yale, Michigan and Princeton—four years at Yale, sixteen years at Michigan and twenty-two years at Princeton, with a record of having never known a day's absence from duty in nearly half a century. It was also from Natick that Eddie Mahan and Eddie Casey came to Harvard as two of the outstanding football stars in all Crimson history.

In talking with Keene Fitzpatrick, you can get an intimate picture of American sport in the last fifty years. Natick's atmosphere was athletic and it was in such surroundings that Fitzpatrick began to take a keen interest in sports when he was fifteen years old, which happened to be in 1880. It is almost impossible to estimate the thousands of young athletes who have marched before him since the day he came to Yale in 1890 when Frank Hinkey was just starting his career as "The Disembodied Spirit" of football. I asked Keene recently just what major lessons in coaching and training he had learned over so many decades.

All Athletes Aren't Alike

"Among other things," said the Princeton coach and trainer, "I have learned this: It is a mistake to set a standard form and diet for every athlete. At the start we handled men in masses, as if they were all built the same way. I have learned long since to make a close study of individual cases. I'll give you one example: When I was at Michigan I had a miler who seemed to have certain flaws in his running form. I changed him over to what I considered the correct style, but instead of improving he began to slip back.

"Then a strange thing happened. About that time Alfred Shrubb, the great English miler and distance runner, made a visit to this country. I believe at that time Shrubb held about ten world's records on the track. I was watching Shrubb run one day when I suddenly noticed that he had almost exactly the same style as my college runner had been using before I tried to make him over. It was the natural way both had. So I lost no time in letting my college runner go back to his old method, his natural way, and he won the college championship for the mile run that year."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that there is no set standard of form or style?"

"There is, to a certain extent," Fitzpatrick said. "But it must be elastic, it must be changed here and there to suit certain cases. This is why such a close study of the individual is necessary. I recall one day talking with the late Walter Camp about Hogan, Yale's great tackle. Mr. Camp told me they had changed Hogan's former method of tackle play to what they considered the correct or orthodox system. As a result Hogan for the next two years was a first-class tackle, but not as good as they once thought he would be. He never quite seemed to play up to his possibilities.

"Then, according to Mr. Camp, they decided to let Hogan put on his own brand of tackle play through his last season, and he was a different man—one of the greatest tackles Yale or any other university ever knew. Here and there you find athletes who have a certain form of genius. It may seem unorthodox to the coach or trainer, but he had better let genius take care of itself and make no attempt to change it."

"In just what respect," I asked, "do athletes differ most?"

"They may differ in many ways," the veteran answered. "Naturally, few of them are built just alike and they can be quite different temperamentally. I have had a number of good runners who had the habit of tying themselves up in the stretch. They were the victims of too much tension. Then there are other types who are lazy or careless.

"One of the most interesting examples I ever worked with was Johnny Garrells. Garrells was only sixteen years old when he entered Michigan. He was a tall, lanky boy who began to show promise, but several of his schoolmates came to me and told me I was wasting my time; that Garrells had no spirit and would never get anywhere. They knew, because they had played with him for some time.

"Johnny made the football team and then, sure enough, he suddenly stopped. He got no better, and then began to get worse. So I took him aside and told him what his friends thought about him. 'I don't believe it,' I said, 'but I want you to prove to me they are wrong.' There was fire in his eyes as he looked up and said—'All right, I'll show them.'

Johnny Comes Through

"The next afternoon at practice he was half a football team. Before the season was over he was doing the kicking, most of the end running, hitting the line and playing brilliantly on defense. Later I started him throwing the discus and putting the shot. Then I decided to make a hurdler of him. That year he won four firsts in the college track and field championships—the discus, the shot, the low and high hurdles. When he graduated at the age of twenty he was one of the greatest all-around athletes I have ever seen, only a shade back of Jim Thorpe. And that was the boy I was warned to leave alone, to give up as a hopeless job."

"What do you think is most vital to good physical condition?" I asked Keene.

"In the main," he said, "most people overeat and don't get enough outdoor exercise. I am sixty-seven years old, but I have spent most of my life on my feet and legs. The result today is that while I am still fresh, running up and down the field, many of the kids are worn out. They haven't used their legs enough. Nearly everyone should do far more walking than most people ever do.

"I talked one day with a medical authority on diet. He told me that most people overeat and put on too much weight. He showed me how much harder it was for the blood stream to find its way through layers of fat, especially as one grows older. There should always be a sufficient amount of vegetables and fruit eaten daily."

"What other advice," I asked, "have you to give us about physical condition?"

"Few people realize how worry can wreck a man's digestion and break up his sleep," he replied. "The result is usually a physical collapse. And the pitiful part is that most of our worries are needless. I have seen star athletes worry themselves out of condition although they had violated no rule of training.

"We all need a certain type of philosophy which takes the breaks of life as they come. There can never be any failure in knowing that we have done the best we could do and then being ready to start again. So many things we think important today may be of no importance tomorrow. A big part of physical condition must start in the mind. And the time is coming when athletic instruction will start there."

Keene Fitzpatrick, Princeton's veteran trainer, who looks back on a half-century of American sports

International

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The Story Thus Far:

ALL Illyria is in a turmoil. King Stephan Stephanovitch is near death. It is his wish, and that of his right-hand man, General Michael Kosovo, that Helen Stevens, now the Princess Stephanie—daughter of the late Crown Prince Dushan, who renounced his right to the throne to marry an American girl, Helen's mother—should succeed him as monarch of Illyria.

The present Crown Prince—Milan, a scoundrel and son of Stephan's second wife—is backed by Italy because Italy hopes to gain control of the famous Tokar oil field. Prince Marko, another aspirant to the throne—who had been betrothed to Helen against her will—has been murdered in the room of Ezra Sloat, the crooked representative of the Consolidated Petroleum Company of New York.

This company, suspicious of Sloat, has sent John Brent to Illyria to check up. Brent, a friend of Kosovo's, discovered Sloat's plan to control the oil field himself by putting Marko on the throne. Brent is in love with Helen. When he met her he knew her only as a beautiful American girl and a famous tennis player.

With the troops of the different factions marching into the capital city of Zeta, Kosovo, his aide, Drintyre, and Brent meet in the palace. While they are talking Dr. Obilitch enters the room and announces solemnly that "the King no longer lives!"

They send immediately for Helen but word comes back from a startled, white-faced servant that Helen has disappeared!

X

KOSOVO and Brent hastened inside. The bed had not been occupied and Stephanie's nightgown and slippers still lay upon a chair beside it. A sickening fear laid hold on Brent. Why had he not acted upon the marchesa's warning? The King was dead, but was there any longer a royal princess to succeed him? Drintyre's phrase as he had looked upon the murdered Marko recurred to his mind, "Score one for Uncle Milan!" Was the score now two?

There was a terrible look in his eyes, as he shot his questions at the two maids. The Bulgarians insisted that Her Royal Highness had not been to her apartment that night: one or the other of them, alternately, had been continuously on duty for over fifteen hours.

Kosovo and Brent met Drintyre in the anteroom.

"The truth is already suspected," he said, pointing to the piazza, where a crowd was staring up at the palace windows. "Milan may act at any moment. I am in favor of making the first move and announcing the King's death at once."

General Kosovo closed and locked both doors. Then he turned to Drintyre and, placing both hands on the shoulders of the younger man, said:

"The Princess Stephanie has disappeared, Drintyre. Unless she still lives and can be found before sunset Milan will become King. We cannot disclose Stephan's death until we are able to produce his successor."

Drintyre stared from one to the other.

"If worse comes to worst," said Kosovo, "we can surround Milan's villa, arrest him, and threaten a reprisal if she is not immediately returned."

"MILAN is not at his villa," replied Drintyre. "He is in hiding preparatory to a coup d'état. It begins to look as if it might mean good-by to all of us."

"Not so long as Milan lives!" answered Brent. "Where are your Tsernagorans, General?"

"They're on the way from Rugova. They ought to get here by four o'clock, as soon as Milan's regiment."

"Milan's men must not be allowed to get here. You should order his regiment back to Prosvak and, if they refuse, divert the Tsernagorans so as to intercept them," said Brent.

Drintyre reached for Stephan's private telephone to the War Office.

"Any news from the city?" he asked sharply.

They saw his fingers tighten on the arm of his chair.

"The mystery is partially solved," he said. "One of the Saloniki mail planes is missing. Moreover, it is rumored everywhere that the King is dead and"—he eyed them significantly—"that the Princess Stephanie has fled. Pretty good coördination, eh?" He glanced out of the window. "If I'm not mistaken Milan has got the drop on us. Look there!"

A gendarme on a motorcycle was popping around the square, forcing a way through the now greatly augmented crowds for a procession of motors in which a dozen or more officers were seated.

"Milan wouldn't have the guts to show up in person!" growled Kosovo. "Find out who they are and what they want."

DRINTYRE took the telephone again. The occupants of the motors had got out and disappeared into the entrance of the State Offices.

"General Roganovitch," announced Drintyre dryly, "requests an immediate audience with General Kosovo."

"General—hell!" growled Uncle Michael. "Tell 'em I don't know any General Roganovitch—that I know only a major of that name! Why do you suppose they've come?"

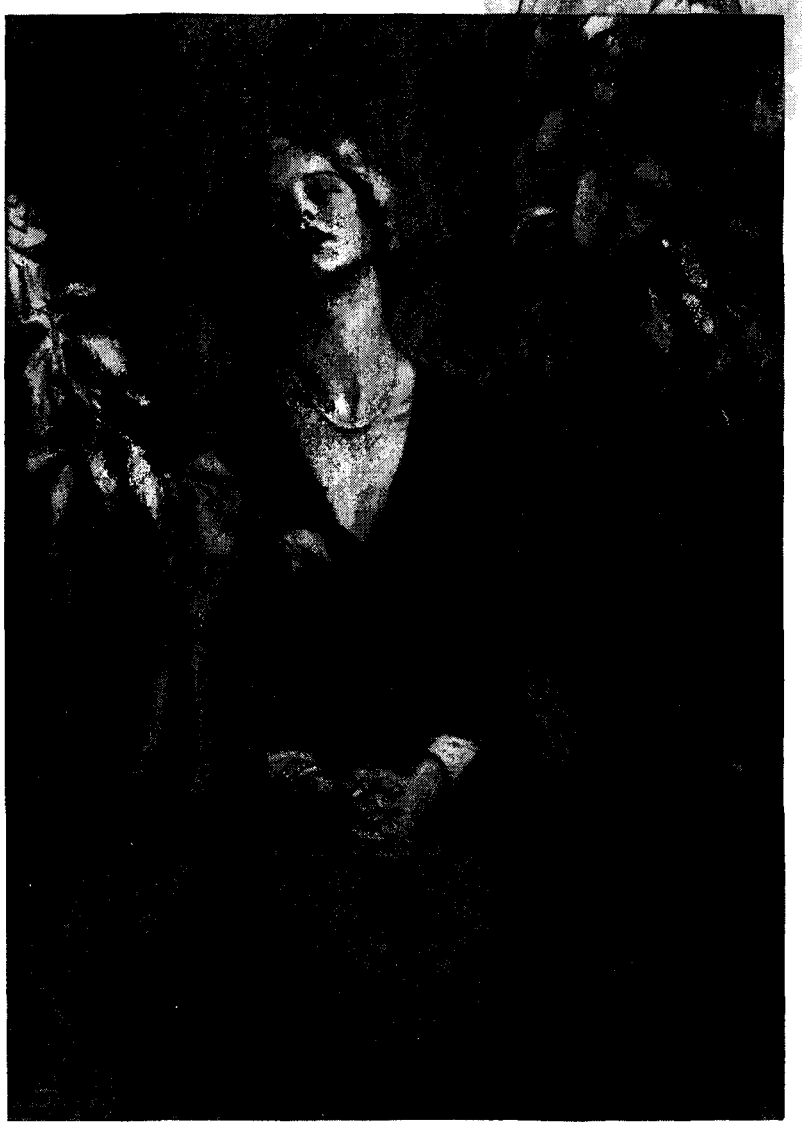
"Because they think they can bluff us," answered Drintyre. "With Stephan dead, the Princess Stephanie a hostage, the garrison absent at Tokar, this would seem the psychological moment."

"Milan won't dare strike until his regiment arrives," said Kosovo calmly. "He thinks it will get here by four o'clock, but it won't. We have at least until then." He stood up.

"Well, gentlemen!" he said, leading the way across the viaduct. "We go to meet the enemy!"

Milan's emissaries were assembled in the outer office. All saluted perfunctorily.

"General Kosovo," blustered Roganovitch, "on behalf of Milan Stephanovitch, lawful sovereign of Illyria, I demand that you turn over to us the fortress, the citadel, the royal palace, and the executive offices with their archives. If you do so immediately and without resistance, you will be allowed to retain your commission in the army and the Princess Stephanie will be delivered unharmed to the American consul at Trieste within twelve hours."



By daylight she would be Queen of Illyria

"How long since you became a general, Roganovitch?" asked Kosovo quizzically. "I certainly congratulate you. It would never have been on my recommendation!"

"My commission at the present moment is worth considerably more than yours!" retorted the erstwhile major.

Uncle Michael twirled his mustache.

"Not unless it is signed by Stephan Stephanovitch. You gentlemen seem to be laboring under the delusion that there has been a change in the government of Illyria. I am glad to be able to inform you that such is not the case."

Roganovitch laughed insolently.

"Can we see the King, then?" he mocked.

"Didn't you see him only last Monday?"

"But that was nearly four days ago. It is strange that not even his own son is allowed to enter the palace!"

"What is that, Major?"

"I said," repeated Roganovitch, "that even his own son was refused permission to see him."

"The person who was refused permission to see the King—and you may repeat this to Prince Milan with my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instead of hearing a fusillade of pistol shots, however, she saw Brent, with a cry of astonishment, lower his arm

compliments—" said General Kosovo, "was not the King's son."

"That is a gross slander!" cried Roganovitch. "And one which will receive the punishment it deserves."

"Perhaps we are not referring to the same *kuchkin sin*," said General Kosovo with a shrug. "At all events, the King not only lives but will publicly appear at nine o'clock this evening to deliver a proclamation which will no doubt be of interest to the person calling himself Prince Milan."

ROGANOVITCH glanced at his companions.

"Such a resurrection would make an interesting sight!" he remarked. "Prince Milan has other plans, however. It is he and not Stephan who will be occupying the palace at that time. I take it that you refuse his demand to turn over the fortress?"

"It will make too good a prison," said Kosovo.

"It will make an even better execution ground!" retorted Roganovitch.

"We've got 'em guessing!" declared Drintyre after the delegation had gone. "I was watching their faces when you said that about the King's proclamation."

"I could see that they were surprised," agreed Kosovo. "They don't understand our apparent unconcern. I wish we felt it!"

The three were still standing in the outer office when the major in command of the flying field entered, accompanied by an aviator.

"This is the pilot of the Saloniki mail who has just landed," he said. "He reports that shortly after sunrise he observed one of his company's planes far out of its course to the southwest. He circled to see what it was doing and watched it come down in the middle of a mountain range. It is undoubtedly the plane which was stolen last night. As its loss will temporarily disrupt the mail service I thought I ought to bring the matter to your attention."

"Could you find the spot again?" demanded Brent.

"Yes, sir," answered the pilot. "The plane descended near a *kasbah* among the mountains, on a plateau where two rivers come together. I marked it carefully."

"We must send a rescue party at once," said Kosovo. "We can commandeer the Fiume transport plane that holds twenty-six. It has just landed. The aviator can go along as pilot."

"Twenty-six men could not take a castle that was halfway defended," answered Drintyre, shaking his head. "You could not take it by surprise from the air. Its defenders would have to be smoked out by a bombing plane, which would be out of the question here."

"We have got to use desperate means to meet desperate chances," declared Kosovo. "A bombing plane might—"

"General," interrupted Brent, "you made me responsible for Her Royal Highness' safety. This is my job. Give me the Fokker and twenty-five picked men and I will either bring the Princess Stephanie back with me or I shan't come back at all."

SHORTLY before three o'clock that Friday morning Stephanie, exhausted after her long vigil, had left her seat beside Stephan's bed and gone into the anteroom for a cup of coffee. Without a breath of fresh air she felt that she could not keep awake another minute. A solitary light burned in the drawing-room, and another in the ceiling above the grand staircase; the lower hall was full of grotesque shadows. The guards saluted as she passed.

How refreshing it was in the darkness of the garden! She felt her way down the path to the bench under the Beech of Justice and, shutting her eyes, leaned back her head against its gnarled trunk. Her grandfather was dying; by daylight she would be Queen of Illyria!

A twig snapped close beside her—one of the sentries, probably. She turned to tell him that he need not watch over her so closely, that she wished to be alone. At the same instant a heavy woolen cloth was thrown over her head and pressed with relentless force about her mouth and nostrils. She gagged and inhaled a thick vapor, sickeningly sweet, that filled her lungs to bursting.

THE sun upon her eyelids awoke her. That same sickeningly sweet smell was everywhere. She remembered everything now—the garden, the hands clutching her face. Her neck was still sore. She had been chloroformed, of course. She felt too ill to be afraid. She turned over and closed her eyes again. When she awoke for the second time she saw that a wrinkled old peasant woman was crouching in the corner watching her. The room in which she lay was small, with heavy rough-hewn beams and a single casement window. The bed linen was like nothing she had ever seen before, heavily embroidered in fantastic designs. Perceiving that Stephanie was awake, the crone got up and with a toothless smile pointed to her mouth. Stephanie shook her head.

"What is this place?" she asked.

In reply the woman merely stared at her. Then, having brought in a ewer of hot water, which she placed beside the basin on the casement, she went away.

For a while Stephanie continued to lie where she was, but presently the room became so hot that she threw off the coverlid and went to the window.

THE house stood in an amphitheater of cliffs. On every hand, like the gray waves of an angry sea, rose range upon range of rocky hills. Then just below her, as it seemed, she heard voices. Leaning out over the casement, she saw two young men in white flannels playing tennis on an *en tout cas* court. They were playing exceedingly well. A flock of goats and sheep were grazing in the distance, and nearer, a couple of hundred yards away, stood a small hangar where a mechanic was at work upon a monoplane. Apart from the livestock, the mechanic and the two tennis players, no living thing was to be seen except a large black bird poised motionless over the ravine.

The door, which had a heavy latch of wrought iron, was unlocked, and she stepped outside into a whitewashed corridor. There was another door at the end of the corridor and, opening this, she found herself on a landing at the head of a flight of wooden steps leading down into a great hall hung with antique arms and tattered flags.

A man dressed like those in the courtyard and evidently a servant, although wearing long black mustaches and smoking a cigarette, was tending the fire. Descending the stairs, she waited to attract his notice, and asked him in Slav whose house it was. Her question was evidently unintelligible to him for he merely shrugged and turned once more to the fire.

There was another and smaller door at the other end of the hall, and as this was ajar she went out and looked about her. Wicker chairs were grouped about a couple of iron tables upon a stone terrace.

The two young men had finished their set and were walking across the court, their rackets in their hands. As they came up the steps the taller of the two, a handsome fellow with sleek black hair, smiled and saluted her courteously in Italian.

"GOOD morning, Sua Altezza Reale. I trust Your Royal Highness had a good night."

His manner and entire unconcern restored her momentarily waning confidence.

"Where am I? Whose house is this?"

"Mine, Sua Altezza Reale," he answered, offering her a diamond-studded cigarette case.

She waved it aside.

"How did I get here? Tell me at once!"

"Certainly, Sua Altezza Reale. You came here by airplane. Will you not be seated?" He moved one of the chairs into the shadow of the building. "May I present my cousin, Prince Ivanbeg Novak?"

The other young man bowed and stepped forward as if expecting Stephanie to extend her hand. She did not do so. Since she was beginning to feel rather faint, however, she sat down.

"My name is Paolo Radescu," continued the owner of the house.

"Radescu!"

He glanced at her over the flame of his lighted match.

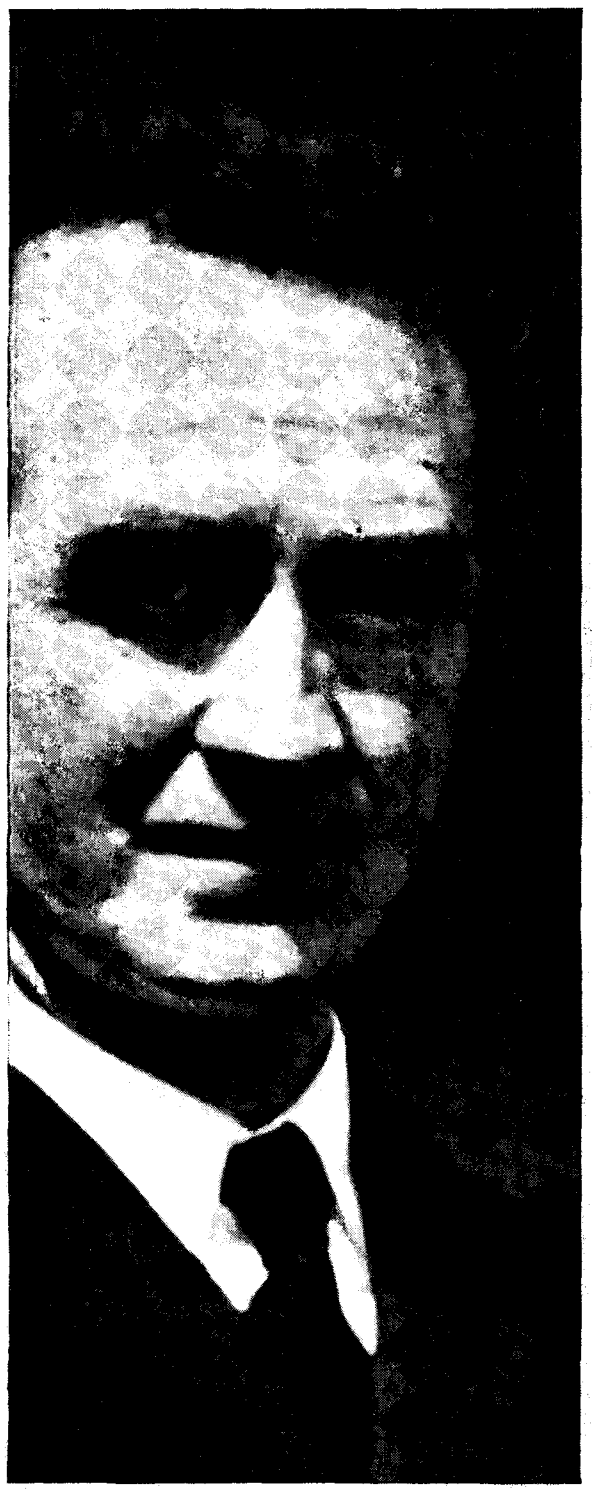
"I am honored that you have heard my name, Sua Altezza Reale!"

"But I thought—" she began.

"Quite so, Sua Altezza Reale! I am that terrible bandit! As your host for

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



City of Hope

Here's the story of a city that took a bad licking and came up smiling, and of the young Irishman who runs that city—Frank Murphy, mayor of Detroit

By John B. Kennedy

Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit, and the downtown section of his city

A BITTER wind swept across the broad Detroit River, driving up tall streets where shivering men and women waited in line outside a welfare station from which bread and other things were being distributed to the hungry. A red-headed young man stepped from City Hall. He passed waiting cars, turned up the collar of his overcoat and, head bent, bored into the bleak afternoon.

He came upon that throng of the destitute waiting to be served. Cops keeping them in order didn't recognize him. One walked up to him.

"Git in line there!" he barked.

The red-headed young man didn't get in line. Instead he surveyed the cheerless throng, as if speculating on the circumstances that brought them there. Suddenly his head jerked up. He walked slowly forward to make sure of what he saw. A child of ten or twelve stood between shabby adults, an infant in her arms. The red-headed young man beckoned to an officer.

"Take that youngster out," he commanded. "We won't have children in bread lines. Take her to my office with that baby."

"Who are you?" asked the cop.

"Oh," said the young redhead, embarrassed. He took the officer to one side and whispered.

"Okay, Yer Honor," said the cop. In turn he took the child with the baby to one side.

The red-headed young man was the mayor of Detroit.

The Trial That Made a Mayor

The red-headed young man was and is Frank Murphy. Graduated from law school at Ann Arbor, he left a law office in Detroit to go to war, returned, was selected by District Attorney John Kinane to prosecute war-graft cases arising from the acquisition of cantonment and other supplies from Camp Sheridan and other places. Two of the men Mr. Murphy sent to prison were influential officers, the third a civilian.

That trial made Mr. Murphy. Allied against him in defense of the prisoners was some of the best legal talent in the Middle West, including the distinguished lawyer who had given red-headed Frank Murphy his first job at five dollars a week. The high-priced talent lost. Mr. Murphy won, and two years later the citizens of Detroit, who had watched that case closely, rewarded Murphy by electing him to the recorder's bench.

Came Detroit's most harrowing period, municipal scandal, recall of a mayor, and a business depression hitting its dominant motor industry a savage solar-plexus punch. Murphy became mayor. At the last election (his second) there were six other candidates in the field, but Murphy topped them all by nearly forty thousand votes.

He's mayor now, and Detroit is emerging from its purgatory of distress—a city brave and increasingly busy, a city of hope.

Frank Murphy is representative of Detroit. At least he will be for the next two years. In his calm-eyed studiousness, his low-pitched, earnest speech and his serious, almost severe determination to carry his responsibility through all his waking hours, he personifies the new, if not the established order in American municipal politics; the order that calls for management, not manipulation.

A Yearning for Social Justice

In the tiny lakeside village of Harbor Beach, Michigan, Murphy's father was that surprising phenomenon—a Fenian who had settled down to practice law after energetic membership in a society whose first rule was to break laws. Every 6 A. M. a siren would blow to announce that the village was at work. Every night at six the siren would blow to announce that the village was at leisure. The industrial and social life of Harbor Beach was measured and punctuated by that siren, and the Beachites seemed to like it.

Murphy didn't. As a stripling he felt social resentment against an industrial system that so completely dominated the lives of the workers. Yet, if you ask him today, in his maturity, whether or not the people of Harbor Beach are happier now that their working hours are much shorter—indeed, too short for their liking—if you ask Mayor Murphy that, his slate-gray eyes range far, *he doesn't know.*

But he took with him to Detroit as a youth a profound yearning to be an instrument for social justice. Not a reform complex: he believes professional reformers are as much a bane to good government as professional (in the sense of piratical) politicians.

Making five dollars a week as a junior law clerk, he boarded himself and spent his evenings in "hunk" districts around Detroit.

Building Political Good Will

These masses of workers were untutored in all but their jobs. They had a pathetic eagerness to learn, for instance, the language of the country that gave them a livelihood. Frank Murphy was a night-school teacher for nine years, holding classes in English and earning a fee of two dollars a night thereby. He earned more than a fee. Machine politicians in Detroit, who marveled how a political unknown, without organized support from either major party, could suddenly arise and defeat all opposition, might do well to ponder Mr. Murphy's unpremeditated method of building support slowly and surely. Those nine years of night-school teaching counted. Those classes of workmen and their wives remembered the red-headed teacher of English. Those long hours invested in teaching the unlettered their moods and tenses were to bring dividends in votes to surprise more than Mr. Murphy.

When, after four years of teaching public-school classes, he graduated to a more select spot as a junior law instructor at the University of Detroit, the red-headed young attorney did not forget his Hungarians and Lithuanians and Poles. He continued teaching them reading and writing in the public schools, later to find that they rendered him useful arithmetic in votes.

Came the war, and Murphy, who up to then had played no part in politics, played a very useful part in the Army. He became an officer with a Michigan fighting unit and distinguished himself enough to be singled out, among two or three hundred young men with the Army of Occupation, to go to English universities for special post-war training. Somebody had the idea that

(Continued on page 49)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keep Regular
FOR HEALTH!
MRS. THOMAS: What's come over that husband of yours? He's looking so much better.
MRS. JAMES: He's eating Post's Bran Flakes every day now.

IRREGULARITY in most cases can be corrected simply by the addition of more bulk to the diet. The simplest and most pleasant way to get more bulk is to eat Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast every morning.

With milk or cream these crisp, brown flakes are delicious. They bring you such natural benefits of whole wheat as: iron, phosphorus and vitamin B, together with the outer coat of the wheat kernel which is a natural regulator.

If you want to regulate yourself, start tomorrow on a two weeks' program. Eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast for fourteen days and see how easy it is to form the regular habit of elimination.

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

© 1932, G. F. Corp.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

A Product of General Foods Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marion Davies comes to work in two cars—one for herself and another for her maids

Nine-o'clock Town

Another great American illusion has yielded to the wreckers. Hollywood has gone quite domestic and respectable. And to see how thoroughly sin has been banned from the cinema colony take a peek at this land of happily married couples, smoking jackets, weak cocktails, ping-pong and cake-baking

By W. E. Woodward

ONE of our great national myths is that Hollywood is a pool of vice. Ask the average American. He has read of the goings-on out there, and he knows. Most of the people in this country are as firmly convinced that the movie world spends a large part of its time in orgies of drinking and illicit loving as they are that George Washington never told a lie. It is a pleasing reputation, as it implies a spacious freedom, a disregard of inhibitions and a disdainful sense of superiority.

Hollywood admires this picture of itself, and would dearly like to live up to it, but somehow it just can't. However, the movie boys and girls read about these Hollywood doings with the bated breath and excitement of a small boy perusing a dime novel.

A recent so-called exposure of life in movie circles described a gorgeous Hollywood speakeasy where morals were supposed to be checked at the door with the hats and coats. It was a pretty hot description—full of loose drinking and loose loving—and it resembled closely some of the wilder scenes shown in film plays about the idle rich. My private impression was, and is, that the author copied the whole thing from a motion picture.

I thought it was a literary swindle as soon as I had read it, for several reasons. That confetti-throwing, for instance. The writer of the yarn said that a nightly occurrence at this palace of luxury and sin was the throwing of confetti. By midnight, when revelry was at its height, the entire place, according to his description, was entangled in a sloshy web of colored-paper ribbons. Naturally, everybody's food would be full of confetti, and it would be down everybody's neck and in everybody's hair. Now, I know something about human nature and my profound belief is that nobody in the world ever throws confetti except under compulsion, or because of a temporary insanity; and then never more than once.

However, many people in Hollywood—the newcomers especially—took the description for literal truth. They went around for a week or two looking for this exuberant tavern. The fact that they searched for it at all shows how little Hollywood knows about itself.

Sin Takes a Beating

While the talk of this mythical speakeasy was going on I handed the book which contained the description to my bootlegger—a solemn-faced bandit who owns houses and lands. He read of the place with greedy interest and, although unused to literature, actually turned the page and kept on reading. I saw the vision of large orders in his eyes; caravans of costly liquors piloted from Mexico right up to the back door of the splendiferous speakeasy.

Closing the book and handing it back, he asked, "Where is this place?"

"I don't know; I thought maybe you knew."

"There ain't any such place in Hollywood," he replied.

"Then why don't you open one?" I suggested.

"It wouldn't last a month," was his reply. "Everybody would come once just to see it, and that would be all."

I think he is right. Hollywood, you see, makes the movies, and all movie plays are moral. You may doubt this assertion. If you do, just name an immoral motion-picture story and I will give up the argument. In the end you will find that Sin, though crowing triumphantly for a while, always loses.

It is true that picture dramas are chock-full of liquor and gaming, of seductions and stealings and killings, but these gestures are merely signposts on the road to ruin. Virtue and honesty hold all the trumps. I have often felt terribly sorry for Sin, in watching a motion picture. It is so pathetic; it tries so hard for an even break, only to get a kick in the pants. The movies are not fair to Sin; they really aren't. In actual life Sin often succeeds handsomely. I contend that it ought to be allowed to win out occasionally in the pictures.

The impeccable moral lessons of the films eventually affect everybody on the lot, including players, writers, directors and the office force. I do not mean to imply that they become saints. Far from it. They have their careless moments, and a good many of them, but I venture to say that a snooper of ordinary perceptions would discover more genuine downright dissipation in the country-club set of any Eastern city of moderate size than there is in the whole of Hollywood.

It is one of the few places in the world that still keeps alive an active sense of remorse. Movie actors who get drunk are invariably conscience-stricken. I have known them to weep on my shoulder all the afternoon following a previous night's jamboree, and when I say weep, I mean that they shed tears. They weep and prophesy the ruin of their own careers. A movie girl who falls into a clandestine love affair feels that she is doing wrong. Either that, or she believes that she is defying the universe. Both notions are of course obsolete and have long ago been abandoned in the more sophisticated centers of civilization. She knows what happens to bad girls in the films, so she has a conviction of sin and at times feels perfectly dreadful.

The whole community seems to be hesitating between a stodgy, corn-fed, Middle-Western respectability and a career of "artistic" freedom, with respectability far ahead in the race. But the conventions do not apply to talk. If one is so inclined he may go to a party and tell smoking-car anecdotes to a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen. Everybody laughs and everybody tries to remember the stories to tell somewhere else.

Hollywood's High-Wage Slaves

These are disciplined people. If you go among them with the expectation of running across any stratum of society that resembles the slovenly artistic flatulence of Greenwich Village or the corduroy vagabondage of Montmartre, you will surely be disappointed. When they are working on a picture—and all good actors are engaged most of the time—they have to report at the studio at an unbelievably early hour every morning. The minor people are often required to be present at seven-thirty; others come at eight; and eight means eight and not a quarter past.

Scenes are "shot" over and over again, with a monotony that would bore an Eskimo. Sometimes an episode is

(Continued on page 53)

Illustrated by H. Tempest Graves

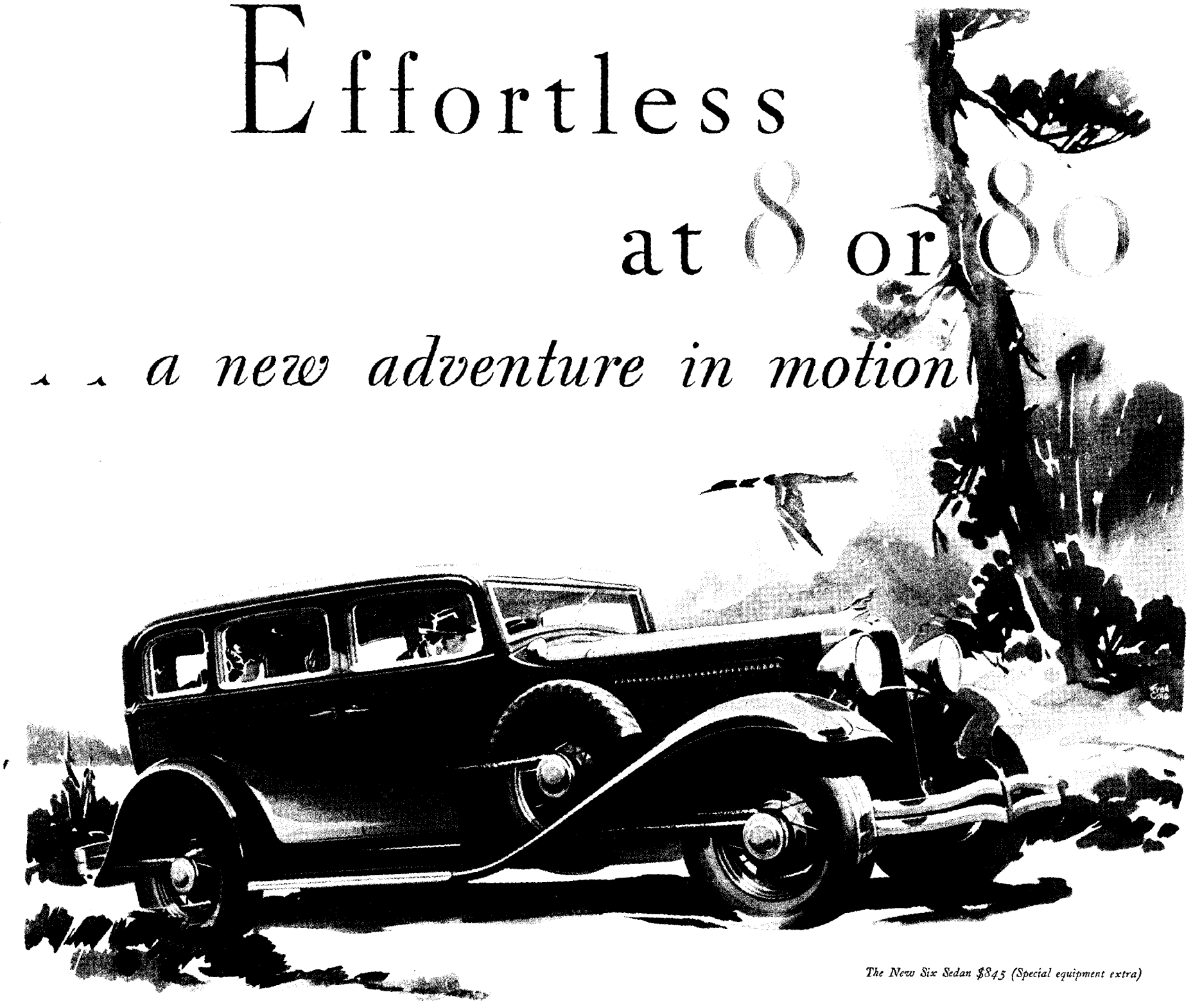
Movie stars may have graduated, like Clara Bow, from domesticity and dishwashing

One executive's special duty is to handle George Bancroft's temperament

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Effortless at 8 or 80

. . . a new adventure in motion



The New Six Sedan $845 (Special equipment extra)

DODGE DEPENDABILITY

WITH AUTOMATIC CLUTCH AND SILENT GEAR SELECTOR . . . FREE WHEELING . . . SILENT SECOND GEAR . . . MONO-PIECE STEEL BODY . . . DOUBLE-DROP BRIDGE-TYPE FRAME . . . HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . COMPLETE RUST-PROOFING . . . GREATER SIZE · POWER AND BEAUTY

THERE'S ALL the pleasure of discovering something new in driving the Dodge Six or Eight with *Floating Power*.

For not until you take the wheel can you really understand the amazing sensation of a completely effortless ride. Liquid flow of power. Fast-stepping response without sound or tremor. A feeling of tireless, untrammeled motion.

You'll learn, too, how different are the results you get from the Dodge Automatic Clutch, Silent Gear Selector and separate Free Wheeling. No buttons nor pedals to push. Complete clutch freedom. Gear-shifting as easy as turning the pages of a book.

You'll note easier, more positive braking —Dodge weatherproof hydraulics with new type drums. And a safe, sure feeling on sharp turns—result of low center of gravity, Double-Drop Bridge-Type Frames, and safe, silent Mono-Piece Steel Bodies.

You'll note greater size and luxury. And you know that these cars are built for stamina, long life and economy.

Look forward to this ride. Once you take it, you'll never accept less in the car you buy.

Tune in on CHRYSLER MOTORS RADIO PROGRAM
"Ziegfeld Follies of the Air"
Personally conducted by Flo Ziegfeld—Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network; every Sunday evening.

NEW LOW PRICES—NEW DODGE SIX $795 to $895. NEW DODGE EIGHT $1115 to $1185. F. O. B. Factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient terms. Five wire or demountable wood wheels, no extra cost. Duplate safety plate glass $9.50 to $17.50. Automatic Clutch standard on Eights; only $8 on Sixes. Closed models wired for Philco-Transitone Radio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN YOUR OWN HANDS *Check These* GREATER VALUES

FOR your own protection SEE the quality and construction of the tires you buy. Firestone Service Dealers have sections cut from Firestone Tires—special brand mail order tires and others.

Take these tire sections IN YOUR OWN HANDS—examine them—compare the Gum-Dipped body—the thickness of the tire and above all the patented construction giving Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread.

You Get These Extra Values at No Additional Cost—

Gum-Dipped Cords—
Strong, tough, sinewy cord body which assures long tire life. A patented Firestone feature.

Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread—
Increase tire strength and give greater protection against punctures and blowouts.

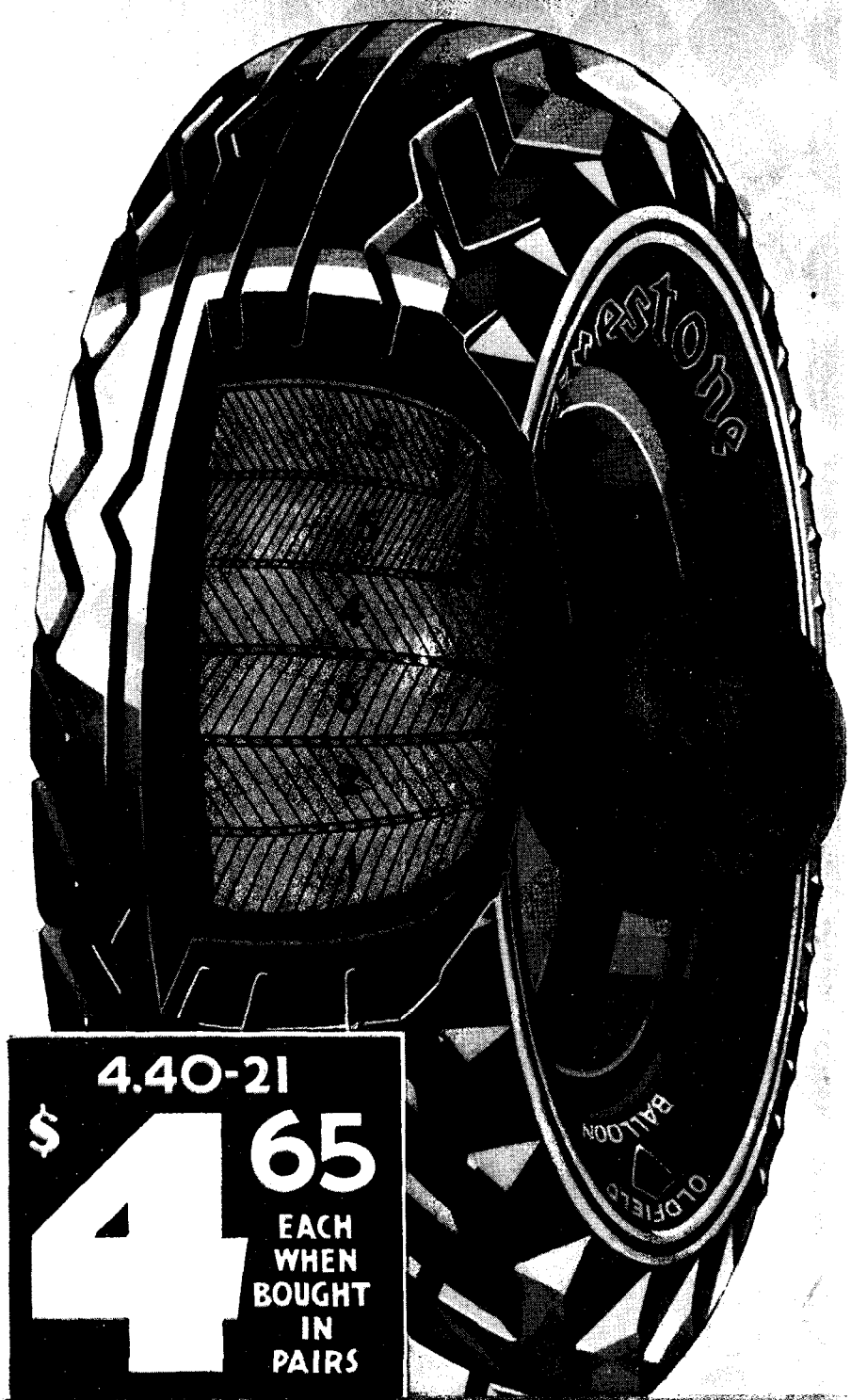
Non-Skid Tread—
Scientifically designed Non-Skid gives greater traction and safe, quiet, slow wear.

Make your own comparisons—you alone be the judge of the Extra Values you get in Firestone Tires—at prices no higher than special brand lines.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer in your community today.

FIRESTONE do not manufacture tires under special brand names for mail order houses and others to distribute—Special brand tires are made without the manufacturer's name. They are sold without his guarantee or responsibility for service.

Listen to the "VOICE OF FIRESTONE" *Every Monday Night Over N. B. C. Nationwide Network*



Firestone

TIRES · TUBES · BATTERIES · RADIO · SPARK PLUGS · HEADLAMPS · ACCESSORIES

Copyright, 1932, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION, QUALITY and PRICE

Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford, Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.79	$9.30
Chevrolet	4.50-20	$5.35	$10.30
Ford	4.50-21	$5.43	$10.54
Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet, Plymouth, Erskine, Plymouth	4.75-19	$6.33	$12.32
Chandler, De Soto, Dodge, Durant, Gr. Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-Kn.	4.75-20	$6.45	$12.48
	5.00-19	$6.65	$12.90
Essex, Nash, Essex, Nash, Oldsmob'e	5.00-20	$6.75	$13.10
	5.00-21	$6.98	$13.54
Buick M., Chevrolet, Oldsmob'e	5.25-18	$7.53	$14.60
Buick	5.25-21	$8.15	$15.82
Studeb'k'r, Auburn, Jordan, Reo, Studeb'k'r, Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless	5.50-18	$8.35	$16.20
	5.50-19	$8.48	$16.46
Chrysler, Studeb'k'r, Viking, Studeb'k'r, Franklin, Hudson, Hupmob'e, La Salle, Packard	6.00-18 R.D.	$10.65	$20.66
	6.00-19 H.D.	$10.85	$21.04
	6.00-20 H.D.	$10.95	$21.24
Pierce-A.	6.00-21 R.D.	$11.10	$21.54
Buick	6.00-22 H.D.	$11.60	$22.50
Pierce-A.	6.50-19 H.D.	$12.30	$23.86
Stutz, Cadillac, Lincoln, Packard	6.50-20 H.D.	$12.65	$24.54
	7.00-20 H.D.	$14.65	$28.42

TRUCK and BUS TIRES		
Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
30x5 H.D.	$15.45	$29.96
32x6 H.D.	26.50	51.00
34x7 H.D.	36.40	70.60
36x8 H.D.	51.65	100.20
6.00-20 H.D.	14.50	28.14
6.50-20 H.D.	16.30	31.62
7.50-20 H.D.	26.45	51.60
9.00-20 H.D.	46.50	90.40
9.75-20 H.D.	61.65	120.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Dean, we're both over that—that matter, aren't we?" Rita asked him

The Story Thus Far:

RITA CLAYBORNE and Dean Resolve are in love. Rita has a husband—Sam Clayborne. The man is impossible—a brutal reprobate. He threatens that, if Rita divorces him, he will ruin Dean's father, Sturgis Resolve, who owes him a million dollars. . . . Jinny Carpenter, Rita's dearest friend, comes to the rescue. Secretly in love with Dean, she "invests" a million dollars in Sturgis Resolve's firm; after which Rita goes to Reno, secures her divorce, and returns to New York.

Clayborne, a thoroughgoing rotter, is murdered. The news reaches Dean and Rita while they are preparing to be married—and Dean receives another shock: Rita declines to marry him, claiming she wants more time in which to think the matter over! Hurt, mystified, Dean demands an explanation. It is forthcoming: Clayborne, Rita tells him, has left a will. If she does *not* marry Dean, she will receive twelve million dollars; if she marries him, she will receive nothing. She does not want to lose that fortune! . . . Jinny, adoring Dean, but intensely loyal to Rita, does what she can to patch matters up. She even calls on Rita—who is preparing to sail for Europe—to plead for Dean. Rita rebuffs her—makes it quite clear she does not want Dean.

Jinny is amazed, horrified. . . . But now, at last, she no longer has to consider Rita. She adores Dean Resolve; she determines to win him.

Left alone after Jinny's visit, Rita bursts into tears. She has made herself appear avaricious, cold, selfish. She has done it, she believes, to enable Dean Resolve to *escape from the slough of foul gossip into* which he has recently been hurled. But can she continue to live a lie—to give up all hope of happiness? She knows Dean's number. Involuntarily, her hand reaches for the telephone. . . .

Conclusion

IN ALL her lovely life, Margery Kingston was guilty of one failure of tact. Flushed with exercise and January's icy air, she entered the living-room of her Long Island home, swinging her skating shoes as gayly as a child and with as little regard for furniture. Behind her lumbered her huge, red-headed husband. Margery stopped abruptly on the threshold; a warning hand halted Carter; the skating shoes ceased traversing an arc. She touched her lips with a finger and essayed that difficult task of tiptoeing backward.

"What's the matter?" Carter's whisper was as penetrating as the whistle of the wind without.

She struck him on the chest with a tiny fist which he promptly caught and kissed.

"Idiot! Jinny and Dean."

Her hand dropped again to his chest and pushed him toward the wide stairs. On the first landing her husband's bewilderment could no longer be denied expression.

"What in blazes is the matter?" he demanded.

"They were sitting together—close together," said Margery.

Her gentle eyes sparkled with that delight which happy wives feel—and show—at incipient romance in others. But Carter Kingston was unresponsive to her excitement. He slipped a great arm about her waist and half carried her into the bedroom which, to the amused surprise of their friends, they still shared after a dozen years of marriage. He sat her down upon a chair and shook her gently.

"IDIOT yourself," he said. "Good Lord, they've been chums for years. You'll have one tough time leading that pair to the altar. Why, you gorgeous little dumb-bell, don't you know that Rita arrived only yesterday?"

"And only today, my lord of knowledge, my sapient husband, Dean is week-ending with us," she retorted.

"That's because he didn't know Rita had come back from Europe," said Carter.

"And if she can return from Paris without letting him know—doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Carter Kingston stared at his wife. Every time that he thought he possessed knowledge or understanding beyond her own, no matter how trivial the occasion, she promptly proved him wrong. And because she was sweet and he adored her, he found her superiority never irksome but always a further proof of the soundness of his judgment in loving her.

"You mean that it's all off between Rita and Dean?" he gasped.

Margery sighed in mock despair.

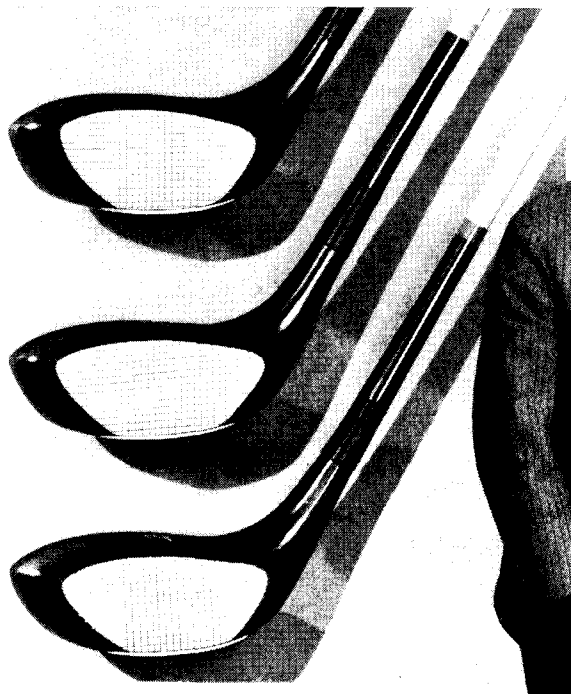
"When a marriage is halted practically at the altar, and when, before scandal has time to die, the bride-to-be takes boat for Europe, it looks as though the wedding were off, doesn't it?"

"For the time being, yes," admitted her husband. "Rita naturally went away to give things time to blow over. But two people as much in love as Dean and Rita aren't letting a separation of a few months mean anything."

Margery smiled. Carter was a dear. She wouldn't have exchanged a hair on his head for the least of his qualities.

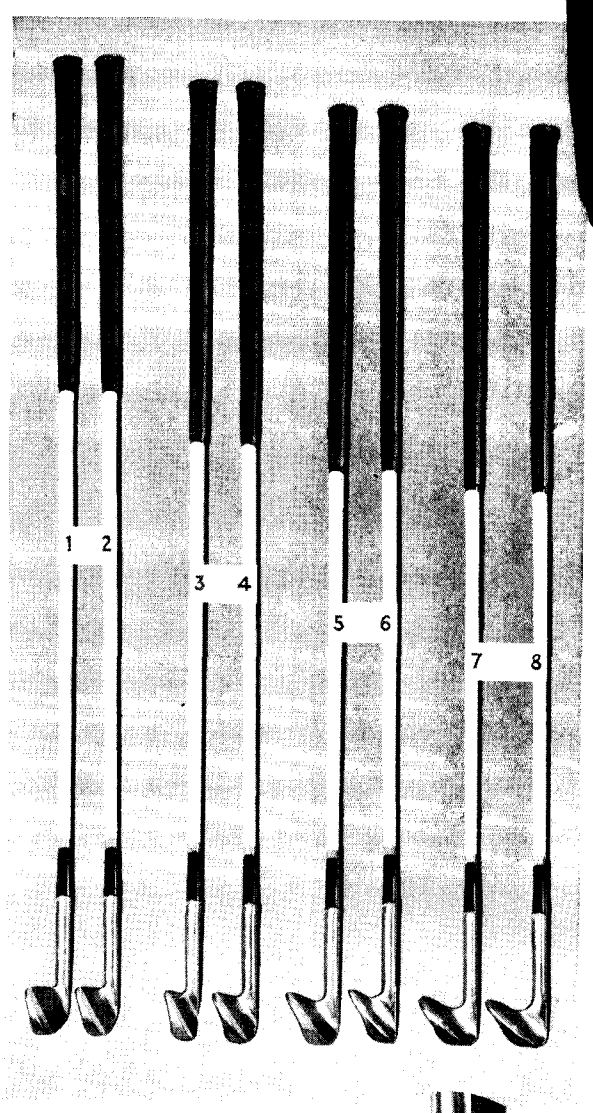
(Continued on page 45)

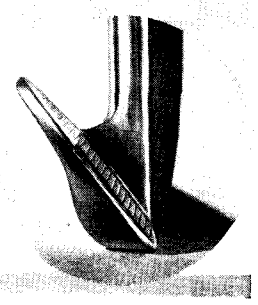
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NEW WOODS

THE NEW IRONS





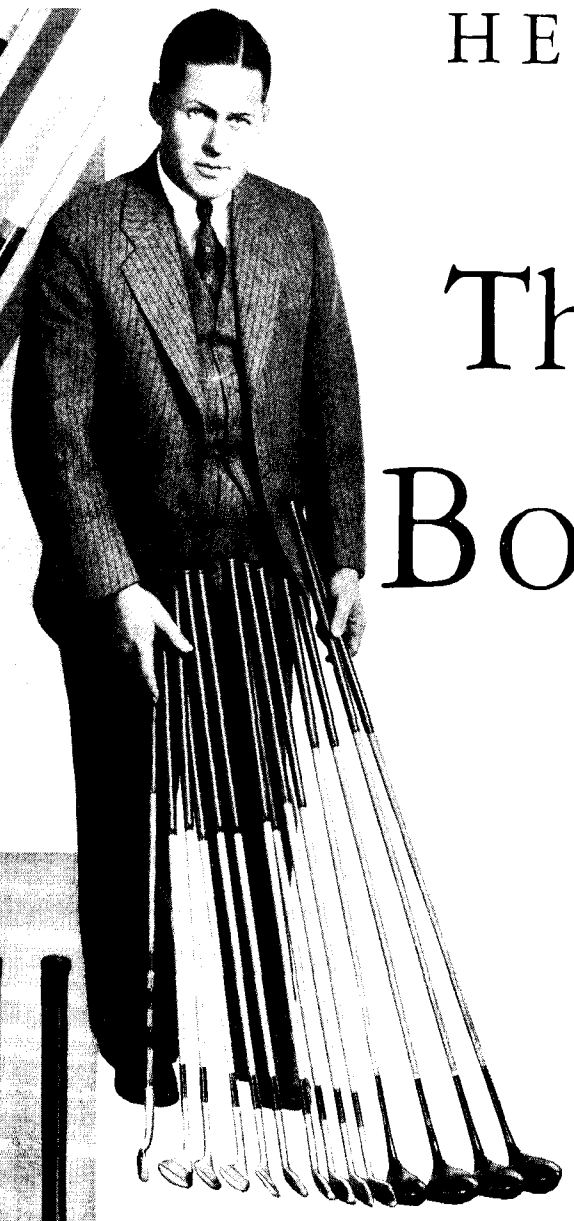
Flange sole almost automatically seats itself in back of ball.

© 1932, A. G. S. & BROS.

SPALDING

ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

GOLF CLUBS



HERE THEY ARE!

•

The Clubs that BOBBY JONES designed

WHEN Bobby Jones became a Director of A. G. Spalding & Bros., he gained the world's greatest golf laboratory—and the aid of experts who themselves had contributed the major improvements in golf equipment of the past 25 years—to help him work out his ideas!

One of these ideas was a conviction that a redistribution of weight could make a sweeter feeling, easier-to-control iron. The problem was to get more weight into the sole of the club without making a club that would feel head-heavy.

This, Jones and Spalding have succeeded in doing. They have designed an iron with a head which tends to follow the flight of the ball. It gives the club what might be termed a natural "follow through." As Jones expressed it, "the blade seems to flow through the ball." He was right—it is the sweetest feeling iron that has ever been made.

Jones was right in his theory of better control too. The added weight in the sole and the redistribution of weight, give a more perfect instrument for shot-control. And the flange sole seats itself back of the ball with the accuracy of a putter—to relieve the player of the tendency to fuss with the lie of the blade.

Jones has also cut the number of stances in half by introducing the new idea of matching irons in pairs as to length and lie. Thus, you need only one stance for every *two* clubs. And, of course, every pair is matched with every other pair for swinging weight—so that, as always, with Spalding Matched Sets, one swing and one timing are correct for every club in the set!

The New Woods

You would expect the greatest wood player of all time to design something great in Wood Clubs. And you will not be disappointed. These new Jones Woods are the most skillfully designed, precisely matched, and beautifully made Woods that ever sent a ball singing down the fairway! Try them. They're magnificent!

Jones also contributes a new idea in his Senior Graduated Set of Five Woods—a set for senior golfers who now have trouble with their long iron shots.

At new low prices

Both the Irons and the Woods are steel-shafted. They have the famous Spalding Cushion-neck feature. The Sets are Registered, so that you can have an exact duplicate made at any time. And, in keeping with the times, they are offered at the lowest prices ever asked for Spalding Matched and Registered Clubs!

CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED IRONS
Set of 9 $75 Set of 8 $67 Set of 6 $50
(Cushion Shaft Irons, sold separately, are $5 each)

CUSTOM-BUILT DE LUXE REGISTERED WOODS
Set of 4 $48 Set of 3 $36 Pair $24

CUSTOM-BUILT STANDARD REGISTERED WOODS
Set of 4 $40 Set of 3 $30 Pair $20
(Autograph Woods, separately, $8 and $10 each.)

Custom-Built De Luxe Registered Senior Graduated Woods, $60 for set of 5. Senior Graduated Matched Woods, $40 for set of 5.

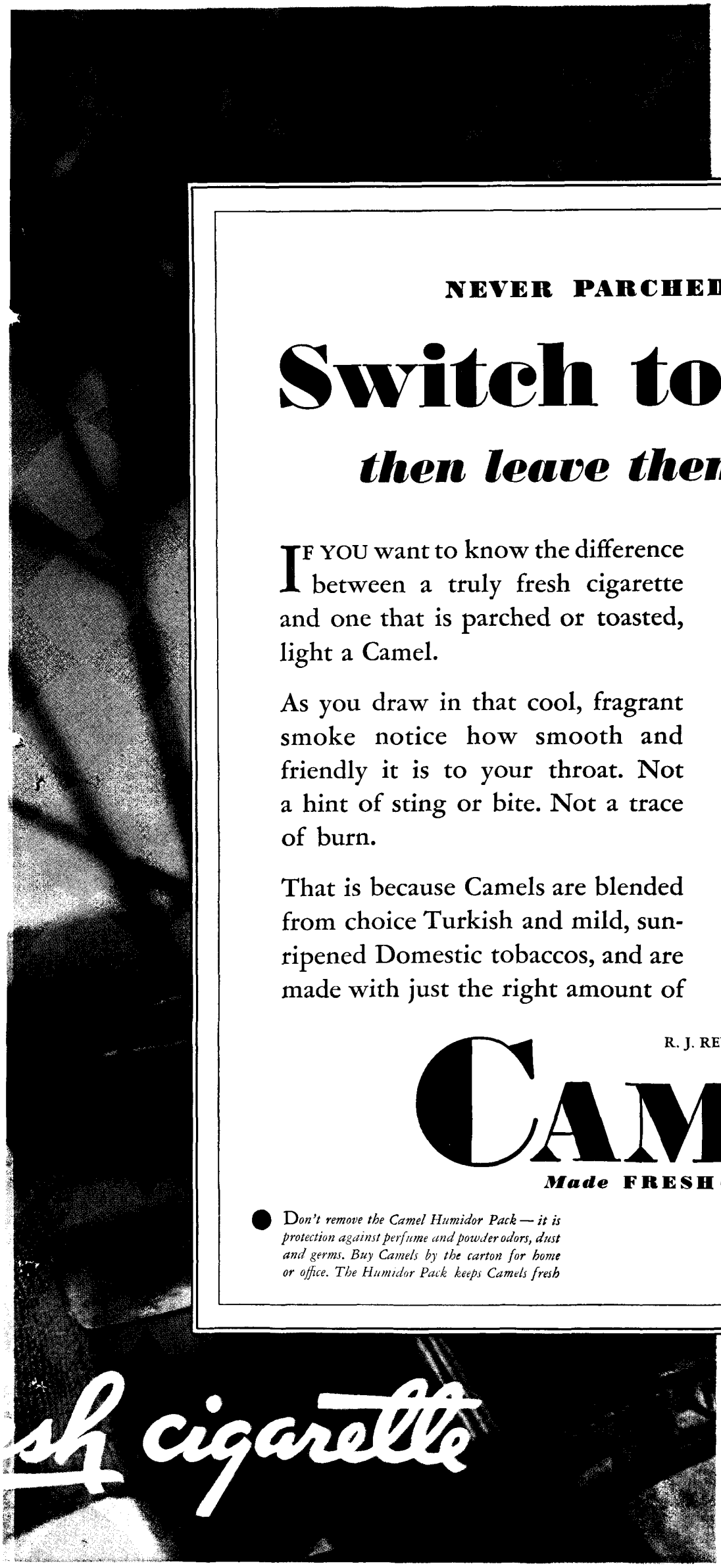
Your Professional, your Spalding Dealer, and every Spalding Store have these clubs. See them—and note the difference in design. Swing them—and feel that "follow through." Buy them—and own the first set of clubs designed by Bobby Jones!

• • •

Calamity Jane Herself! Spalding also offers an exact duplicate of the famous lady who is known wherever golf is played. Try this great putter—and you'll see that something more than sentiment caused Bobby Jones to cling to it through the years. $6.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEVER PARCHED OR TOASTED

Switch to CAMELS

then leave them—if you can

IF YOU want to know the difference between a truly fresh cigarette and one that is parched or toasted, light a Camel.

As you draw in that cool, fragrant smoke notice how smooth and friendly it is to your throat. Not a hint of sting or bite. Not a trace of burn.

That is because Camels are blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, and are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

Camels are never parched or toasted.

That's why Camels bring you so much unalloyed enjoyment. That's why they are so much milder; why they leave no cigaretty after-taste.

If you haven't tried Camels lately, get a package today and see for yourself what you are missing.

Switch over to Camels. Then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

● *Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh*

"Are you Listenin'?"
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S
COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS
Camel Quarter Hour
Columbia Broadcasting System
Prince Albert Quarter Hour
National Broadcasting Company Red Network
See radio page of local newspaper for time

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In One Ear

Hurrying about the country on the scent of news, our staff writers hear many anecdotes too good to keep. Generously, we here divulge a few

A Fellow Feeling

BING MILLER, right fielder for Connie Mack on the Athletics when they won the pennant in 1929, has a Philadelphia clergyman friend. One day the two met and the minister said:

"Miller, I never see you at my church on Sunday."

"No, dominie," said Bing, "and I never see you out at the ball park."

"Ah," said the preacher, "that is different. You baseball people have Sunday games. That is against my principle, so I will not patronize the business."

"Well," said Bing, "you do your work on Sunday too, don't you? Isn't that your big day?"

"The cases are not parallel," said the preacher. "Our work is in different fields. I'm in the right field—"

"So'm I," said Bing enthusiastically. "An' ain't that sun in your eyes hell?"

Just a Question of Time

"Human nature is fickle at best, but Negro nature is even more uncertain," said Mr. Thurston, as he settled in his chair and took a deep pull at his pipe. Immediately I knew he was reminiscing and that we would hear something interesting, for his fifteen years as superintendent of Upson County schools had netted him rich experience.

"Georgia children just naturally hate to go to school," he continued. "That new school at Rocky Head, for instance. It never did look as good to the Negroes of school age as it did to those of us who labored so hard to get it built.

"The boys ganged up and ran off the first two teachers we put there, and I was by no means certain as to what my next move would be, so we closed the school indefinitely.

"Sitting in my office thinking over things one day, I was surprised by the entrance of a long, lean young Negro, comically dressed in a long linen duster. He announced his profession as that of a school-teacher and added that he was in search of employment.

"Asking him nothing and telling him nothing, I sent him to this school. His explicit instructions were to open the school the following Monday and to keep it open.

"I heard nothing from him, until, in due course of time, I went to see how he was progressing. I was most interested to know if he was still there. I found the school in session and, furthermore, it was in an orderly condition. The teacher, sleek and contented, scarcely resembled the skinny, raw-boned pedagogue who had applied to me so shortly before.

"As I entered the room, he grinned from ear to ear with that sense of satisfaction that one possesses when he realizes that he has accomplished the impossible. Eagerly I asked him how he did it, and with a still broader grin he said, 'You see, Mr. Superintendent, I'se been studyin' colored nature and I'se found out that these chillun had ruther eat than do anything else. Therefo', when one of these scholars cuts up or misbehaves, I jes' eats his dinner. You see this boy here' (pointing to a near-by pickaninny who was conspicuously solemn), 'well, I'se going to eat his dinner next. And say, Mr. Superintendent, if I can jes' hold out, I believe I can straighten this school out for you.'"

"What'd you feed the chickens?" "Hay," said the new man

A Lot of Talking

Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific road, after listening to a considerable number of speeches from other railroad executives at a recent convention, evidently came to the conclusion that general talk didn't count for much in settling railroad problems. He said:

"Early one morning a dilapidated stranger appeared at a farmhouse and told the farmer he wanted a job.

"'Do you know this farm business?' asked the farmer.

"'I certainly do.'

"'All right. You go out into the yard and feed the live stock and if you do it right, I'll give you your breakfast.'

"After a while the stranger came back to the house, walked in and started toward the breakfast table.

"'D'you feed the cows?' asked the farmer.

"'Yes,' said the man.

"'What'd you feed 'em?'

"'Hay,' said the man.

"'What'd you feed the horses?'

"'Hay,' replied the stranger.

"'What'd you feed the chickens?'

"'Hay,' said the man.

"'Hay?' exclaimed the surprised farmer. 'Did the chickens eat that?'

"'Well,' said the man, 'I must admit they were doin' a lot of talkin' amongst themselves about it when I left.'"

Illustrated by Crawford Young

"These chillun had ruther eat than do anything else"

Fun for Father

Louis Brownlow, merely a very good newspaper man, was chosen by President Wilson to be one of the three commissioners to run the local affairs of Washington, D. C. It became Brownlow's task to select a chief of police for the town. He selected Ray Pullman, merely another extraordinarily good newspaper man. It would fill this column to tell how much the grizzled old-timers on the force hated the twenty-eight-year-old, clean-cut, upstanding young chief of police.

One evening President Wilson invited the new chief of police and Commissioner Brownlow to visit him at the White House.

"The only thing I wish to say to you," said the President to the new chief, "is that I abominate people who use their wealth or their position to dodge the law."

Next morning Chief Pullman called the police officials together and instructed them that they were to tell their policemen to play no favorites.

Right then and there the policemen started to try to "finish up" Pullman. One of them arrested Joseph Tumulty, the President's secretary, for traveling too fast in Pennsylvania Avenue in a White House car. The policemen waited to see someone at the White House get mad.

In desperation, one of them gave a ticket to Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's daughter.

But no trouble came. Finally, in despair, after three weeks, they "laid off" the White House cars.

"Let me tell you what helped the two of us to be so brave," says Mr. Brownlow. "As newspaper men we had become well acquainted with Margaret Wilson. She'd call us up and say:

"'Father comes to the dinner table every night laughing and asking, "Well, who's been arrested from the White House or the Capitol today?" He loves to hear the stories of "big ones" trying to get out of police troubles.'"

Not for Keeps

When the late Thomas Taggart, twice mayor of Indianapolis, was elected to his second term of office, to placate certain reform elements he demanded resignations of every city employee with the understanding that reappointments would follow as a matter of routine. Among the resignations, which were heaped mountain-high on the mayor's desk, one was missing, that of Oscar Pflum, park board draftsman.

Mayor Taggart wanted his resignation along with the rest. So he called Pflum into his office and explained the situation. Pflum left the mayor's office frankly worried, promising that the resignation would be forthcoming. It was sent in as follows:

"Mayor Taggart: I hereby submit my resignation as draftsman in the engineering department of the board of park commissioners.

"OSCAR PFLUM."

Then below in heavily underscored words was the following:

"P. S. But I don't mean it. O. P."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quaker State invites you to accept this new PERFECTED lubrication plan PROTECTED by insurance
Listen in on coast-to-coast broadcast of QUAKER STATE'S CAREFREE PROGRAM— learn about Quaker State's unusual free offer.
The Travelers Indemnity Company
Hartford, Connecticut
Policy
No. SPL-19569
ISSUED TO
QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING COMPANY
Quaker State Oil Guarantee
ISSUED BY
QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.
OIL CITY
PENNSYLVANIA

Insured LUBRICATION

STARVED lubrication steals from you the built-in mileage and power you pay for. Undernourish your car's vital parts, skimp on oil and grease and soon the soft purr changes to annoying rattles; smooth, surging power fades to half-hearted transportation.

You cannot test lubrication by sight, touch or taste. The experiment is made in your car and you pay for your own mistakes.

Are you confused by a multitude of claims? Then here is an end to doubts. Surely oils and greases good enough to *insure* are best for your car!

For many years millions of motorists have insisted on Quaker State, with its "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." Now a new, sensible reason is winning more millions to this super-refined Motor Oil, for Quaker State offers to users its Insured Lubrication Guarantee, backed up by insurance in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn.

Study the proposition below. No other refiner goes as far to prove his claims. Lubrication to you may be a trifle. But it can be an expensive trifle if you neglect it. Actual field surveys reveal that it costs America's motorists millions of dollars annually for burned-out and prematurely worn bearings, as a result of faulty lubrication.

Accept this unique offer. Change to Quaker State and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles." See your Quaker State dealer or mail the coupon.

TO be certain your car gets the *right* lubrication at the *right* time in the *right* places, Quaker State now offers "Roll-o-Miles," a compact lubrication guide and Chek-Chart. It rolls neatly into an attractive metal container and slips into the pocket of your car. It *proves* to you at all times that you are really *getting* the perfected, protected Quaker State lubrication your car requires and deserves.

1 - It provides a lubrication diagram of your particular make of car.

2 - It affords a space for recording every greasing and oiling operation and reminds you when the next lubrication service is needed.

3 - It furnishes evidence to support any claim you may make for replacing or repairing bearings according to the terms of the Quaker State *insured* guarantee.

4 - It provides definite proof that you have taken extra care of your car and this should entitle you to a greater trade-in allowance.

THE QUAKER STATEMENT

THE LUBRICANTS

1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.

2 - Motor oil made from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil: so pure it does not require acid treatment which lessens an oil's oiliness.

3 - By costly, extra refining processes, Quaker State removes the quart of thin, useless oil of little or no lubricating value—which remains in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—and replaces this waste with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Four full quarts of genuine, heat-resisting lubrication in every gallon.

THE PROPOSITION

1 - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.

2 - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:

3 - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, *adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication* and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at $3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and inoperative bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.

HOW TO GET Insured Lubrication Check the coupon below, either for immediate application or request for the booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication." Or go to any Quaker State dealer for full details.

QUAKER STATE

MOTOR OILS AND SUPERFINE GREASES

There's an extra quart of insured lubrication in every gallon.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa. Dept. B-2

☐ Please send your free booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication."

☐ As per your offer, I enclose $3.50. (Duty and taxes extra in Canada.) Send me "Roll-o-Miles" and your FREE Insured Guarantee prepaid.

Name ..... Date .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Make of car ..... Year of Model .....

Factory or Serial No. .....

Brand of oil I am now using .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing a new *for* ETHYL

As you read this, gasoline pumps throughout North America bearing the Ethyl emblem are being filled with an even better Ethyl. ¶The anti-knock standard and all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline have been raised still higher. For two reasons: (1) to give you more for your money, (2) to meet the requirements of automobiles the motor industry has brought out to take full advantage of Ethyl's universal distribution. ¶The new cars with high compression engines require Ethyl's anti-knock standard, and in turn give more power from every gallon of fuel. Older cars find Ethyl a real econ-

Aetna Oil Service, Inc. AETNA ETHYL
Allegheny-Arrow Oil Co. ARROW ETHYL
American Oil Company AMERICAN ETHYL
Anglo-American Oil Company, Limited PRATTS ETHYL PETROL
Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd. B. P. PLUS
Ashland Refining Company, Inc. RED PEPPER ETHYL
Associated Oil Co. ASSOCIATED ETHYL
Atlantic Refining Co. ATLANTIC ETHYL
Barnsdall Corporation SUPER-GAS ETHYL
British American Oil Company, Limited PEERLESS ETHYL
Canadian Oil Co., Ltd. CANADIAN ETHYL
Canfield Oil Company CANFIELD ETHYL
Champlin Refining Co., CHAMPLIN ETHYL
Colonial Beacon Oil Co., Inc., ESSO (with Ethyl)
Col-Tex Refining Company, COL-TEX ETHYL
Continental Oil Company CONOCO ETHYL
Continental Refining Co. CORECO ETHYL
Crystal Oil Refining Corp., CRYSTAL ETHYL
Deep Rock Oil Corp., KANT-NOCK ETHYL
Eason Oil Company EASON ETHYL
Elk Refining Company ELK ETHYL
Fleet-Wing Oil Corp., FLEET-WING ETHYL
Freedom Oil Works Co., FREEDOM ETHYL
Garber Refinery, Inc. OMAR ETHYL
General Petroleum Corporation of California GENERAL ETHYL
Glasgow Oil and Refining Company, Inc. GLYCO ETHYL
Globe Oil & Refining Company, GLOBE ETHYL
Gulf Refining Company NO-NOX ETHYL
Hickok Oil Corporation HI-SPEED ETHYL
Home Oil Distributors, Ltd. HOME ETHYL
Humble Oil & Refining Co., ESSO (with Ethyl)
Imperial Oil, Limited IMPERIAL ETHYL
Indian Refining Co., Inc. TEXACO ETHYL
Irish-American Oil Co., Ltd., PRATTS ETHYL
Johnson Oil Refining Co., JOHNSON ETHYL
Kanotex Refining Co. KANOTEX ETHYL
Kendall Refining Co. KENDALL ETHYL
Lincoln Oil Refining Company, LINCO ETHYL
Lion Oil Refining Company LION ETHYL
Louisiana Oil Refining Corp., LORECO ETHYL
Lubrite Refining Corp. MOBILGAS ETHYL
Magnolia Petroleum Co., MAGNOLIA ETHYL
McColl-Frontenac Oil Company, Ltd., CYCLO ETHYL
Mexican Petroleum Corp. PAN-AM ETHYL
Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation NEVR-NOX ETHYL
Midwest Refining Co. MIDWEST ETHYL
A. D. Miller Sons' Co. MILLER'S ETHYL
National Refining Co., WHITE ROSE ETHYL
Ohio Oil Company MARATHON ETHYL
Oil Creek Refining Co., OIL CREEK ETHYL
Pan American Petroleum Corporation PAN-AM ETHYL
Pasotex Petroleum Company RED CROWN ETHYL
Pennsylvania Oil Products Refining Co. ELDRED ETHYL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and higher standard GASOLINE

omy because it prevents harmful knock, overheating and power-loss. ¶The new standard widens still further Ethyl's margin of superiority over ordinary gasoline. Though it costs oil companies more to produce this higher quality, the price of Ethyl today is less, on the average, than you paid for regular gasoline only a few years ago. ¶Below are listed the oil refining companies which add Ethyl fluid to good, tested gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline, sold through their own stations and those of thousands of other distributors. Stop at an Ethyl pump. Try the new standard. Feel the difference. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

Pennsylvania Refining Company
PENN-DRAKE ETHYL
Pennzoil Company PENNZOIL ETHYL
Phillips Petroleum Co., PHILLIPS '66' ETHYL
Producers and Refiners Corp., PARCO ETHYL
Pure Oil Company PUROL ETHYL
Redline-Glico, Ltd. GLICO ETHYL
Refiners, Inc. REFINERS ETHYL
Regal Petroleum Co., Ltd., REGAL ETHYL
Richfield Oil Co. of Calif., RICHFIELD ETHYL
Richfield Oil Corporation of New York
RICHFIELD ETHYL
Rio Grande Oil Co., RIO GRANDE ETHYL
Root Refining Company ROOT ETHYL
Shell Company of Canada, Limited
SUPER-SHELL ETHYL
Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc.
SUPER-SHELL ETHYL
Shell Petroleum Corp., SUPER-SHELL ETHYL
Sinclair Cuba Oil Company, S. A.
SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE with ETHYL

Sinclair Refining Company
SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE with ETHYL
Sinclair Refining Co. of Canada, Ltd.
SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE with ETHYL
Skelly Oil Co. SKELLY AROMAX ETHYL
Spartan Refining Company, Inc.
SPARCOLENE ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. of California
STANDARD ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. of Cuba, ESSO (with Ethyl)
Standard Oil Co. (Ind.), RED CROWN ETHYL
Standard Oil Co. (Kentucky), CROWN ETHYL
Standard Oil Company of Louisiana
ESSO (with Ethyl)
Standard Oil Co. (Neb.), RED CROWN ETHYL
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey
ESSO (with Ethyl)
Standard Oil Company of New York
SOCONY Special plus ETHYL
Standard Oil Company (Ohio), SOHIO ETHYL
Standard Oil Company of Pennsylvania
ESSO (with Ethyl)

Sterling Oil Company STERLING ETHYL
Stoll Oil Refining Co., Inc. STOLL ETHYL
Texas Company TEXACO ETHYL
Texas Pacific Coal and Oil Co. T-P ETHYL
Tidal Refining Company TYDOL ETHYL
Tide Water Oil Company TYDOL ETHYL
Tri-State Refining Co. TRI-STATE ETHYL
Union Oil Co. of California, UNION ETHYL
United Refining Co. KEYSTONE ETHYL
Utah Oil Refining Co. PEP '88' ETHYL
Vacuum Oil Co., Inc. MOBILGAS ETHYL
Wadhams Oil Corp. WADHAMS ETHYL
Waverly Oil Works Co. WAVERLY ETHYL
White Eagle Oil Corp., WHITE EAGLE ETHYL
White Star Refining Co., WHITE STAR ETHYL
H. F. Wilcox Oil & Gas Co., WILCOX ETHYL
Wirt Franklin Petroleum Corporation
PALACINE ETHYL
Wolverine- Empire Refining Company, Inc.
EMPIRE ETHYL

Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the Minimum Rate

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

"Still sticking to that health bread?" asked Halleck. "Oh, sure," Jones replied, shaking the bag casually

Illustrated by Arthur Edrop

"Here, lady," he said, offering her the bag. "You dropped a package." The woman looked uncertain

TWO events—two crises they may be called—embittered William Jones: the first was the ten per cent cut in his salary; the second, and more recent, his physician's solemn declaration that he could count on but another year, perhaps a little more, of life.

Only a year! And to waste it on the same old grind! Worse, at a tenth less salary—for William Jones, at sixty-two, knew that the cut would be permanent, if it were not the forerunner of his retirement.

Twenty years ago, when William Jones was advanced to the position of cashier at Gay and Son's, such a prospect was very remote, completely befogged by a rosy mist of possibilities. At the worst, if he still remained with Gay and Son, he might expect to retire on a pension. A pension now, however, offered small comfort to a man with but one year to live. That sentence dashed the hopes that persisted through years of frustration. And William Jones rebelled against fate.

A slim, precise little man, with shining glasses pinching his thin nose, he spent his days in a steel cage on the fifth floor of Gay and Son's huge department store, receiving, counting, sorting the money that came pneumatically through brass tubes to the tellers near by. No one seeing the small, quiet man would suspect him of active rebellion. Yet that familiar exterior concealed a different man.

The year that was left to him, William Jones resolved, should fulfill the dream of his life. He would see places and peoples that he had been obliged to see only through the eyes of others; countries, cities, in Europe, Asia. He would go around the world. His savings would finance such a trip—at the minimum rate, with something to spare. But travel at minimum rates, with something to spare, was not his choice.

IN TWELVE years his salary had not been increased by a dollar. For these twelve years he should have been getting five hundred dollars more a year. Very well, he would help himself to what he considered his due: six thousand dollars, no more, no less. That money would enable him to travel *de luxe*—a rearrangement that could easily be made after sailing. He would not have to pinch pennies. If he should be caught eventually, what did it matter? He had not a relative in the world to care what he did. And he had only a year to live, anyhow. So the firm could do what it liked with him, if he were caught. Good name? Pshaw! He'd borne a good name all his life, and what had it got him?

He knew from experience exactly the bulk of six thousand dollars in small bills—Gay and Son's being a popular-price store, large bills were rather rare. Stuffing his pockets with money would be dangerous; the checkers at the doors were keen of eye. Jones, therefore, took a simple way around that danger: for some weeks prior to the date of his prospective flight, returning from his luncheon, he brought back a paper bag containing a loaf of health bread, carried it to his cage, and took it when he left at night. The checkers, having been shown the first loaf and heard Jones' praises, soon grew accustomed to seeing this paper bag, which became as much a part of William Jones' individuality as his derby hat or the black thread that drooped from his glasses.

Meanwhile, he had drawn out his savings and paid for a world tour—at the minimum rate, made all necessary arrangements. His ship was due to sail at 9 P. M. on December 24th, which was Thursday. After dinner he would leave Mrs. Gates' for his regular evening walk—and never go back. When Mrs. Gates discovered his absence in the morning he would be far at sea, a different man, with a different outfit. If she notified the police they would confine to the city their search for a missing man. His absence from the store would be put down to illness. And, because of the store's custom of keeping a reserve of small bills, an indefinite time might pass before a check-up; before the dummy packets were examined.

As the hour approached, William Jones was conscious of a nervousness that he had not foreseen. On his return from luncheon he had carried his bag of bread, as usual, but in his pocket he had an exact duplicate of the paper bag. This second bag, with its precious loaf of money, reposed beside the other under his counter when closing time came.

As William Jones pulled on his overcoat he was startled by the loud voice of Halleck, buyer for Art Goods.

"What a day!" Halleck exclaimed, waiting by the gate of the cage. "Only once a year, praise be! Coming along, Jonesie?"

Jones was annoyed. Of course Halleck had to stand there staring—the first night in two weeks he had waited. But Jones, pottering about nervously, called, "Be right with you." Then he had to reach under the counter.

"Still sticking to that health bread?" asked Halleck.

"Oh, sure," Jones replied, shaking the bag casually. "Seems to agree with me. Can't get it out my way, though."

THEY passed the one checker who remained on post, Jones carelessly swinging his bag. The checker paid it no attention and Jones drew a free breath. With Halleck he walked to the subway, buying an evening paper at the entrance. Halleck's presence made him fidgety; he felt that Halleck was suspicious. Nerves! Still he felt that all the world must know what that paper bag contained.

After standing half the distance to their station they secured seats directly opposite each other, Jones beside a woman with her arms full of bundles. He read the front page of his paper, over its top noting Halleck, apparently engrossed in his. Someone left, and the woman beside Jones moved along. With studied carelessness, hoping that Halleck would notice, Jones laid his precious bag on the seat beside him and opened his paper to find the shipping news. For a new fear plagued him: suppose something delayed the ship's sailing!

As he turned the pages, seeking reassurance, the train slowed, the woman beside him rose, and her coat brushed Jones' bag to the floor. The man at the other side of the now vacant seat bent quickly, picked up the bag, and dashed after her. He reached the woman as the car door slid open.

"Here, lady," he said, offering her the bag. "You dropped a package."

The woman looked uncertain, but took it and stepped out, the door slammed shut, and the train moved on. And the man returned, self-conscious, to his seat.

ALL this happened so swiftly as to stupefy William Jones, to paralyze him. Now the bag was gone! And he was a profitless thief! To Halleck's grinning "Well, *that* was a funny one!" he could only return a sickly smile. Well, he thought dully, as he stared unseeing at his paper, he had his ticket . . . he was all set to go . . . in less than three hours he'd be . . .

On the following Monday officials of Gay and Son learned of William Jones' disappearance. They could understand the poor fellow's collapse—he had looked none too well, and the Christmas rush put a terrific strain on everybody. What they could not understand, however, was his having left on the shelf under his counter a paper bag containing six thousand dollars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carbon—Fungus

THE PARASITE THAT CAUSES "KNOCKS"

See the black and flinty carbon growths on that piston head? They cut down power, clip miles off your speed, cause "knocks".

VEEDOL would have kept it clean.

See the rock-hard carbon on that plug? It upsets ignition, stops the spark, invites trouble.

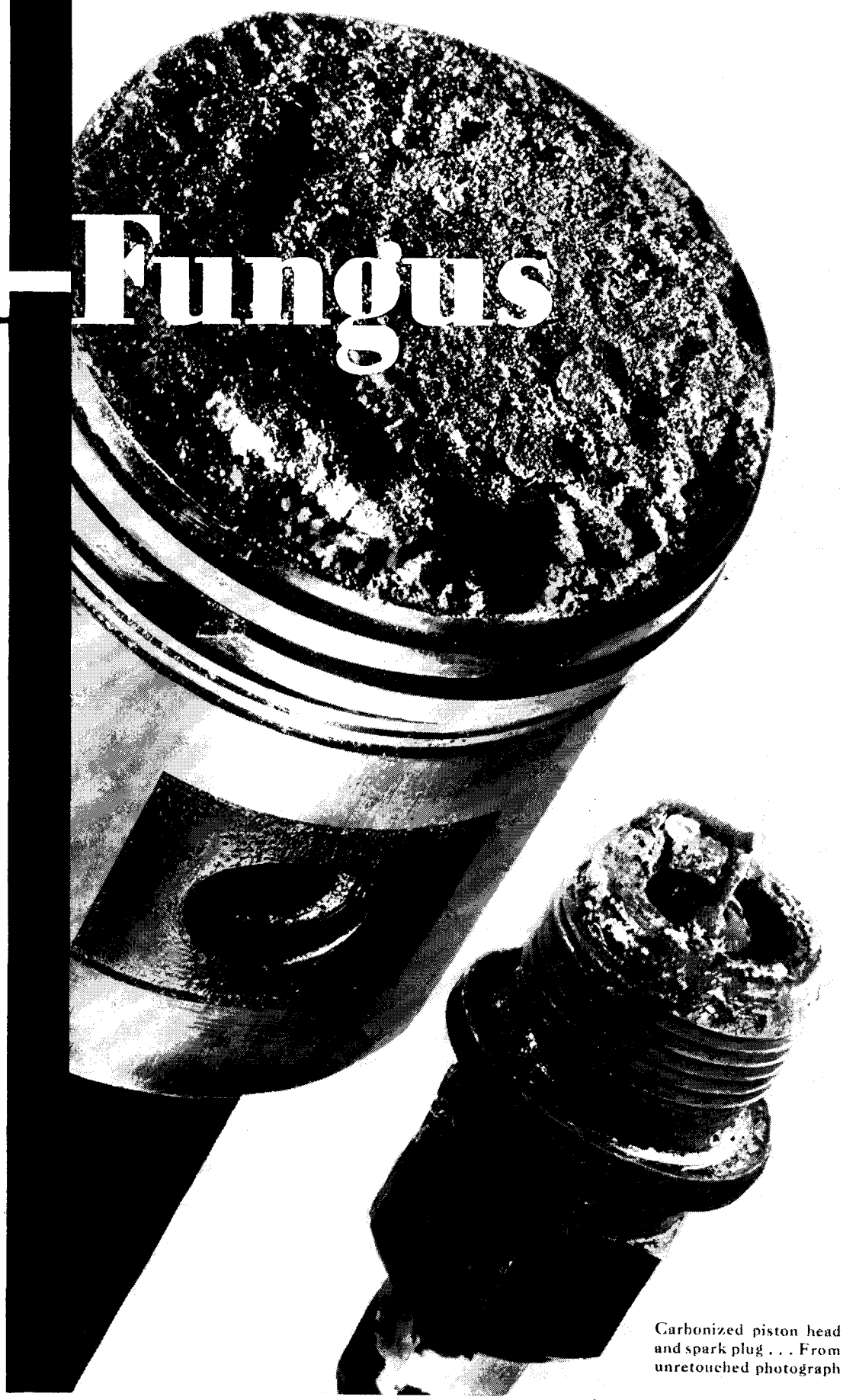
VEEDOL would have kept it clean.

VEEDOL keeps valves carbon-free and lightning fast. Keeps cylinder heads factory-smooth. Saves you from carbon-removing jobs that may cost you more than a year's supply of carbon-free VEEDOL.

VEEDOL keeps your motor safe all the way from 20° below zero to far above the boiling point.

Drain and refill today wherever you see the orange-and-black sign . . . No price premium.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

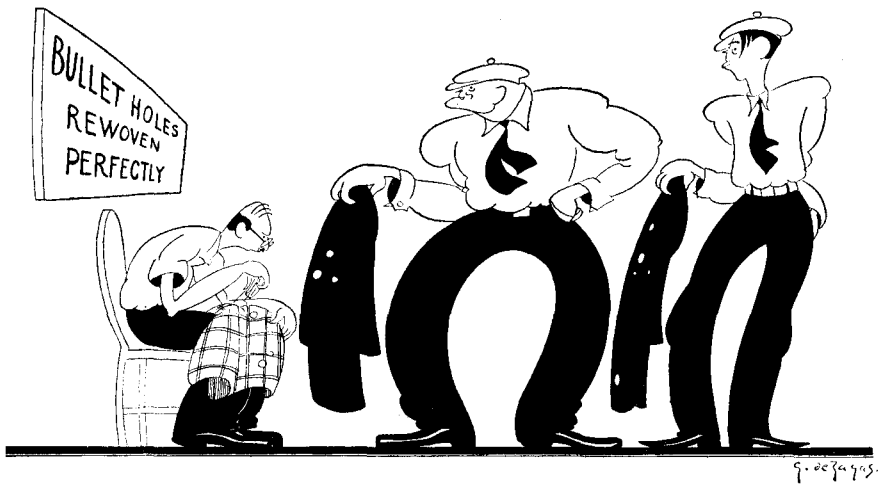


Carbonized piston head and spark plug . . . From unretouched photograph

ANTI-CARBON **VEEDOL** MOTOR OIL

100% PENNSYLVANIA
99.1% CARBON-FREE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

California now has arrest insurance which furnishes low-cost bail and reduces the underworld's overhead; a Chicago judge has permitted a bankrupt to list his gun as "wearing apparel;" and a Chicago company advertises "Bullet Holes Rewoven Perfectly."

One of the most sensational developments in photography is the new "light picture" which is made on sensitive paper without the use of camera, lens or photographic plate or film.

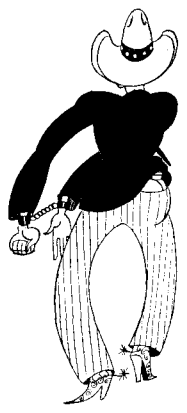
For many years an execution has taken place in the United States on an average of every three days and eight hours.

Probably the world's record for machine depreciation goes to the finest racing-airplane engines, which cost about $50,000 each and are worn out after 10 hours' use, thus decreasing in value at the rate of $5,000 an hour.

The greatest consumers of perfume were the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians several centuries B. C. They not only used it on their floors, furniture, clothes, and in their foods, wines and medicines, but they had special scents for each part of their bodies.

The male cicada is the world's loudest insect. When a number of them stage a concert, their shrill notes can be heard for nearly half a mile.—*By B. A. Earnshaw, Springfield, Massachusetts.*

In some parts of China as many as 60 different taxes are imposed on the citizens, the majority of whom are very poor. And to make matters worse, some of these taxes have been collected as far in advance as 1939.

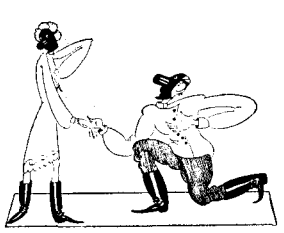


In Texas the possession of only one quart of liquor is prima facie evidence of intent to sell, which is a felony carrying a maximum sentence of five years. — *By Charles Hairston, Houston, Texas.*

The location of a break in an ocean cable is quickly ascertained by an instrument on shore. But it is not easy to find the cable at sea. When 12 of the 21 transatlantic cables were broken by the submarine earthquake in 1929, it took the seven repair ships six weeks to find the first two.

At the present time the black races of the world are doubling their populations every 40 years, the brown and yellow races every 60 years and the white races every 80 years.—*By Hilda C. Anderson, Miami, Florida.*

During recent years Russia has done more to teach its civilians how to use a gas mask than any other country. Instruction has been given to thousands of factory workers, railroad employees, clerks, students and farmers. Even horses have been given lessons.



Although aluminum is a very light-weight metal, a cubic foot of it is heavier than a cubic foot of granite.—*By E. S. Reed, Fort Smith, Arkansas.*

Among the Arabian tribes, the women are not permitted to cook; in Java the trains do not run at night; and in Liberia men still pawn their wives as legal security for a loan.

The most popular tomb in the world today is Lenin's black and red marble mausoleum in Red Square, Moscow. Although he has been dead for eight years, more than 5,000 persons still visit this sepulcher every day.

Not more than half of the toothpicks sold in the United States today are used as such. They now have numerous other uses.—*By V. A. Carlsen, Topeka, Kansas.*

The first talking movie equipment on the Fiji Islands recently was installed in a theater in Suva. At the first show, the natives went into a hysterical panic when the "devil noise" started. Before the program could be resumed, they had to be shown exactly how the mere shadows were made to talk like real people.

About 1915 a little Japanese lady in Kobe saved $9 and rented a room as a refuge for women—to help stem the tide of suicides. She begged for the money to run it and to placard suicide spots with the suggestion to "Think it Over" and see her first. Today her records show she has saved 2,800 from death and given shelter to 17,000 other destitute women.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Perilous Strands

Continued from page 9

curls!" Then if I wanted to converse with her about politics, or maybe what went on on the Mrs. Frank Turner, it would only be about a minute before I would become surprised by finding the subject was already worked around to hair again.

It went on so regular I got to feeling a good deal of the time like having eat fish that ain't right fresh.

Some evenings Mother Miller would break out about Mrs. Hannah Winninger that took boarders next door and claimed Jennings' Number Two had made hers commence to break off and split at the ends, and rubbing the scalp was the worst thing of any, on account of not giving enough substenance to the molecules, them little bodies among the roots that the tubes of hair precedes out of.

So of course one Sunday they had me go to church with 'em, and it was a good sermon that I wanted to go over the points of with Mother Miller and Alberta on the way home; but they was too excited talking about how this Dot Smith that belonged to the choir had it in a knot at the back and she certainly ought to have some true friend tell her the whole town knew most of it was false.

WELL, in the afternoon I come back for Alberta to go walking; but this Mrs. Hannah Winninger and Mother Miller and Alberta was in the setting-room ridiculing the way each other argued about what made it break off and split at the ends, and I had to set there till dark because Alberta wouldn't leave, and when I took her and Mother Miller to a nice restaurant for supper, all they would do while they eat was each saying over again what they says to Mrs. Hannah Winninger and I had already heard in the afternoon. They would set there and say what they says to her, all about rubbing the scalp and them molecules, and ask me didn't I hear them say this to her and I would haf to keep saying yes.

So all this had been going on for weeks and weeks without any let up, and the next day after the restaurant, while we was waiting for the dredger to get the scow filled up, our steward of the Mrs. Frank Turner come up to me where I was leaning up against the wheel-house and asked me why I didn't take some medicine because what with the good food he was giving me I ought to looked better.

"You ain't yourself," he says, and he says if I would tell him my trouble he would think up something to tell me to take for it.

Well, it seemed to me like I would be compelled to talk to somebody and why not him? I had to get relieft some way because I couldn't see the pathway clear ahead of me. In The Seaman's Zion I had read so many articles of how different people come out of their troubles a better man and more successful, I thought I would be prepared to use at least one of these ways to find a pathway from anything that could happen to me; but in all them articles there wasn't any that told of somebody getting fixed like I was, so I had to seek for comfort somewheres else. Of course on a schooner this steward would likely been only a cook; but us tugboat men had found out they take more pains with your food if you call them a steward.

Of course he was kind of a sallow-complected man with large wishful eyes, and he swallowed a good deal like you could tell by his throat; he had large ears but kept them right nice, and wettish-looking black hair and mustache. He went by the name of Charles De Morris that he says the middle part wasn't his initial like "D" like in "Dan" or "dirty" but was spelled with an "e" after it to show he come from a high-toned family in the old country; but we mostly called him Charlie. He would often put on airs above a steward and would always tell you a better way to do anything you'd just got through doing; but on the other hand he was full of a good deal of sympathy and loved to pry into your affairs in a low voice and would always tell you what to do.

So, being as I couldn't barely restrain my troubles any longer, I up and told him the hull story, kind of whispering by the wheel-house, from how I first see her hair on Front Street and what had come about before I was familiar with how her and Mother Miller looked like they was never going to be able to speak of anything else, and I just wasn't able to face a long life of never hearing anything of much else, unless somebody would be sick maybe.

"Some of it might be all right," I says, "but when it comes to never anything but," I says, "why, a man can't stand it week in and week out," I says. "But what else I got to look forward to?" I says.

He took a big interest right away. "It's lucky you come to me," he says, because he was a man that was always being called on to employ his brains for other people's sake that wasn't equal to it, he says. For instance, he says I must been unexperienced because, take himself, he would knew right away by a girl with that hair being downtown so much that these here Wenmouth boys that was reared in company with her had some good reason for their absence around her, and so the case would be serious for the next that come along, he says.

Then, as he see what he says up to then was upsetting me worse, he says such cases happened often, except not just on account of hair maybe but coming from hundreds of causes, and even to him before he got his experiences. "I'll fix you right up," he says. And he surprised me because he says there was lots and lots of honorable ways out of such a condition as I was plunged in. "The best way," he says, "it's for you to never mention to her or this Mother Miller what's your right name or where you come from, then if they try to trace you, why, they can't," he says.

WELL, that cast me down again, and I told him I'd give them all my facts that first evening by the time I was engaged, and always looked up to the fair sex too much not to; so he says that didn't matter, there was lots and lots of other aid for the case. He knew a man once, he says, that took something that give his hull face and body kind of a blackish blue look so she was afraid people would take him for colored and played the part of a jilt to him right off; but he says he didn't know how long he stayed that way and I says no, I would almost as soon go ahead with it if it come to that.

Then this Charles De Morris he says I could commit kind of a crime that would get me in jail long enough for this trouble to blow over, or maybe only a misdemeanor would fix me long enough; but I says I wouldn't wish to. So he says he knew a man once that a girl quit having because he grew heavy whiskers low down on the front of his

(Continued on page 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

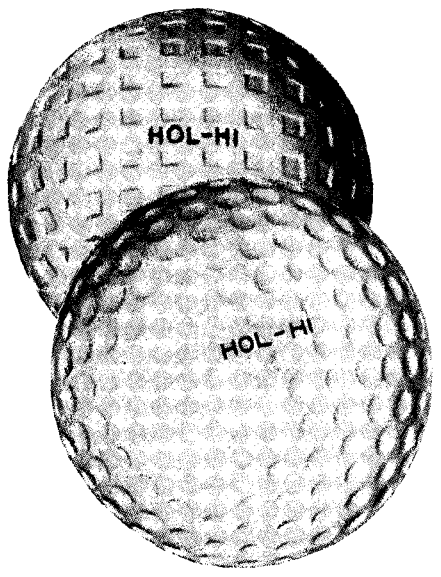
HEARD

. . on the first tee

HERB: "Well, same old stuff! How many strokes do I have to give you?"

BILL: "None, you big stiff! I've switched to HOL-HI."

• • • • •



Remember, he didn't use to shoot like that. Last year he was all over the lot. Round-house slices! Hooks! Nobody knew where it was going. What's got into Bill? He's gone crazy!

And then the secret leaks out. Bill has discovered the new Super-Compression Wilson HOL-HI . . . the ball that's cutting down scores this year from coast to coast. Now he takes a nice easy swing and thinks only of DIRECTION. With only half as much to think about, he's developed into a shark. One of those provoking down-the-middle boys. Who'd have ever thought that Bill would get so sticky? . . .

Hit a HOL-HI easy and watch it ride! No more grunting and straining for distance. Concentrate on just one thing—DIRECTION, and let HOL-HI do the rest. Your distance is built into the ball.

Super-compression is the secret . . . a new development in golf ball construction discovered and perfected by Wilson engineers, and available only in HOL-HI.

Try this new HOL-HI *just once*, and the difference will show up on your card. Isn't three to five strokes less worth the change? Holes that used to be a good stiff drive and a full brassie to the green are now an easy drive and a "three" iron.

The easy hitter can now more than hold his own with the slugger—and drive him crazy with uncanny direction. Whether you're a sticky money player or just a business-man golfer, you'll like this new and better golf ball. Price 75c each—$8.00 a dozen—obtainable either in Dimple or Mesh.

Play HOL-HI by Wilson

"the Ball that takes the Grunt out of Golf."

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY

Chicago New York Boston Denver Los Angeles San Francisco Portland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here Lives Loveliness!

A world-famous Complexion Specialist tells how you may keep your skin as smooth as satin—as caressingly soft as a rose-petal—a Parisian perfumer offers the allure of fascinating fragrance—staid scientists concern themselves with the silky shimmer of your hair—or the gleaming highlights of your tapering fingertips.

Cooling creams—refreshing lotions—delicate colorings—luxurious lathers—powdered moonbeams—from all parts of the earth the worshippers of beauty bring their best and purest wares to adorn your dressing table and in all parts of America a million mirrors give daily testimony of their worth!

What "beauty parlor" in all the world could offer you so great a service as you may find between the covers of any current magazine devoted to feminine interests? The experts of a dozen countries, the laboratories of a dozen lands contribute to the Encyclopedia of Beauty Culture that is printed on the advertising pages of today's publication. Years in time and millions in money have been spent to place this information at your disposal. Make the most of it. *It is your birthright to be beautiful.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perilous Strands

Continued from page 36

neck and no place else; but I says no. I wouldn't have anything to do with any means that had hair in it because I couldn't stand the talk there would be about it. I couldn't stand a single word more about hair, I told him, because it had got so by this time that only a word on this subject would make me stop eating anything.

"All right," this Charles De Morris says. "All you got to do is make her jealous. Just get some other girl and take her walking up and down and up and down in front of their house, making a noise laughing and joking," he says; but I didn't know any other and it would take me too long to become acquainted and fix up for all them details, so we give that up.

"WELL," he says, "since it seems you're so particular," he says, "I'll tell you still another sure way," he says. "Go up there this evening and tell her you promised your mother you'll always have her live with you when you get married," he says.

"They already know she's living with my father and wouldn't move," I says. "And besides, Mother Miller has to herself," I told him.

"Then just go up there and tell 'em you ain't got any money," he says. "Not even enough for a license," he says. "And besides that," he says, "you could tell 'em you're in debt. For instance," he says, "you could act like you owe me as much as fifty or sixty dollars, and for your sake I'd be willing to go up there with you and threaten like I'd sue you for it," he says.

"No," I told him, "they already know I got good savings, because that was all went into the first evening I was up there with Mother Miller while Alberta was getting off her hat. They had me change it from my home bank to the bank here," I says, "and Alberta went with me herself when I deposited it, on account of to have it here when we get married and settle down at the end of this job on the Mrs. Frank Turner. What chance I got to make 'em think I'm bankrupt," I says, "when they know I'm worth seven hundred and thirty-two dollars?" I says.

"You are?" he says, and he was a good deal surprised and admiring the way everybody always is when they hear somebody's got money. "Well, I declare!" he says. "I declare! Wait a minute," he says, and he commenced to study. "Listen!" he says, whispering, "I see our way right out of this hull trouble," he says. "You got to make her despise you," he says.

Well, when he says this, my brains wouldn't take in the idea, because of the incredibility of it; but he says wait because he would handle everything. The beauty of it was, he says, women always got a lower opinion of any man than what they let on, and time and again practi'lly despise you even when you expect their praise. "So besides all this," he says, "listen! Ain't a woman going to despise any man that's been worth seven hundred and thirty-two dollars if she see him right with her own eyes throw away every cent of it on something anybody but a hen-head would know was plain robbery?"

"But I ain't a-going to," I told him. "I ain't a-going to do anything like that!"

"Of course you ain't," he says. "All you got to do is to make her *think* you are. Listen!" he says. "I got it all worked out right on the spur o' the minute," he says. "You tell the captain this afternoon you got to get off tomorrow morning to have a tooth pulled, and you go up to the bank and get all that seven hundred and thirty-two dollars in cash and carry it right on you.

"Then we'll go up to Millers' together tomorrow night," he says, "and you'll introduce me like I was a man you'd only got some acquainted with a couple o' days ago but claims he's going to make your fortune," he says. "Of course they'll get anxious right away and want to know how I'm going to make this fortune for you, and I'll act the part of a sneak and not look anybody in the eye or anything, sort of hangdog and underhand, and I'll say I got a gold mine I'm coaxing you to give me the money to put into. And they'll ask me where this gold mine is and I'll talk kind of confused and let on like a regular confidence man that's getting hold of you, right with them looking on.

"Then when we get 'em suspicioning me, I'll say the deal's got to be closed up tonight or never and you'll say all right, all you want is for Mother Miller and Alberta to be witnesses while you turn the cash over to me, and then take it out and hand it to me before 'em. That's all there'll be to do."

"Wait," I says, though my brains commenced to see a light. "You couldn't hand that money back to me while they was looking on, and so—"

"No; that'd spoil it," he says, interrupting. "The minute you hand me the money," he says, "I'll walk right out with it, kind of leering back at them and you like a snake; but I'd better not wait around outside in case they was to look out the window or follow you out berating. I'll come on back to the Mrs. Frank Turner and have the money for you here, while you stay a little while to get the engagement broke. All I got to do after that is to hand the sum back to you when you come aboard and then keep out of Mother Miller and Alberta's way the rest the time the Mrs. Frank Turner's in this port, so they won't ever see it was ungenuine and reclaim you. So well," he says, and he commenced shaking hands with me. "I'm willing to stand by and play my part for the sake of the best man that's been mates with me on the Mrs. Frank Turner and that I wouldn't stop at doing anything for to see out of his troubles!"

"Shake hands!" I says, though we already was. It seemed like a big load was lifted off my heart and I was pleased he thought so much of me he was anxious to play the part of a sneak for my sake, and besides, I see my brains wasn't active like that and it was surprising to listen to him and see the way his worked, and you'd thought a man such as he would be filling some high situation.

SO NEXT morning the captain let me off and I drew the money out and him and me went up to Millers' in the evening with it on me, and I introduced him in the setting-room and spoke like he told me on our way up there and says he was a Mr. Horace M. Fox I'd got some acquainted with yesterday outside the dentist and had been hanging to me like a brother all day so I had to bring him along.

Right away you could see they was anything but taking a shine to him and less so because he never looked as if he so much as noticed either of their hair but commenced and did all the talking, and inside of two minutes used the expression "as sure as my name's Dick!" Mother Miller broke in and says she thought it was Horace, and he looked all

(Continued on page 40)

GUILTY—AND DIDN'T KNOW IT—by ALBERT DORNE
THERE WAS A MAN NEXT TO ME ON THE TROLLEY THIS MORNING. AND DID HE HAVE "B.O."! I HAD TO MOVE TO ANOTHER SEAT
OH, YOU NOTICED IT, DID YOU?
WHY DID SHE GIVE ME SUCH A FUNNY LOOK. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND GIRLS—OR MEN EITHER. SO STAND-OFFISH AND UNFRIENDLY
LATER SHE FOUND OUT WHY
IMAGINE HER COMPLAINING ABOUT SOMEBODY ELSE'S "B.O"
POOR GIRL—SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW OFTEN SHE OFFENDS
IT'S A SHAME. SHE'S SUCH A LOVELY GIRL EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE FAULT
WHY DIDN'T I USE LIFEBUOY LONG AGO? IT AGREES WITH MY SKIN —AND HOW CLEAN I FEEL
"B.O." (BODY ODOR) ENDED—HAPPILY ENGAGED
OH, TOM, AREN'T THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE DARLINGS TO SEND ME ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL GIFTS?
YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE POPULAR LITTLE LADY WITH EVERYBODY, INCLUDING ME!

Thousands offend —unknowingly!

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." *(body odor)* because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. Yet *others* notice instantly —and they never excuse it. Why risk offending? Play safe—wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching lather *purifies* pores—ends every trace of "B.O." Helps safeguard health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Fine for the skin

Lifebuoy's bland, purifying lather brings fresh, healthy radiance to dull skins. Great for shampooing, too. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LIFEBUOY

· FOR · FACE · · HANDS · BATH ·

STOPS BODY ODOR PROTECTS HEALTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DR. KROMAYER
is head of the famous Kromayer Sanatorium for skin diseases, in Berlin.

Correct Boils the way this noted Doctor advises

FURUNCULOSIS . . . boils! . . . Don't tolerate this extremely unpleasant affliction. Correct boils, pimples, etc., by attacking their underlying cause—*a sluggish, unclean condition of your intestines!*

As Dr. Ernst Kromayer, head of Berlin's famous Kromayer Sanatorium for skin diseases, explains:—

"When skin diseases were first treated with fresh yeast dermatologists were enthusiastic . . . Fresh yeast helps the intestinal action and prevents constipation. Through its purifying effect . . . chronic skin gland affections such as boils, pimples, and acne can be overcome."

So if you're really determined to get rid of boils, try Fleischmann's Yeast. Just eat 3 cakes every day—regularly. And as your system is gently cleansed, "toned" and purified, those horrid skin eruptions will gradually disappear.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D—at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains, and directions are plainly printed on the label. Why not add it to your regular diet—starting today?

"I SUFFERED regularly from boils," *writes* James W. Bevans, *of Baltimore*, "undoubtedly due in part to improper elimination. I finally tried Fleischmann's Yeast. My general condition grew better until my skin was entirely cleared."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Ask for it by name!

© 1932, Standard Brands Incorporated

(*Continued from page 39*)

around the wall paper but afterwhile he says, yes, but he had some cousins that used to call him Dick when he was a child and sometimes he forgot.

"How about Fox? Don't you forget Fox sometimes, too?" Mother Miller asked him.

"Fox?" he says, like he never heard it. Then he give a kind of jump and says, "Oh, yes. Horace T. Fox," he says. "Honest, that's my right name."

Already by this time they was looking at him right staring-like and at me in the meantimes like how could I be such a hen-head as to associate with such, because nobody could played a part better to imitate the sneak. Anybody in the world would thought he really *was* one. He let on to have a hoarse voice and wouldn't look at them except sideways for just a minute and then would act like something was wrong with his shoestrings and bend his head down and wipe his mustache like he was covering up a terrible false smile.

SO WHEN he says he was going to make my fortune for me it looked already like they would about jump out of their chairs; but he went right on and says he had this gold mine over in Europe among them mountains but had closed up because he had enough, having a million dollars because it was plenty for him, and put it all in a valise but the valise got lost on the trip down here from Boston last week, so now he would have to open up again and would stay in the business as a miner three or four months longer on account of having to make a million dollars for me besides the new one for him, on account of me putting in the cash for him to go out there to Illinois and open up again.

"Where?" Mother Miller says.

"Illinois," he says. "It's right in among the best mining country out there," he says, and he went on and says he hoped her and Alberta, being such friends of mine, would be pleased with the big opening he was laying before me. "This here feller is businesslike and suspicious" he told them, meaning me. "This here feller says he won't turn over the money except before witnesses. Well," he told them, "I like to see it in a man that's going to be my partner, so if you and this Alberta, Mother Miller, will just kindly act as witnesses, he will hereby turn over to me the said sum of seven hundred and thirty-two dollars," he told them, and he held out his hand for the money, making it shake like he was hiding excitement.

"Why, you must be crazy!" Mother Miller says. "He ain't knew you but hardly a day and a half," she says, "and that seven hundred and thirty-two dollars is in the bank," she says, "where it's going to stay," she says. "Besides," she says, "don't call me Mother Miller," she says. "In addition to that," she says, "he may not be the smartest man in the world," she says, "but anyhow he knows better than to hand you over seven hundred and thirty-two dollars to put in a mine you either don't know where it is yourself, or, what's a thousand times more likely, forget what you stated as facts one minute and tell something different the next about Illinois, besides not being able to look anybody in the face," she says.

Alberta says yes, she never heard anything like it and she see him covering them tricky smiles under his mustache, and she never see a mustache like that on a face that was out in the open, she says. "It's a bad sign," she says, and says she never knew it to fail. "You better remember your name better!" she says, and, "Yes, and where you got your mine located!" she says. "As Mother says," she says, "he may not be the brightest man in the world," she says, "but anyhow," she says, "he knows enough not to get caught by a wet-mustached sharper even the worst dummy could see through," she says.

"Now, now," I put in, commencing to do the way Charlie had told me. "Now, now," I says, "him and me been all over this matter together and it looks to me like a good investment."

Right away Mother Miller told me I must lost my mind and says didn't I hear him say Horace and Europe one minute and Dick and Illinois the next? So Charlie spoke up. "I got two," he says. "I got two mines. One's among them mountains in the old country and the other's out there in Illinois, and I got another in Delaware, too," he says. "I could prove it if I had my papers with me," he says, "but they got lost in the valise." So he stood up and pointed at me. "Anyhow," he says, "*he* believes it!" he says.

"He does not!" they says, hollering, and Mother Miller says anyhow I wasn't *that* much of a ninny.

"Well," Charlie says, speaking to me but keeping his eyes sideways worse than ever. "I come here on business and if me and you don't close up this deal right now, why, it's now or never and I'll lay the chance before somebody else this very night and leave for Europe in the morning. Hand over the seven hundred and thirty-two dollars if you're going to, because I got to catch the eight-fifty train out of Wenmouth and already I'm so late I got to run all the way to the deepoe. Hand it over like you says you was going to before these witnesses like a man!"

So before either Mother Miller or Alberta could make any motion or even believe it could be going to happen that way right under their eyes, I took the money out of my pocket, quick, wrapped around with a rubber band in a big roll, and handed it right over to him. They both let out kind of a shriek and jumped to stop it; but Charlie kind of rammed it in his pocket and was on his way to the door. He looked back over his shoulder, making his eyes sort of glitter and giving a contemptible laugh like he was gibing. "I got to catch that eight-fifty!" he says, commencing to run at the same time he was speaking. "I'll send the million dollars to you the minute I get it," he says. "It'll come in a valise," he says.

BUT by that time he was outside the front door in the darkness, and when Mother Miller and Alberta come back in the setting-room it took them a good while to get their breath and commence.

You wouldn't thought they could say all as much as they did without hair ever coming into it; but they did, and they says such hard things to me in such insulting ways I could hardly bear it. They was doing just the way Charlie and I was hoping for; but at the same time no man will stand too much and, except they not giving me one single chance to interrupt, I would told them then and there it was me fooling them and not him me, so who was the ninny after all? But nobody could holler them down and, thanks being to that, I walked out a free man, with them practi'lly pushing me off the doorstep, and after I was out the gate telling me to send back Mr. Miller's comb and case by mail and not have the nerve to bring it myself.

So, except my feeling slandered in a way I wouldn't let any man use to me without me employing force on him, everything had gone like a clock up to here; but when I got back to the head of the dock here come this Charles De Morris carrying a lantern and hurrying.

"Don't give it to me here," I says. "Wait till we get on board."

"Listen!" he says. "Have you see any of it on the sidewalk anywheres between here and Mother Miller's?"

"See any of what?" I asked him. "Any of what on the sidewalk?"

"Any of seven hundred and thirty-two dollars," he says.

"Any of what seven hundred and thirty-two dollars?" I says.

"The one you give me," he says. "Yours," he says.

"What?" I says, and he says, "*Yes*, sir!" and I says he must be crazy, and he says no, sir, I ought to had more sense than to hand it over to him in that tight rubber band, because it was all the fault of that rubber band, he says.

WELL, sir, it seems when he come out of Millers' he had it in his britches and thought he better change it to his inside coat pocket, and stopped in a dark place to do it, and soon as he took it out the rubber band snapped right in two, and what with all this fresh sou'west breeze blowing and him kind of trembling on account of the responsibility, it all just seemed to melt between his fingers, he says, kind o' whisked away and popping off him when the rubber band parted. Just like Jack Robinson, the hull of it! Says he couldn't tell where most of it went but see some o' them bills flying under a paling fence just like autumn leaves. But it was somebody's yard and too dark to see anything, so he run all the way back to the Mrs. Frank Turner for this lantern, and we better hurry back there and search every inch o' the way to Millers' before somebody else come along and got most of it, because with such a temptation likely hardly a soul in Wenmouth could be trusted.

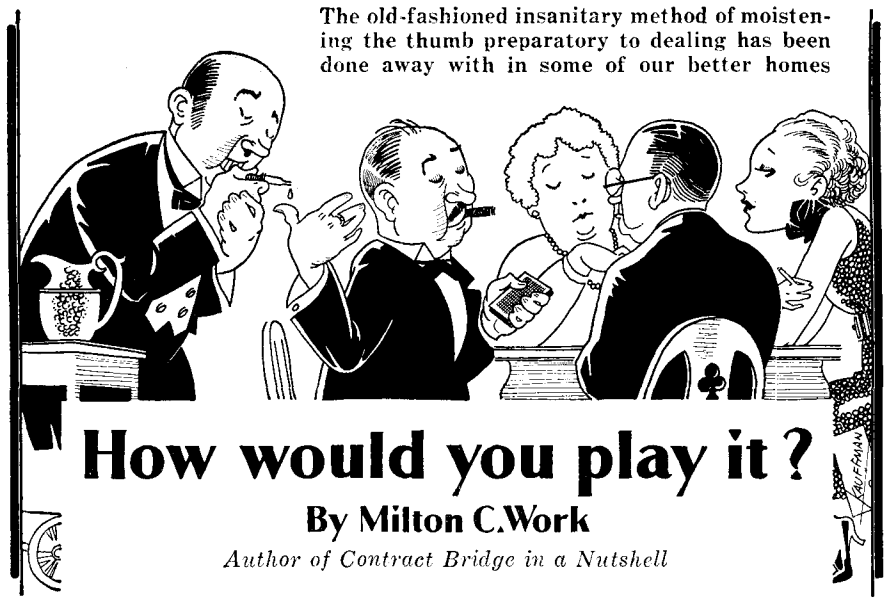
Right away I never felt worse in my hull life, because, like he says, it was a brisk sou'west breeze and, being only about nine o'clock in the evening, people was still out and around. We went back fast to the yard he see them bills pass into and went over it with the lantern and couldn't find a thing, and then commenced working up and down the sidewalks, and once I thought we was going to have some luck because all of a sudden Charlie dropped down on his knees under a shade tree and jumped up and grabbed the lantern from me, and he had two one-dollar bills in his hand that must have been the two that belonged with the seven hundred and thirty, and he turned 'em over to me, though he says of course there wasn't any proof they *was* them two of mine, and somebody else might dropped 'em; but on account of my loss he wasn't going to stand on a scruple and I ought to have 'em.

For a while after that we was right hopeful but couldn't come across any more, though we hunted and hunted and hunted till after daylight, and Charles De Morris says over and over he was tired out and was sure he must have been watched all the time and somebody got it while he went for the lantern.

Anyways we never found another cent of it after them first two one-dollars, and how I've always looked at it, it was a big price to pay to get relieft from the circumstances I was under; yet I wouldn't gone back into them for twicet the money. This Charles De Morris was later steward on the tugboat George F. Jones when I was mate on her, and often says he was sorry it all turned out like it did but he was ready to stand by again any time in case of me getting plunged in some trouble.

I wasn't in any at the time; but from them Wenmouth days to this I never once see a real fine head of hair without thinking of seven hundred and thirty-two dollars and without not wishing to obtain an introduction even if freely offered.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The old-fashioned insanitary method of moistening the thumb preparatory to dealing has been done away with in some of our better homes

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North
S. 9-5
H. Q-J-10-6-5
D. Q-8-7-6-3
C. 7

West	*East*
S. A-7-6-4-3	S. K-10-8-2
H. 9-7-4	H. None
D. A	D. J-10-4-2
C. Q-8-6-4	C. K-J-5-3-2

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J
H A-K-8-3-2
D. K-9-5
C. A-10-9

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, was played in the Pair Championship of the Pennsylvania State Tournament at Pittsburgh during the past winter. The contest was won by Messrs. Henry P. Jaeger and Henry Bailey, and this hand helped them on their way. It illustrates one of the advantages of the Official System intermediate two-of-a-suit bid which has received but scant notice in print.

At all the tables where South started by bidding one Heart, West called one Spade, and after North had helped South's Hearts and East had raised West's Spades, the West-East pair advanced the Spade bid to at least four. If North or South did not overcall with five Hearts, East and West made eleven or twelve tricks without difficulty, although they had only bid for game. If North or South bid five Hearts they were set.

But Mr. Jaeger and the other Souths who used the Official System started with a bid of two Hearts which West did not dare to overcall. North saw the advantage of preëmpting to shut out a possible Spade bid by East, so he jumped to four Hearts. That was too high for East, and at most tables the four-Heart contract was made.

Contrasted with this were the scores at the tables where South started with only one Heart and East and West either made game and extra tricks in Spades or set a sacrifice Heart bid which of course was doubled. The point is that South's initial two-bid shut West out and prompted North's pre-empting bid.

Mr. Jaeger reports having played another tournament hand in which the same situation arose. The distribution of the cards was as follows:

North
S. 8-5
H. J-3-2
D. 9-8-7-4
C. Q-8-4-2

West	*East*
S. A-Q-7	S. K-10-9-4-2
H. K-8-6-5	H. 10
D. 5-2	D. J-3
C. A-J-9-5	C. K-10-7-6-3

South (Dealer)
S. J-6-3
H. A-Q-9-7-4
D. A-K-Q-10-6
C. None

In this case also when South started with an intermediate bid of two Hearts he was not overcalled by West. At one table East ventured two Spades and South then bid three Diamonds. West went to three Spades—which East passed in view of South's strong two-suit announcement. At the tables where South started with only one Heart, West doubled informatorily and a four-Spade contract by the East-West pair was reached and fulfilled.

One more of this season's crop of Jaeger hands is interesting:

North
S. A-K-3
H. 5-2
D. A-Q-8-3-2
C. A-Q-J

West	*East*
S. Q-10-7	S. 6
H. Q-4	H. A-J-10-9-7-3
D. J-9-5	D. K-10-6-4
C. 10-8-4-3-2	C. 7-6

South (Dealer)
S. J-9-8-5-4-2
H. K-8-6
D. 7
C. K-9-5

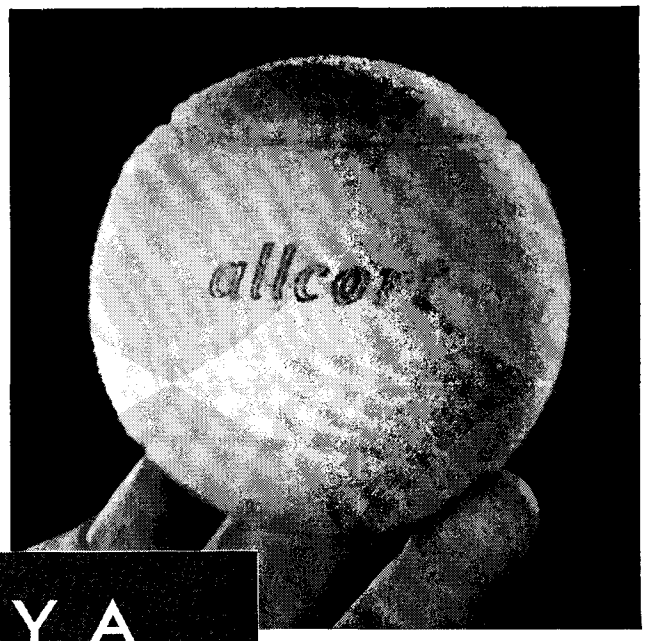
North and South were vulnerable, East and West were nonvulnerable. South and West passed, North bid one Diamond and then East (Mr. Jaeger) was guilty of a psychic Spade bid. South doubled, West and North passed, and East bid two Hearts, after which the other three all passed. East went down two tricks and consequently lost 100 points; but at every other table North and South bid four Spades and made five, scoring 650 as compared with the 100 scored against Mr. Jaeger. Mr. Jaeger is authority for the statement that the psychic would not have been ventured had North started with a bid of two instead of one.

"Psychics" are generally considered to be playing with fire and are now a less popular fad than when they first spread among the tournament players of the country; and it is only fair to Mr. Jaeger to state that, like most experts, he rarely indulges in bluff bids of this sort. However, while the bluff occasionally works well, in this case it was North's failure to start the bidding with two Diamonds, when holding a hand that thoroughly justified the Official System intermediate two-bid, that gave Mr. Jaeger the chance to bluff successfully; it would have been too dangerous an effort over a two-bid.

Next Week's Hand

North	*East*
S. Q-7	S. 10-8-5
H. Q-10-9-7	H. A-J-8-5-4-3
D. K-10-6	D. 9-5
C. Q-J-10-9	C. 8-5

West	*South (Dealer)*
S. J-3-2	S. A-K-9-6-4
H. None	H. K-6-2
D. A-8-7-4-3-2	D. Q-J
C. K-7-3-2	C. A-6-4



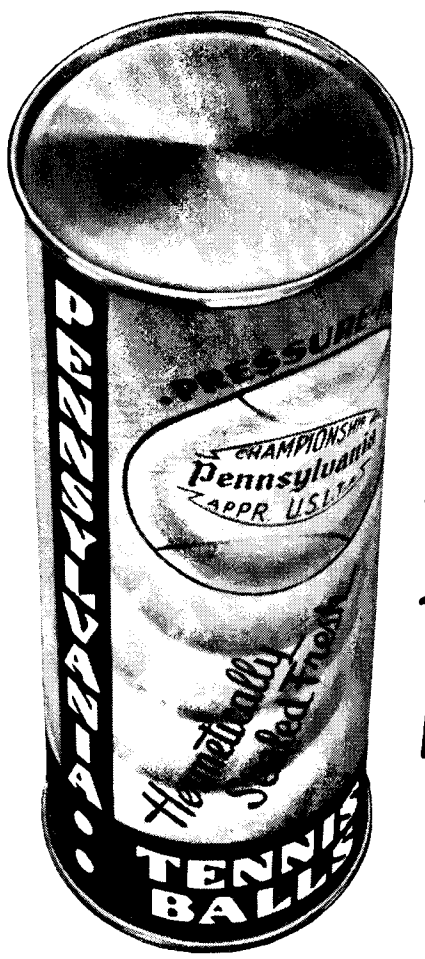
PLAY A FRESH BALL

. . . and what a BALL!

• The instant it is made the Pennsylvania Tennis Ball is hermetically sealed under pressure in a flashing black and yellow metal tube . . . can't go dead . . . but is factory-fresh when released for play!

And what a ball this Pennsylvania "ALLCORT" is. Better in TEN DIFFERENT WAYS. New—from inside out. Rubber center is 25% thicker and so perfectly balanced it won't turn over in a basin of water. Inflated with nitrogen—not air—to hold initial pressure much longer. Patented "V" center seam assures uniform rubber thickness over whole area. Brand new, thicker cover of imported doeskin—more fuzz, deeper nap; better air cleavage, no "sailing"—and simply marvelous for "cut" shots. Seam filled with latex to add life, smartness and bind edges.

Here is the ball of balls . . . zippier, peppier, firmer . . . lasting many, many more sets . . . approved by the U. S. L. T. A. . . . and costing no more. Get it—sock it!



PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.

(Makers of Pennsylvania Tires and Tubes . . "Pressure-Packed" Tennis Balls . . . Bicycle Tires, etc.)

General Offices and Factories:
JEANNETTE, PENNSYLVANIA
(In the Pittsburgh Industrial Area)

THREE TO A CAN . . ALL *fresh!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLORADO COLORFUL

A Pinnacle on Longs Peak. Alpine Grandeur and Sylvan Beauty Are Found Everywhere in Colorado

A Lot of Switzerlands as Near as Your Car

Colorado's mountain area, six times the size of Switzerland, is more varied, charming and accessible than any region in the world that compares with it in magnitude. It is so near you, so inexpensive to visit, that there's no possible reason why you shouldn't have your next and best vacation here. Just step into your car and come! Or you can get here even faster, and at surprisingly low cost, by train or plane. Vacation attractions are limitless here, and the coupon below will put you on the track of exactly the vacation you want and need. When you come, study the attractions and opportunities for permanent, joyous living—in the one state that offers everything that you need for happiness.

Taste a bit of Colorado happiness at home by eating Colorado-grown meats, fruits, vegetables

THE KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST

A Farm Near the Headwaters of the Famous Rio Grande. *Above:* Kit Carson Peak, in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains

The Colorado Association
331 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Col.

Send FREE book, "Colorful Colorado: Opportunity's Playground," illustrated in natural colors.

Name_____

Address_____

In His Heart

Continued from page 13

They're back in the middle of the ring. . . . Nothing doing at this minute. Both fiddling around for an opening . . . Tony jabs. Jabs again. He missed the first, but the second landed on Ryan's sore mouth. No action . . . Tony is . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Three beautiful punches. A left and two rights. So fast you could hardly see them. . . . He's down! . . . He's down! . . ."

"Who?" cried Stella. "Who's down? Oh, please . . ."

"Hush!" The nurse reached for the cut-off switch of the radio. Stella caught savagely at her hand.

. . . "Ryan's down . . . one, two, three . . . No, it's all right. He only slipped. I guess he wasn't hurt. But for a moment . . . He's up and going after Tony again. . . . This *is* a fight. . . ."

Stella fell back exhausted.

"I MUST shut it off," said the nurse. "Don't. Please, please, please. I'll be good. Really. I promise."

. . . "There's the bell. About even, I guess. Maybe a shade for Amato. That wasn't a knockdown. Ryan slipped. But some of those punches didn't do him any good. He looks tired, while Tony's fresh as a daisy. Look at him, grinnin'."

Intermission

As he sank onto his chair, Marty's glance fell upon the two gamblers. Their expressionless eyes watched him beyond the red tips of their cigars.

He turned and gazed deliberately down at Bill Lukas, but when he saw the wrinkled contempt on the lean face of his friend, he averted his eyes and stared at his gloves.

"What round?" he asked abruptly.

"Six coming up," said Morgan.

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Ten and out. No, the seventh. He glanced at the pallid faces of the gamblers, smooth and expressionless above the white ovals of dress shirts. "Flash" Hardwick and "Honey" Costello; big shots, sure-thing gamblers. Buy you and sell you. . . . What right had Bill Lukas to look at him like that? What did he know? No one mattered, really, but Stella. He clung to the thought of her, but it was becoming increasingly difficult. Something else was crowding into his mind; a dull, persistent urge, something he had always believed; a part of himself from the time he had been a kid playing on the lots, an unreasonable thing, out of place in the practical realities of life. Twelve years of fighting and never a word or gesture to intimate that he wasn't on the level. . . .

Round Six

Keep your head, thought Marty. Keep cool. What if he does rough me up a bit. He's that kind of a guy. A low-down rat, a louse. Watch that. He's not so hot. The champ will give him a shellacking. That's something. Where's that clock? One minute and ten seconds. Don't let him do that. Oh, the swine . . .

The blood poured again from his nose. The fight swept across the ring and back again. The thud of their feet was the uneven rhythm of some wild dance. In the warm night, the brief, fierce yelps from the crowd shattered the indifferent quiet overhead. Jab and block. The sharp crack of gloves on flesh. The sudden burning of raw nerve ends as the Italian's glove rasped Marty's lips. Every time a punch landed, Marty could sense the harsh, hidden laughter behind those cruel eyes. And when the crowd howled, "I can't!" he thought, "I can't!" . . . The bell rang.

Bill Lukas looked down at the paper in his typewriter. His fingers picked bitterly at the keys. He read what he had written, "In the bag," snatched the sheet from the machine and crumpled it underfoot. The Courier reporter said, "It's anybody's fight." Bill didn't answer.

Intermission

"Oh, yes," Stella said, "all sorts of dirty work goes on in the fight racket. But no one has ever had anything on Marty. They know he's always on the level. That's one reason I love him. He's a square-shooter, my boy."

She turned the knob of the radio.

. . . "Seventh round coming up. They've patched Ryan pretty well. But he seems a little tired. Well, here we go, folks. . . ."

Round Seven

"This one," Morgan said in a harsh whisper.

Amato crossed the ring confidently. He jabbed, and crossed his right. Marty blocked the punch and countered. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the impassive faces of the two gamblers. Buy and sell you. Ten thousand dollars for Marty Ryan. Ten thousand to take Stella out under the clean, high Arizona skies, to make her well and strong and happy again. Wasn't it worth it? What did he care about the look in Bill Lukas' eyes; or what any of the people who believed in him would say? This was for Stella.

Tony was on top of him, punching savagely. Before Marty could recover, a heavy blow sent him staggering. He fell forward and remained on his hands and knees. Amato looked down at him, a sneer of contempt on his saturnine face.

CROUCHED and hurt, Marty gazed up at him. A white agony burned in his head, brighter than the glaring lights. Some part of him, all through the fight, had been suffering more than his torn lips, his aching sides; now it could no longer stand the pain. It wouldn't quit, it couldn't; it was born with him; through years of bitter fighting it had carried him to victory after his muscles and brain had deserted him. No longer could he keep it in hand, a captive to his reason. . . . The puffed and bleeding line of his mouth set rigidly. Somewhere a voice said "Eight!"

He sprang up and forward. There! A patch of unprotected body. Smash it! The breath coughed from Tony's snapped mouth. Smash it! The Italian reeled. Again! He felt the limp shuddering of flesh. Now! . . . The bell!

Intermission

Morgan, his face green with terror, slid the chair under him. "What the hell?" he whispered. "What you trying to do? That was the seventh . . ."

"I'll show you," said Marty.

Flash Hardwick carefully clipped a cigar, lit it, and turned his blank, cold stare upon Marty.

Marty felt strength coming back into his body. Suddenly he laughed.

"Lissen," said Morgan. "You take it this round, or you're through, see?"

"Sure," said Marty. "I see."

"Don't forget. You ain't big enough to cross up Hardwick and Costello."

"That's right," said Marty.

Round Eight

Tony led wildly and clinched. He whispered, "You double-crosser. Take your dive!" Marty wrenched free. He laughed and said, "Come on, fight for it." Tony rushed, his head down. Marty straightened him with an uppercut. He felt free, deliriously happy. He began punching. At the look of fear in Tony's eyes he laughed again. The shock of his gloves, landing solidly, filled him with joy. He felt Amato wilting. A vast sound engulfed him, but the crack of his gloved fists on the dark body came distinctly to him above the tumult.

Tony became panic-stricken. He dropped his guard momentarily, and Marty's left landed upon his jaw. He went down without a quiver, and lay spread-eagled upon the dingy canvas. At the count of four he moaned and his legs twitched. The arm of the referee flailed monotonously. "Ten!" he called and motioned toward Amato's corner.

Marty turned and stepped back. The ring filled with men. Morgan grasped at him, but Marty pushed at his stricken face with his open glove and went on to his corner. A familiar voice said, "Get those gloves off." Marty looked up into Lukas' face. Bill untied the laces, pulled the gloves off and threw them aside.

THEN Marty, glancing down, saw the two gamblers watching him. A prickle of fear ran over him. He turned to find Bill Lukas at his elbow.

"I've got to get out of here quick," Marty said.

Bill nodded.

"I'll stick along. Don't worry."

"I couldn't do it," Marty said helplessly. "I couldn't, Bill. Even for Stella."

"She'd ditch you if you had," Bill muttered.

"I couldn't go through with it."

"Yeah, let's hop."

"I'm worried. You know what happens . . ."

"I'll stick along, kid."

"I'm through, Bill."

"All right, Marty, but you can still look 'em in the eye."

"But Stella. We need the money."

"You got plenty friends, Marty."

At the microphone, the announcer was still babbling when the nurse snapped the switch.

"I knew it," sighed Stella happily. "Oh, I knew it. Marty's probably starting to drive up tonight. If only he doesn't drive too fast. He's so reckless. I hope nothing happens to him."

Bill Lukas stepped into a phone booth, and dialed a number.

"Hello! Schmidt? . . . I want to talk to Costello. . . . Yeah, Costello. . . . Tell him Lukas, Bill Lukas of the Star . . . Yeah . . . Make it snappy, I'm in a hurry. . . ."

He waited a long time, but he didn't seem impatient.

"Hello! Costello? . . . Lukas on this end. . . . Lukas of the Star. . . . What can you do for me? . . . Oh, I don't know. I just finished a nice little story I thought you'd be interested in . . . About a fight . . . Yeah, fight . . .

"Well, it's this way, Costello. That fight was all blue-printed, but something went wrong. . . . Yeah, lost the blueprints. . . . Oh, sure I got all the dope. It's a pretty nice little story. . . . Well, I thought if any accident happened to a friend of mine, I'd just send it down to the composing-room, with a coupla footnotes . . . Oh, no, not in that case. . . . You get it? . . . Sure, I knew you would. No, I'll stick that story away in a safe-deposit box. . . . Sure. O. K., Costello. . . Sweet dreams."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horseshoes

Continued from page 15

city, which had been given him by friends in college and never used. None of them was to Antonello's, but collectively, he thought, they should establish a character for him if he needed one.

There was not, however, any trouble about admittance. Antonello's, although it made the concession of being in the basement of a private house, was evidently feeling very secure. A waiter showed Owen a table not far from one end of the long mahogany bar, took a modest order and left him alone.

PRESENTLY a big man with a ruddy face and long upper lip came in to sit at a table near Owen's. There was an inflexible benevolence in his look which was puzzling. He turned a glass around and around and watched another man at a table against the rear wall of the room. Following his gaze, Owen felt a twitch of amusement. The man at the back table looked vicious and at the same time silly enough to make his viciousness unimportant. He had a little round head on top of a neck so scrawny that his soft collar was pulled into pleats by his necktie. His eyes bulged slightly, as blue as china and with as little light in them. When he saw the man near Owen he smiled.

The cloud of cigarette smoke thickened under the ceiling, crept down toward the table tops. The room began to be crowded; the percentage of men much higher than Owen had expected. Very few were in evening dress, and those who were usually disappeared after a round or two through a side door which opened from behind the bar. Owen watched the door curiously.

Presently, with the disconcerting simplicity of reality, Jeannette entered through it. She wore a flame-colored evening dress, her dark hair low at the back of her head. She moved leisurely about the room with her tray of cigarettes, smiling when necessary and sometimes even when not.

Several times Owen had found people staring at the round-headed man at the rear table, or leaning forward to whisper. Now he caught words from a group passing.

"It is, I tell you. Nick Stein. Often see him here."

Owen looked with greater interest at the table against the back wall; even the Baltimore papers had been giving a good deal of space to Nick Stein during the past few weeks. According to them, he had been outwitting attempt after attempt by enemy gangsters to put him on the spot.

Jeannette finished a row of tables and moved easily along the rear wall to the next, in which Stein's table was the first. He bought cigarettes, refusing change from a bill. Owen saw his lips move in speech and remain half-parted. If Owen had not learned Jeannette's face so well that afternoon he would not have known she was startled. Her smile was a second late, but when it did appear it was even lazier and more kindly than usual. She half turned toward the next table, and took one step before Stein spoke again.

She looked over her shoulder, replied in a low voice. Stein breathed once, then his wide, thin lips twisted viciously about new words that Owen still could not hear. The man at the next table swung around with a jerk.

Owen came to his feet with a bright spot of happiness inside him, and walked to Stein's table. His left hand, reaching over the empty glasses, fitted the back of the round head, hauled it forward and out to meet his right fist. The fist clicked on the flat chin; Stein went backward, folded into the angle of the floor and wall, his chair pulled over on top of him.

"Easy, Nick," a voice said in a balanced tone that made it very dangerous to be anything else.

The crowd that had come to its feet at the sound of Owen's fist drew into a close ring, but no one spoke. Stein pulled himself up with absorbed care, as though he were a mechanism of overstrained wires, and stood looking at the red-faced man between him and Owen.

"You spoke out of turn, Nick," the red-faced man went on tranquilly. "I saw you. So take it easy."

"All right, Cap," he muttered. "All right."

The red-faced man spoke to Owen from the side of his mouth: "I'm Detective-Captain Connor. Nick's an old buddy of mine, but I take it you don't know him."

"I know of him," Owen said.

Connor's eyebrows twitched faintly. "And who are you, then, and live where?"

Owen mentioned his name, new address and room number. Connor nodded.

"Get that, Nick," he said. "Remember that name and number, because if anything tough ever happens to this bird I'm going to stick it right on you."

Stein grinned obscurely. "Because I am the only one in New York would argue if somebody poked him in the nose?"

"He don't go around poking noses," Connor said calmly. "And he's got no money or he wouldn't put up where he does. Nobody but you has a reason for getting him. So be careful."

As the crowd broke up, Owen noticed a narrow-faced young man with blond hair slicked back from his forehead, who was watching Stein in a peculiar way from behind.

WHEN Owen returned to his table, he found Jeannette standing beside it.

"Will you marry me tomorrow?" he asked before she had even faced him fairly.

She gave up something else she had intended to say and smiled: "Companionate?"

"No," Owen said. "I won't have enough money for a companionate marriage. It would have to be the real thing, and very quiet at that."

"All right," she said. "I won't make it any worse for you as long as I have this job. You call for me at eleven tomorrow morning. Until then—"

She turned and went on among the crowded tables.

Nick Stein rose unexpectedly and came toward Owen.

"Still got it in for me, I guess, Mac?"

"Not particularly," Owen said. "As it stands, we're about square."

Stein nodded. "But you got a little edge. I never knew she was a friend of yours and I didn't say much to her at that. So if you could do me a turn and yourself and her one with it, would you take the time?"

"How?" Owen asked.

Stein leaned still further forward. "I figure this is your lucky night. It's the first time Connor is here this month, so it's got to be. All right. I play hunches. They got a game of blackjack inside that knocks me out every night for a week. I stake you, you

(Continued on page 41)

GOLF AT ITS FINEST

WHEN PITCH SHOTS ARE DEAD ON

FINE, accurate shots require fine equipment. When you choose new clubs, choose those which will add joy and satisfaction to your game—choose them for intrinsic values—choose the best.

The "True Temper" Steel Shaft is conceded to be the finest shaft yet developed—made from costly alloy steel by our improved and exclusive "step down" process. It is a shaft of distinctive and striking beauty—packed with power—"sweet" in action.

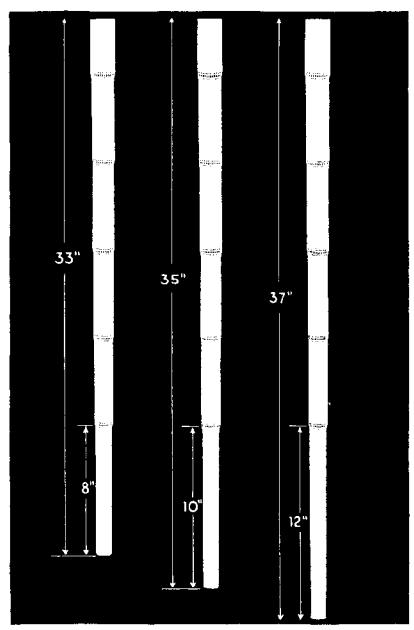
Leading makers use it to give added and enduring value to their better clubs. When you choose your clubs for 1932 look for the exclusive "step down" "True Temper" Shaft as a mark of added value.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
Keith Building Cleveland, Ohio

We furnish "True Temper" Shafts to leading club makers, in various finishes including chromium plate or with Pyratone sheaths.

Ideal for Irons

The diagram at the right explains one reason why "True Temper" Shafts are ideal for irons. The shorter a "True Temper" Shaft is made, the stiffer it becomes. This is absolutely essential in shafts for irons. The shaft for a No. 2 iron, shown on the right, has a longer, more flexible tip than the shaft for a No. 7, shown on the left; but the grip ends are the same.



TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN STEEL SHAFTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's not common. But it's not uncommon. With evening dress especially, Tuxedos or "tails," it's more and more the habit with well-dressed men. Try it—*wear an athletic supporter.*

Of course, for active sport or heavy lifting, wearing an athletic supporter is accident insurance—just good sense. And for long hours afoot or at the steering wheel it's comfort and release from fatigue.

Wear one. A good one. Ask for PAL, made by Bauer & Black. Your druggist has PAL for $1. . . . Don't wear a cheap one.

PAL

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

FREE BOOKLET—"Guard the Vital Zone"—tells what every man should know about the need and function of an athletic supporter. Mail this coupon to Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. Col-4-30

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

In Canada, Address 96 Spadina Ave., Toronto

(Continued from page 43)

play, we split what you make. What do you say?"

Owen hesitated, looking at Stein.

"All right," he said.

Stein grinned. "Swell. I figure I'd better muscle in on that luck of yours than try to beat it. Stick here while I make it right for you to come in."

After a moment Stein put his head back into the room and nodded. Owen started toward the bar and to his surprise Detective-Captain Connor rose and followed with his usual imperturbable benevolence. As they passed through the door, its backward swing checked slightly, and Owen saw the blond young man he had noticed before slip into the gambling room and sidle away along the wall.

Stein led Owen past a long table, where the smooth whirling of roulette wheels showed in flashes between tense backs, to a smaller table in a corner.

Stein grinned at the dealer. "Changing the luck tonight, Harry. Got enough on you?"

The dealer's eyes shifted briefly in his direction and then back to Owen.

"Sit down," he said.

He listened expressionlessly while Stein explained the game to Owen, then he dealt the cards.

"Hit me," Owen said, "for a hundred dollars."

He won, won again and again.

The dealer handled the cards with exquisite delicacy, his eyes on Owen's face. He lost steadily; it seemed impossible for Owen to make a wrong decision.

At the end of an hour Owen had won four thousand dollars. Stein suddenly leaned forward across the table.

"Too slow, Harry. Cut the cards for what's on the board."

"I'll cut," Harry said. And he turned the two of clubs. The crowd, which had gathered as Owen's luck ran, choked. Owen cut the four of hearts and rose on unsteady legs. While Stein was dividing the money, Owen caught sight of the blond young man who had come into the room with them. His bright regard was on Owen now, instead of Stein.

In the outer room again, Owen looked around dizzily for Jeannette. She was not in sight.

He paused at the bar; spoke low: "Any idea where the young lady who sells cigarettes is?"

The bartender glanced at him coldly. "The boss tied a can to her, if you want to know, for shouldering a big guy like Stein, and she blew."

"Oh!" Owen said. "Nick rates with the boss, too, does he?"

THE bartender stopped his work altogether and twisted his mouth to one side. "Listen, wise guy. I don't know you and I don't want to know you, but if you take my advice you'll do the same thing she did, and not lose no time."

"Thanks," Owen said sincerely. He turned toward the outer door.

At the last minute the bartender spoke again: "Another friendly tip, bo. Job or no job, and if you win four million, it's still no soap."

Outside, Owen heard the slowness of his footsteps in the empty street. A blurred moon had sunk almost to the line of house roofs, while a steady breeze pushed the scrubbed-floor smell of the harbor around him. It was, he found, after two o'clock. He was walking, but not toward his own room; the corner of Balboa Street lay not far ahead. Nothing seemed to matter except getting there.

Presently he reached Jeannette's house. He could not see her window because the air shaft into which it opened was an enclosed one, but in the narrow vestibule he could see her doorbell. By touching it he could call her, make her hear and feel. He stood a long time in the vestibule, watching the little tarnished button. Then he sat down quietly on the front steps and waited. The few people who passed looked at him curiously. A policeman paused briefly.

"What's the matter, bo? She lock you out?"

"No," Owen said. "I like the air."

These things were small. All that was right and conventional in the world was for him to be sitting there near Jeannette keeping a sort of guard. The enduring thought that now he could always keep guard over her left no room for anything else in his mind.

DAY, he found, began even more gently than it ended. A little after sunrise he rose and started back to his own room.

When he was still half a block away he could see that something was wrong at his lodging house. Early as it was, a dozen people were gathered about the steps; others, passing, slowed and looked back over their shoulders.

At the door Owen found the same policeman who had spoken to him. The policeman stopped him, then bent forward slightly.

"Your name Owen?"

"Yes," Owen said.

"Go on up, then. The captain's looking for you."

Outside his room on the fourth floor Owen found two more policemen on guard. With them was Detective-Captain Connor.

Connor looked at Owen in a peculiar way. Beyond him, inside the room, Owen saw newspapers spread on the floor in two places. One was beside the bed, the other before the single window opening on the back fire escape. Heavy red stains had soaked through both papers and thickened. There were two small white-rimmed holes in the window glass and another in the mirror on the other side of the bed.

Owen turned back dazedly to Connor. "What's the matter? I don't—"

"No," Connor said, "I don't suppose you do. About two hours ago Nick Stein and Augie Klecka shot it out across your bed. We sent them both to the morgue."

After a moment in which Owen could not speak, Connor went on more quietly: "I've got it pretty well doped out. When I promised Nick the works if anything happened to you he got thinking, and he thought if he could start you out of a hard joint like Antonello's at two in the morning with a big load of money that everybody saw you win, I couldn't, in spite of what I'd said, blame him for what dropped on you. He doped it very nice, took me along even when I should have known that nobody could beat Harry's game without fixing it with Harry first and that four thousand was small stuff to Nick anyhow. But he doped it so nice that Augie Klecka really did try what Nick wanted me to think somebody'd tried."

"Was Klecka a thin-faced young fellow with yellow hair?" Owen asked.

"That's him," Connor said. "From the way we found them, Nick must have got here first by the fire escape and waited for you to come in. But when you did come in by the door you were Augie with a heater in your hand. Even if they recognized each other it wouldn't stop them then. Nick's men got Augie's brother last week. And it shows how Nick felt about you—that he was going to get you himself instead of giving out the job as usual."

OWEN stood looking down at the papers on the floor.

"What did you do after you left Antonello's?" Connor asked. "Pick horseshoes and four-leaf clovers?"

"No," Owen said. "I just took a walk around and sat on some steps."

"With four thousand dollars in your pants? As a big favor, would you mind telling me what was the idea?"

Owen's hand jerked toward his inside pocket, then fell, reassured. "I reckon I forgot I had it," he muttered, "once I got outside. I got to thinking about something else or I would have come straight home."

"Yes and no!" *George Shellhase*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 26

But in affairs of the heart he was, of course, unutterably stupid. All men were, which was why they made good husbands.

"Of course a separation, by itself, wouldn't mean anything. But when there's not merely separation, but there's someone else—"

"I don't believe it," said Carter stubbornly. "Dean is loyal."

"What is loyalty?" demanded Margery. "Is it to a thing, to another person, or to one's self? Pride is involved in loyalty, Carter. I happen to know that Rita has never sent any message to Dean since she went abroad."

"Who told you that?" asked her husband.

"Not Dean," she told him. "Rita."

"You mean that she passed him up? Why haven't you ever told me this before?"

"Because Jinny has been in love with Dean for years and if you knew that, you clumsy old darling, you'd be so obviously tactful, you'd give them such opportunities to be alone, that they'd be on edge."

CARTER KINGSTON whistled softly. "And you think that Dean is by way of forgetting Rita?"

Margery shook her head.

"Men like Dean never forget women like Rita. But they can cease to love—if there is someone else."

"And you think Jinny is the someone else?"

"In the most devious and circuitous fashion I have been endeavoring to intimate exactly that, my quick-witted hero," laughed Margery.

And then, in that interlude of rough affection with which Kingston always tried to hide his discomfiture when his wife gently derided him, Rita and Jinny and Dean were dropped from the conversation.

But if Carter Kingston and his wife momentarily ceased to be conscious of the couple downstairs, one half of that couple was not unconscious of them. Jinny Carpenter had seen Margery's boisterous arrival on the threshold of the living-room. She had seen Margery halt her gay approach; she had seen the gesture with which her hostess had stopped the entrance of another person. And as Margery backed out of sight Jinny felt her cheeks burn. She felt a sudden anger toward the man beside her. She prayed that he had not seen Margery. If he had, she felt that she could never forgive Margery for her pointed withdrawal.

But even as Dean's placid manner assured her that he had not noticed Margery, her anger, that should have died, received fuel from another source. Margery's action proved that she guessed Jinny's feeling toward Dean. Why else would Margery fear to interrupt a tête-à-tête?

But how would Margery guess it? Only to old Frederick Kelton had Jinny confessed her love for Dean. From the rest of the world, from even her own mother, she had kept the secret. At least, she had thought that she had done so.

But quite obviously Margery Kingston's eyes had perceived matters that Jinny thought invisible. Perhaps—and her throat and cheeks burned—all of her friends knew of her love for Dean. Perhaps even that young man himself, who sat beside her so calmly, was aware of the state of her heart.

Why shouldn't he be? After all, girls didn't risk fortunes in rescuing mere *friends* from financial ruin. She stole a quick glance at Dean. He smiled as their eyes met.

"You're a moody kid, Jinny," he said.

"Now why do you say that?" she asked.

"I'd give the usual penny—and that's a lot of money these days—for your thoughts," he said.

"You'd be overpaying me," she laughed. "But why am I moody?"

"Now that," he replied, "is something beyond this poor mentality. Results, yes; but causes, no. But you were gay as could be on the ice and now you're—well, quiet."

"And quietness is moodiness?"

"Perhaps I used the wrong word. But lately it seems to me that you're not quite yourself."

Anger recurred in her.

"I'm sorry to make you feel critical," she said coldly.

"Critical? As if I could ever be critical of you, Jinny. It's only that we don't seem to hit it off as well as we used to."

"And the fault, of course, is mine."

He looked at her, puzzlement in his eyes.

"I could never find fault in you, Jinny dear," he assured her. "But it does seem to me that—well, what I just said, we aren't doing so well."

"It won't matter now that Rita has returned," she said. She could have bitten her tongue that it had betrayed her into bitterness. Only the words themselves were so astounding that the tone in which they were uttered did not register upon his consciousness.

"Rita has returned?" His voice was unbelieving.

"You mean you didn't know it? But of course you didn't, or you wouldn't be here, would you?"

Again, though she strove to hide it, bitterness was in her voice.

"Wouldn't be here? Why not? What Rita does can't concern me any more."

"Now that, Dean Resolve, is the silliest thing you ever said. You know that the lightest thing that Rita ever does will be the weightiest thing in your life."

Her feelings had betrayed her into bitterness; now they betrayed her into challenge.

"Jinny," he said quietly, "since the day that Rita left we haven't discussed her, have we? You've been a brick, Jinny. You knew how I felt about Rita. And you haven't tried to probe my feelings since."

"I didn't mean to now," she said in quick contrition. "Only—oh, I don't know what I meant."

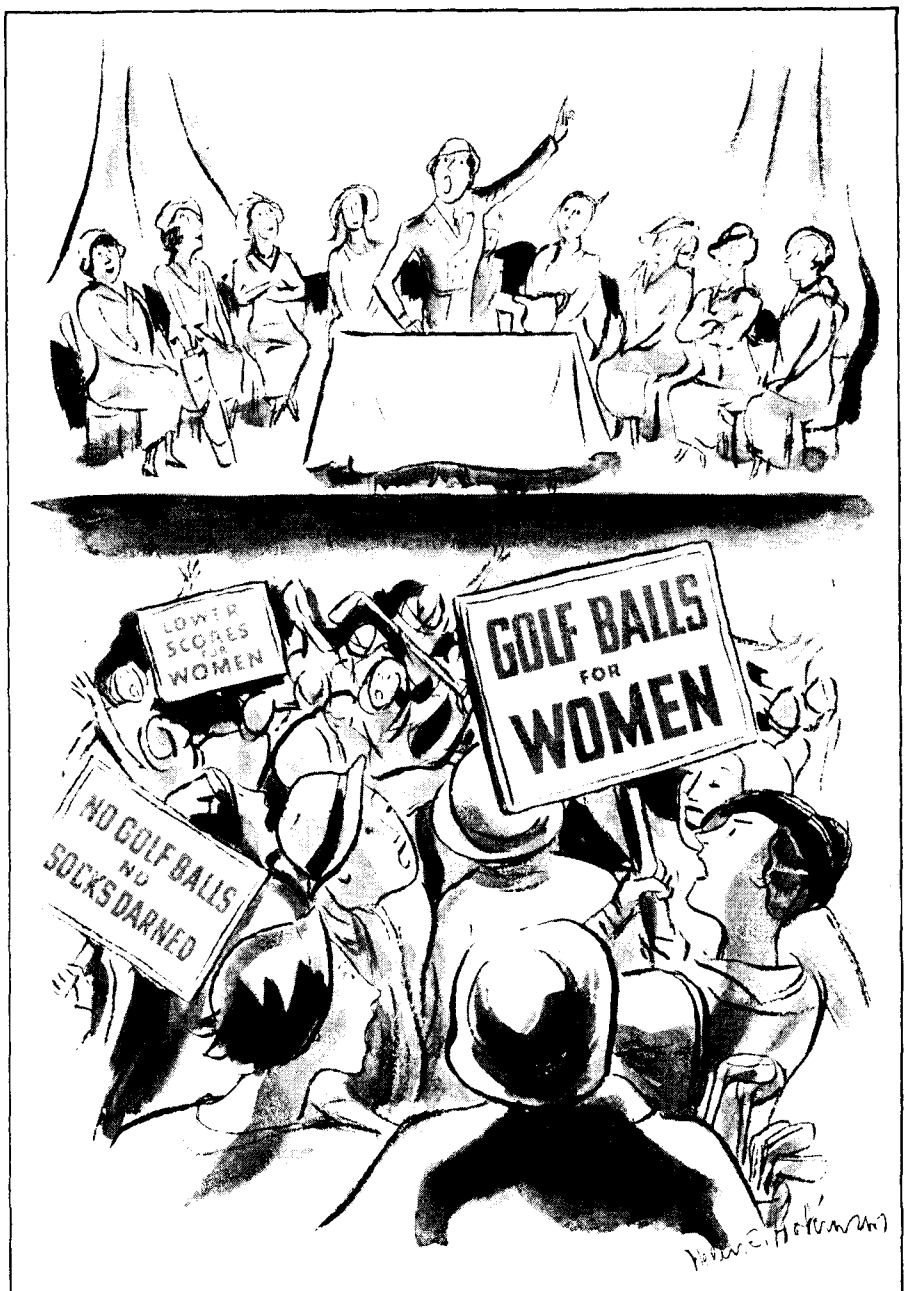
She rose to her feet, stormy-eyed. He looked at her in uncomprehending alarm.

"Jinny!"

SHE started from the room and he reached out a detaining hand. And at the touch of her cool arm all that Rita had said to him came back in a rush. Rita's statement had been ridiculously absurd when it was uttered. But now it actually seemed to Dean that Rita must have known whereof she spoke. As devoid of personal vanity as any attractive man could possibly be, the gift of Jinny's friendship and companionship had never seemed to him more than those things. Perhaps this was because he had never wanted more from her. But now, to his almost angry amazement, he discovered that he did want more.

But what did he want? He was in love with Rita Clayborne, his Gracious

(Continued on page 46)



Golfdom passes the 19th Amendment

Copr., 1932, United States Rubber Co.

At Last—the "U. S." Queen Royal for Women Golfers

Cheer, women golfers! 1931 marked the end of golf-ball discrimination against you.

Until now every manufacturer has spent his time trying to make the best golf ball—*for men*. But the ball that gives the best results for men players is not the best ball for *you*. The average woman's swing does not hit the ball hard enough to get the distance from the *heavier golf ball made for men*.

But the United States Rubber Company has come to the rescue. The "U.S." QUEEN ROYAL, legal for tournament play, is specially built for women golfers. Lighter than men's golf balls, it enables you to get the ball up in the air—which means more distance for your shots.

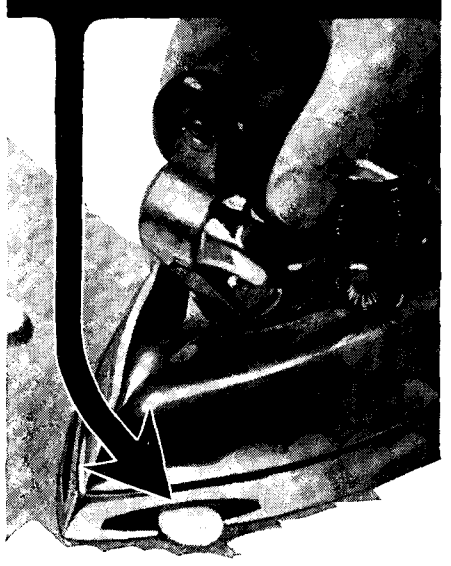
Lower your score by playing the ball that fits your game. Before your next round, ask your Pro for the "U. S." Queen Royal!

- "U. S." QUEEN ROYAL—For Women. 75¢ each. 3 for $2.
- "U. S." ROYAL—For Distance. 75¢ each. 3 for $2.
- "U. S." PRO ROYAL—For Super-Distance and Accuracy. 75¢ each. 3 for $2.
- "U. S." 444—For Toughness. 75¢ each. 3 for $2.
- "U. S." FAIRWAY—Largest-selling 50¢ ball.
- "U. S." NOBBY—3 good balls for $1, or 35¢ each.
- "U. S." TIGER—For Practice. Its price is surprisingly low.

"U.S." TRUE CENTER Golf Balls

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irons UNDER Buttons



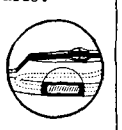
New—Automatic—Chromeplate—

only $6.80

BUTTON—button—who's got the button?

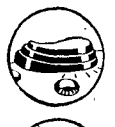
With this new General Electric Hotpoint A-C-Matic iron the buttons *stay on garments—right where they belong.* For they will fit right into one of the two button-nooks, as neatly as can be. No need for wrinkles, either—you can iron around and under the buttons just as smoothly as on any other part of the garment.

But that's only one reason why you can iron more easily and successfully with an A-C-Matic iron. There are four more big features:



The exclusive CALROD heating element which is practically indestructible, heats quicker and more evenly.

The thumb rest, also exclusive with General Electric Hotpoint, relieves the strain on hand, wrist, arm and shoulder.



The automatic heat control offers the choice of more than a dozen ironing temperatures, each accurately maintained. A proper heat for any material—heavy or flimsy.

The attached heelrest eliminates needless lifting while the iron is in use.

Your dealer will gladly show you the A-C-Matic iron.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring system. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hotpoint

General Electric Co., . . . Merchandise Dept.
Section E-274, . . Bridgeport, Conn.

Of special interest to women—Join the "G-E Circle"—on the air every week day (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T. For the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight," Sunday afternoon 5.30-6.00 E.S.T. over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

(*Continued from page 45*)

Lady, and would be in love with her until he died. No matter how hurt and angered he had been at her betrayal of his faith in her, love hadn't been killed. It never could be killed. And a man didn't love two women at the same time.

His hand dropped from Jinny's arm. The tumultuous words that had been trembling on his lips were denied chaotic utterance. And as they stared at each other, incredulous hope fighting against antagonism in Jinny's eyes, and an almost hurt bewilderment in his, there was the sound of the front door of the Kingston home being opened, the murmur of voices in the hall, and then the clear, cool tones of Rita as she called to Margery.

Her entrance followed instantly upon her voice. At the threshold she called Margery's name again. Then, as she saw the couple in the center of the room, she hesitated the briefest moment. Then, with all that self-command which seemed an essential part of her character, she entered the room.

As though between them had never been anything but friendship, she gave a hand to Dean. The other she slipped about the waist of Jinny.

"Couldn't wait," she said breathlessly. "Got in yesterday, and simply had to see Margery. And now I have the added delight of seeing you two."

EASILY, so that no mere man would have known that it was being done, Jinny released herself from Rita's friendly clasp.

"I'll run upstairs and tell Margery you are here," she said. And before objection could be interposed she was gone from the room.

Dean looked at his Gracious Lady. If the past week had slightly changed Jinny, the past months had changed Rita. There was a tired look in the brown eyes, and the pallor of her cheeks was more definite than ever it had been before, so that, in contrast with the raven hair, it was almost startling. But the sweet lips were as lovely as ever and the eyes, if they seemed tired, had not lost their calm frankness.

"Tell me everything," she said. She sat down on the divan which Jinny and Dean had just vacated.

"You tell me everything," said Dean. Despite himself his voice trembled.

"What is there to tell of a lone woman in Paris?" she laughed. "You know what it's like. One's luncheons and teas are always accounted for, but one only prays that someone will find an extra man so that one won't be neglected at dinner. Tell me about yourself."

"Would it interest you?" he asked.

"You know that it would," she said.

"Do I? I'm not sure that I know anything—about you," he said. "Are you over here for long?"

That he could ask so formally banal a question of his Gracious Lady!

"Curry Reynolds sent for me," she said. "I am here only long enough to sign some papers. There are taxes, you know."

The bitterness of months welled up in him.

"No, I wouldn't know," he told her.

"Please, Dean, can't we be friends?"

Later on that night he found himself humming the song of which her question was the catch line. But now he was too angry to do more than glare at her.

"Dean, we're both over that—that matter, aren't we?"

"Quite evidently there was little for you to get over," he told her. "My Lord, Rita, how could you do such a thing? For weeks I was sure I'd hear from you. Every time the telephone rang I waited for your voice, waited to hear you tell me that you hadn't meant what you said, that you couldn't do what you obviously had done. Over it? I didn't believe I ever could get over it. But—and, Rita, this seems blasphemy to me—yes, *now* I am over it."

Not by the slightest change of expression did she show her hurt. This was the thing that she had decided was the only decent and fair thing to Dean. All through those months in Europe she had been conscious of whispers when she entered restaurants or other public places. Her friends had stuck by her, but the great public would remember her, for years to come, as the Rita Clayborne whose husband had been murdered even as he planned killing her lover. Her lover; that was how Dean would always be described. If they married, through the years to come her generation would always be conscious of the scandal in which they had been involved. And when their children—and marriage without children was unthinkable—went out into the world, there would always be someone, or some printed word, to remind them that gossip had stewed and boiled about their parents.

She had killed Dean's love for her. She had his own word for it now. And for a moment she was tempted to try to revive that dead love. Oh, she could do it. Quick of perception, she knew that Dean could never cease loving her unless he had fallen in love with someone else. And the someone else, she gleaned from Jinny's manner, must be Jinny. Jinny, then, had won. She had done as she had threatened to do: taken Dean.

But where a man has loved deeply, and love has been killed, as Dean's had been killed, by the reiteration of a lie, it could be revived, could be made to be born again. But unless she made an effort, Dean would never know that within him lay the possibility of caring once again for Rita. And if he married Jinny he would love her so much that then nothing could cause to be born again his dead love.

Rita had been brave before, but that had been bravery in a public place, and over the telephone. Now, alone with the man whom she would love until she died, she was even braver.

"Bless your heart, nothing could make me happier," she said, "except to learn that it is Jinny. Is it?"

And Dean, to his amazement, found himself answering that it was.

Good Lord, had he always been in love with Jinny? Had Rita merely possessed for him the fascination of the romantic? Another man's wife. . . . As Margery Kingston entered the room, he left in search of Jinny.

JINNY was not in her room. With that bland disregard for an outmoded convention that characterizes the present generation, he not only knocked upon the door of the bedroom that had been assigned to her, but, when his knock aroused no response, he opened the door and peeked in.

He peered through the open door of the Kingston bedroom; he descended the stairs and looked into the library, into the card-room. Remained only, unless she had hidden herself away in another guest-room, the outdoors.

Snow, which had threatened all day to ruin the skating, had begun to fall now. Resolve, looking across the lawn, noted that there were no tracks in the faint powder through which the brown grass showed. The iron benches set beneath great oaks held no figures now. He could turn to the left toward the garage or to the right where were the outdoor tennis courts—transformed now into a skating rink—and the indoor pool and squash court. Unless she had taken a car, there was little purpose in visiting the garage. So he turned to the right.

He looked into the swimming pool. He walked across the tennis court, sliding on ice rendered a trifle more slippery by the faint powder of crisp snow. As he came out upon the miniature polo field that lay between the tennis courts and the high wall overlooking the beach, the gale hit him fiercely. He had not bothered to put on coat or hat, but now he turned up his collar and lowered his head as he plunged toward the beach. For, perched upon the wall, apparently oblivious to wind and snow, sat a huddled figure.

He grasped her roughly by the shoulder and she screamed faintly in surprise.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

"Did you expect anyone else?" he laughed.

"I wasn't expecting anyone," she replied.

"Did you think I'd let you come out here and catch cold?" he demanded.

"How could I know that you'd know where I was, or that you would come looking for me? Has Rita gone?"

"No. At least she hadn't a few minutes ago. Margery's with her. Jinny, you'll freeze to death here."

"And you came without a hat or coat," she charged.

"Did I? Then we'd both better get back into the house, hadn't we?" His arm slipped quickly about her. "I think I'll go back to the house and come out looking for you again."

SHE moved as though to disengage herself, without being too obvious, from the arm that encircled her. But his grip merely tightened.

"After all when a man comes out in a snowstorm, on romance bent, it isn't a very good start to talk of catching cold. You and I, at this moment, should be oblivious to such minor matters as snow or wind."

She turned toward him.

"Should we? But perhaps I don't feel romantic."

"There is," he conceded, "always that possibility. In which case, it would seem to be my obvious duty to make you feel romantic."

"Granting always," she said, "that you have the ability to make me feel that way."

"Wind and snow are terrific handicaps," he laughed, "but a good man enjoys obstacles."

"Aren't you forgetting another obstacle—myself?" she asked.

"Surprisingly, I hadn't," he replied. "In fact, I don't think you'll ever be out of my mind again."

"And when did I enter it so emphatically?" she asked, a suspicion of a jeer in her voice.

"Now that," he told her, "is a subject which we must go into at length. It has fascinating possibilities. And I don't think that I need to go back to the house to start over again, because we seem to have hurdled the weather quite successfully. Jinny, will you marry me?"

"I don't feel the least bit romantic," she answered.

"Then it seems up to me to prove that I can make you feel that way," he said.

His other arm went around her now.

"Dean, please," she begged. "You know you're in love with Rita. You know that you're turning to me because you're miserable."

"And that is the silliest, stupidest remark you ever made," he said. "I'm in love with you, Jinny. I'm not the least bit in love with Rita. I never will be in love with her again."

Jinny's hands gripped his wrists and moved them from her.

"Dean, suppose that Rita told you now that she'd never taken Clayborne's estate? Suppose she told you that she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had lied to you simply to test you? What then?"

"It wouldn't make the least bit of difference. I'd think she was great. I'll always think that, no matter what she does. But I'm not in love with her. And here's something extraordinary: it doesn't seem to me that I ever was in love with her."

"You were mad about her," she said.

"Of course I was. I know that. And yet, although I know it, it doesn't seem to be true. Don't ask me why, because I couldn't answer. I only know that I'm desperately in love with you. And what possible difference can it make that I only found it out recently?"

"I don't suppose it makes any," she admitted.

The pressure on his wrists relaxed and she made no protest as he took her in his arms. And as he savored the full, fierce sweetness of her, he completely forgot the ecstasy that had swept over him when, months ago, Rita had surrendered to his embrace.

No one who was the least bit attuned to the emotions of others could have failed to sense what had happened when, half an hour later, they entered the Kingston living-room. Margery took one look at them; she crimsoned, sweet soul that she was, in embarrassment for Rita. But Rita Clayborne needed no sympathy, no pity.

She too looked at the faces of Dean and Jinny. She rose from the couch where she sat and her arms were about the younger girl instantly.

"There's not the slightest use in pretending," she said. She kissed Jinny and turned to Dean. "I want to be the first to congratulate you."

DEAN looked at her. Extraordinary, it was only yesterday that his heart had ached for her, and yet it seemed to him now that there had never been ache within him. This was the Gracious Lady whom he had loved for years, and yet his pulse would never quicken at sight or thought of her again. And all bitterness had completely left him. Poor Rita. After all, she'd had a tough time with Clayborne. Why should he judge her harshly because she had seemed to prefer money to his devotion? She had been married to a man she despised. Because Dean had been regardful, considerate, devoted, the contrast between his attitude and that of her husband had made her think that she loved Dean.

Or perhaps she had cared for him, and possibly some flaw in him which she had been too gentle to mention had killed her love, exactly as his love had been killed. Yet, though she had never loved him or her love had died, friendship had survived. And friendship had survived in his heart. As though she were the figure of some vaguely remembered dream he saw her and heard her voice.

"I know you both will be very happy," she told him. "And if you forget to send me an announcement and an invitation—"

"As if we could!" cried Jinny.

Rita turned to Margery and held out her hand.

"Lunch with me Monday? I have to rush back to town now."

She kissed Margery and Jinny goodby, shook hands with Carter and Dean, and left the room.

RITA CLAYBORNE wrote a letter that night. Page after page she tore up as over and over again she began her note to Dean. Sometimes her phraseology seemed unreal and stilted, and sometimes tears that could not be quenched stained the paper. But at last it was satisfactory to herself.

"Dear Dean," it read. "Just a line to congratulate you on your winning of Jinny. I said my congratulations to you today, but it doesn't seem to me that I expressed my true delight in your happiness. No girl could be lovelier than Jinny, and no man, if Jinny doesn't mind my saying so, could be more worthy of her than yourself.

"I hate to cast further unpleasantness on the memory of Sam, but I discovered the answer to something that must have puzzled you and Jinny as it bewildered me. It was Sam's idea of a practical joke—if we wish to look at it kindly—to have a cablegram sent to Jinny from Paris. The man who sent it confessed to me a couple of months ago. If apologies were needed from me to you for Sam, I would offer them now. I am sailing next week, but if I am in America at the time of your wedding be sure I will be there. Always, Rita."

She dropped it in the mail chute at the end of the hall on which her room was situated. That was the end. There had been an earlier end today, but life is different from material matters in that it may seem to have many endings. But this was the final one.

Dean loved Jinny. The best that she, Rita, could hope for was that he would not feel contempt for her. A sudden blazing resentment at life possessed her. A quick scorn of her own sensitiveness swept over her.

What was scandal in these days?

Then she shook her head. She knew now, as she had not known last summer, that something more than dread of scandal's effect had actuated her. She had realized, although subconsciously, that Dean's regard for her was in some measure due to those qualities of romance which invest a woman married to a man whom she does not love.

For had Dean cared for her as he had imagined himself to care, no denial of hers could have withstood his ardency. He would have followed her to Europe. He would have torn her away from any surroundings to make her his own. And he hadn't done so.

Not that Dean was incapable of a great love, but it was Jinny who had aroused and would continue to arouse that great love. And for Rita to have married him in the face of the whispers that would echo for twenty years would have been unfair unless he had proved beyond a peradventure that the price to be paid for her would never seem too great to him. She had taken into consideration his upbringing, his traditions, his outlook on life. And she had played the game.

But oh, sometimes it was hard to play the game. She had fascination such as few other women had. Those whispers would have been very faint so long as she were able to charm Dean.

Perhaps she had stretched scrupulosity to a thread so thin that only super-keen eyes could recognize its existence. Perhaps she had been a fool. Perhaps any woman is a fool who tosses away love because of any scruple whatsoever.

She didn't know. She wasn't *any* woman. She was Rita Clayborne. She had been Dean Resolve's Gracious Lady, and the very fact that he had so named her, had so looked upon her, compelled her to a fineness of honor, of motive, that was well-nigh beyond possibility.

But she had achieved it. Even as in his eyes she failed to be the Gracious Lady, she became so in her own. Lying awake, staring with eyes that ached from tears into the darkness, she smiled wryly. The consciousness of decency is supposed to carry with it its own reward, but Rita could find no profit in her thoughts tonight.

Deliberately, because of motives that only she herself could appreciate, she had surrendered her love to another woman. The snow-swept grounds about Margery Kingston's house became suddenly visible to her. She could see Dean approaching Jinny. She could enact in her mind his quick wooing. She could see them now, left tactfully alone by Margery and Carter, on the great divan beside the open fire in the Kingston living-room. It was twelve or one or two o'clock, but they would be oblivious to time. They would be repeating to each other the endearments that are the sweetest part of love.

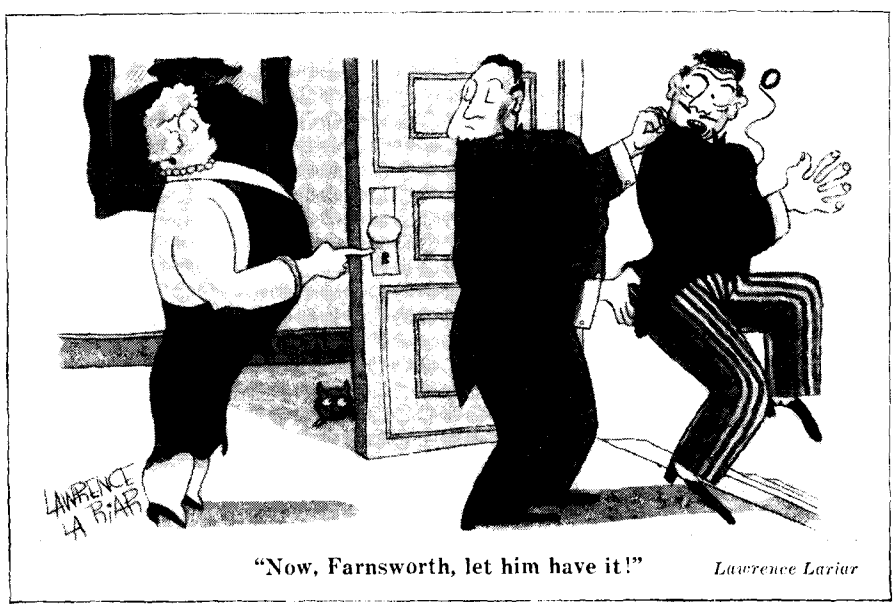
There would be kisses, long embraces, Jinny would be held now in arms that once had clasped Rita.

WHY wasn't love like the poet's idealization of it? Why wasn't it a thing that, having come to a man or woman, stayed with that man or woman through this life and whatever life lay beyond? How could Dean, having loved her, ever give the same fervency of devotion to another woman?

But was this fair? In the first flush of romantic youth, hadn't she placed Clayborne upon a pedestal which he himself had kicked from beneath him? Hadn't she loved him, even though briefly, rapturously, passionately, devotedly? And hadn't that love of hers died? Love then was something that endured only—how long did it endure? What made it endure? Or was it that there came to every man and woman a final love that was eternal?

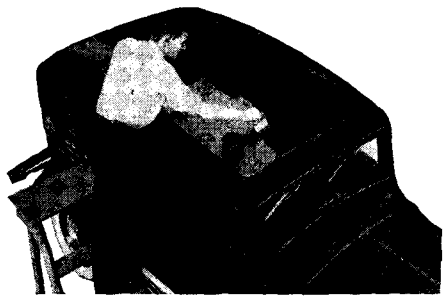
She prayed this wasn't true. Forever to be alone and to love Dean! The very thought was unendurable, was incredible. Yet, with a fear akin to panic, she recognized that this was what life held for her. She sat bolt upright in bed. A queer smile parted her lips as she sank back upon the pillow. Even if this were the price she paid for adherence to what she thought was fine, the price would be paid without a whimper.

THE END



"Now, Farnsworth, let him have it!" *Lawrence Lariar*

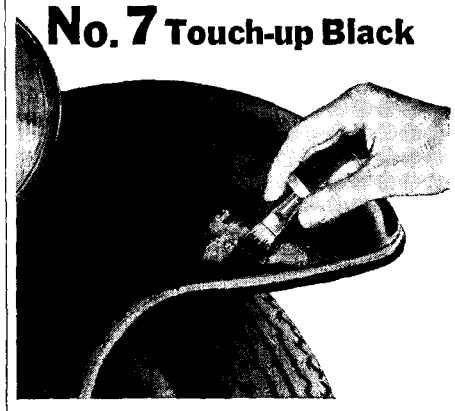
OVER THE TOP *with* No. 7 Auto Top Finish



PROTECT and beautify the top of your car with No. 7 Auto Top Finish.

You can apply it yourself in half an hour, or have your garage man do it. It dries over night, and leaves the top new-looking and waterproof. Made by du Pont, world's leading maker of auto top materials.

AROUND THE FENDERS *with* No. 7 Touch-up Black



It dries in an hour or two—leaves no brush marks. It gives a hard, durable finish with a beautiful lustre. A brush comes with every can.

These quality products are made by du Pont, maker of SPEED BLEND, the new fast-working No. 7 Duco Polish.

• • •

When your car needs refinishing, insist on genuine Duco

DU PONT RADIO SHOW

"Today and Yesterday" on the Columbia Network. Fridays at 8.30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Time. (Pacific Coast, Thursdays at 9.30 P. M.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLEASE LOOK IN ANY ARROW SHIRT WINDOW THIS WEEK

This week, all over America, stores that sell Arrow Shirts are showing the new spring patterns—the smartest group of pattern shirts that Arrow, or anyone else, has ever brought out!

Make it a point to see them.

Never before in shirt fabrics has good taste been expressed in so many different forms—solids, stripes, end-to-ends . . . blends, contrasts . . . bold notes, conservative notes . . . variety ad infinitum!

Some have collars attached, some separate matching collars—all made with the secrets of style and fit that Arrow has learned in making over four billion collars.

And every shirt is shrunk by Arrow's patented Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—the process which guarantees permanent fit, or your money back.

Search out the nearest Arrow window and see these new Arrow Shirts. Never before have such fine fabrics and such expert tailoring been offered at these prices—$1.95 to $5.00. If it hasn't the Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

© 1932, CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK

The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 19

the time being, I trust that you will receive every attention and be as comfortable as possible under the circumstances."

"I should like to return at once to Zeta."

"I am very sorry, but that is impossible."

"Then I am a prisoner?"

"Not precisely. Your Royal Highness is free to go about where you like, and if you care for company I shall be only too happy to escort you. As for returning to Zeta, it is three hundred kilometers distant as the crow flies."

Slowly her mind cleared. She understood now what had happened to her. Milan had hired Radescu to abduct her, in order that she might not stand between him and the throne. Would she be murdered like Marko? Or was it a scheme of Milan's to compromise her so that she must yield to him? Her muscles turned weak from fear—a fear all the more disintegrating because the thing that menaced her was masked in smiles.

"It is our dinner hour," said the voice of Radescu close beside her. "I and my men would be greatly honored if you would join us at table."

"Thank you—I want nothing," she answered. "How long must I remain here?"

"Until you are sent for, Sua Altezza Reale. You have absolutely nothing to fear."

He went inside. Moving slightly, she was able to see into the hall. Around the table on which stood three platters of steaming mutton sat fifteen or twenty men with Radescu at their head.

Resuming her former position, she now noticed what seemed to be another and even larger bird soaring high above the hills towards the *kasbah* from the north. Another vulture coming home to roost! The analogy between Radescu's castle and the nest of a bird of prey, inaccessible save by air, struck her with renewed force.

It sank nearer and nearer towards the plateau. And then to her great excitement she recognized it as an airplane—one of the big transport Fokkers which she had seen daily landing on the parade ground at Zeta! She could easily hear the drumming of the propellers. It was coming fast and was now less than a mile away. Was it Milan himself? Or—her heart lifted—could it be a plane sent to effect her rescue? The drumming rose to a roar. Then the engine was shut off and the Fokker came dropping down out of the air like a gigantic roc. It looked enormous—ten times the size of the hangar below.

FROM the roof came the warning blast of a horn. She heard Radescu shouting orders. The plane had taxied and stopped some hundred and fifty yards away, and men with guns in their hands were climbing out of it. There was a sharp report from the main doorway near by, followed by others from above, and jets of dust jumped up around the plane. The men threw themselves on the ground or huddled behind the cabin and commenced to fire in return. They were answered from the windows and roof of the *kasbah* as the main door was banged to and the bolt shot.

Stephanie heard a command and the men from the plane scrambled to their feet, rushed forward for a few yards and threw themselves on the ground again. Brent was at their head. Radescu came to the threshold.

"I must ask the Altezza Reale to step within," he said quietly, holding the door open. "It is rather unsafe out here. A wild shot—"

Stephanie leaped down the steps of the terrace and ran as fast as she could towards the plane.

"Come back, Sua Altezza Reale," cried Radescu, dashing after her through the bullets. "You are quite mad. These people are your enemies!"

At the same instant she saw Brent, pistol in hand, spring from the ground and run to meet her. The soldiers dared not shoot for fear of hitting Brent; while the outlaws in the *kasbah* were unable to fire at him lest they should kill their own leader.

IN SPITE of her ten yards' start Radescu had almost overtaken her when Brent, covering the bandit with his pistol at short range, ran between them and, thrusting Stephanie behind him, shielded her with his body. Instead of hearing a fusillade of pistol shots, however, she saw Brent, with a cry of astonishment, lower his arm.

"Paolo! What the devil! It's I—Brent!"

Radescu, who had ducked to one side, dropped his pistol, rushed up and threw his arms around Brent.

"Johnny, old chap! Who would have expected to see you here!" The firing on both sides had ceased. "Sua Altezza Reale, permit me to introduce to you my blood brother, Colonel John Brent, who saved my life in the Great War." A puzzled look crossed his face. "I say—how do you come to be here? I thought you were in America!"

"I am in the service of this lady."

"Dobro! So you know each other? But why are you attacking my house? I am at peace with Stephan. We are quits! I have done no wrong."

"No wrong!" Brent stared at him.

"Why, no! What am I accused of? When Prince Marko sent Her Royal Highness here and entrusted her to my care, I could not refuse my hospitality, could I?"

"Marko!" exclaimed Stephanie. "You mean Milan!"

"No, Sua Altezza Reale—Marko, your betrothed. He sent you here with this letter." He reached into a pocket.

"But Marko is dead! He died days ago!"

"Impossible!"

"It is a fact," said Brent. "He was murdered Tuesday night by Milan's orders."

Radescu looked stunned.

"Dead! Poor chap! He was my good friend!— But how can that be when he sent Her Royal Highness here this very morning with the letter in my pocket? Here it is. Read it yourself."

It was dated on Tuesday:

"Dear Paolo: I am sending Her Royal Highness to your castle for a few days' visit. It is getting too unsafe for her in Zeta. One can never tell what that scoundrelly half-brother of yours may do. As the lady would not take my advice and refused to leave her grandfather, I had to resort to forcible measures for her own protection. However, that is a small matter and will be soon forgotten. Treat her kindly and keep her with you until I send for her, which will be shortly. Best wishes to you.

"MARKO"

"Are you familiar with Marko's writing?" asked Brent.

"It is in his hand beyond any doubt," replied Radescu. "But if it was written on Tuesday how comes it that it is not delivered until Friday morning?"

"It is surely in Marko's writing," said Stephanie, who had been studying the letter, "but what it says is not true. Marko never urged me to leave Zeta or even so much as suggested that I was in any danger there. On the contrary, he always assured me that we had nothing to fear from Milan."

"When did you last see Marko?" Brent asked her.

"On Monday evening in the garden with the Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini. You were with me."

"That was on the night of the palace ball," said Radescu. "I was there myself for a moment. Stephan told me he intended to abdicate in your favor. It would be natural for Marko to want to keep you out of harm's way until Stephan was ready to make his abdication."

"Even more natural if he coveted the throne for himself," said Brent.

Radescu rubbed his forehead.

"But I don't understand why, after Marko was dead, the plan was carried out."

"Simply because the King's plan to abdicate knocked askew the plans not only of Marko but of Milan. Up to that time each had only the other to consider. Now a new rival appeared—a very dangerous one, since she had Stephan's support. This letter was part of a scheme devised on behalf of Marko to get rid of her until he could dispose of Milan and secure the throne for himself. After Marko was murdered, somebody—Sloat most probably—must have turned the letter over to Milan, who made use of it for his own purposes as soon as he was satisfied of the King's death."

"Then is my grandfather dead?"

"He died at eight o'clock this morning."

SHE burst into tears. While he still breathed she had felt his presence strengthening and encouraging her. Now, indeed, she knew herself to be alone. Nothing could ever fill his place for her.

"With the Altezza Reale out of the city," exclaimed Radescu, "what is to prevent Milan from proclaiming himself King?"

"Nothing except her return before he can do so—in which case it will be a fairly close race."

Radescu shaded his eyes with his hands and looked at the sun.

"It is only a short while after noon," he said. "If we start at once we should reach Zeta by three o'clock. I'd like to get my fingers on Milan!"

"I must speak to Her Royal Highness alone for a moment." Radescu moved away. "Look here!" said Brent to her sternly, almost roughly, "isn't it about time, now, for you to call a halt on all this nonsense?"

She lifted her head.

"I have a duty to perform—to my country—to my grandfather, no matter what the sacrifice—I gave him my solemn promise."

Brent saw that it was no use. Had he not loved her so much he would have liked to take her by one of her pretty ears and say: "You damn' little fool, if you ever become Queen I'll never marry you!"

"Well," he snapped, "which is it to be? Shall we take you to the American consul at Trieste, to Tokar where you will be safe among the loyal troops, or to Zeta where you may get your head blown off?"

"To Zeta."

"Very well! Zeta it is!"

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City of Hope

Continued from page 20

British-American relations would be benefited if scores of young American officers received some cultural acclimatization in the poetic surroundings of Oxford and Cambridge.

Young Mr. Murphy had a different idea. He wanted more culture; but he wasn't the son of a Fenian for nothing. Frank Murphy went to Dublin University.

His postgraduate course there was in politics. Murphy spent most of his time at gatherings of Sinn Féin leaders who were little less than conspirators. The Black and Tans kept leaders on the run in those days of ferment and fighting.

An Embarrassing Moment

One day Murphy was checked up. At his Dublin hotel an English officer took him aside.

"My American friend, will it suit you if you spend your time at the university and not in political plotting?" asked the Englishman.

"What else do you think I've been doing?" stalled Murphy.

The Englishman's answer was immediate and complete. He had a record of Murphy's movements for a month back.

Murphy's answer was to attend a mass meeting in one of Dublin's suburban parks—a meeting of thousands in which he was really the central figure.

A young man at his side cast lively glances over the cheering and milling crowds.

"Enthusiasm like this is worth fighting and dying for," said this young man to Murphy.

Those words were prophetic. They were uttered by Michael Collins, later assassinated when he had just completed his task of steering Ireland to a sane solution of her fate.

Murphy returned to his United States eager for the stir of public life. He came back to a Detroit almost riotous with prosperity, where every other man was a millionaire, or lived like one—or looked like one. The war—although many appeared to have undervalued this sociological fact—made all the world motor-conscious. After a brief spasmodic setback in 1921, the automotive industry strode on to greater and greater production. Fine houses and parks flanked the city of old French streets and newer, shoddier subdivisions. Detroit's river was gay with fleets of yachts, so large and so fast that rum-runners beefed about them to the river patrols. Detroit's ten-thousand-dollar golf clubs were packed with waiting lists as long as a January bread line. A pushing, proud Detroit; where everybody made money but not everybody made friends. There was social emulation and the clash of striving figures. Men and women whose youth and early manhood and womanhood had been spent in shacks, or little better, lived in palaces. Towers leaped to the sky, and Detroit became the utmost civic expression of the machine age.

Great industrial names were all Detroit had ears for. Yet, quietly inserted into the city's awareness, came Murphy.

When he suddenly decided to run for the Recorder's Court, leading politicians laughed at him, save one or two like Judge Connelly, leading Democrat. He supported Murphy for the bench and Murphy was elected at large. Yet, throughout his campaigning, Murphy declined to label himself as Republican, Democrat, Socialist — or as anything but Frank Murphy.

He went to the bench a quiet, serious youngster. He'd practiced in the criminal courts and knew of their abuses. He was determined to do something to correct them. First, he had to overcome the handicap of his own youth. Shysters and hangers-on thought he might be easy-going or easily browbeaten. He showed his quality.

Race Trouble in Detroit

Out in a western suburb of Detroit—a sparsely populated area of inexpensive homes—a Negro doctor decided to live. The race question had not arisen in that community. But the Ku Klux Klan was checking in customers rapidly at that time. The doctor had been installed in his new home for a few weeks when trouble loomed. He was served with a round robin ordering him to get out. The doctor was stubborn. He remained. Minor incidents like smashed windows and punctured tires failed to budge him. Then he was informed that if he wouldn't move he'd be moved—that a company of neighbors would invade his house, thread it from front door to back with a rope, and see if it could be pulled apart. Not an impossible feat.

On the night when this outrage was threatened the Negro doctor was joined by a dozen friends. Some were armed. Invaders appeared. An attempt was made to rush the house. Shots were fired and a white man was killed. A grand jury indicted the doctor and his friends for first-degree murder. The trial came before Judge Murphy.

Front Pages for Murphy

Clarence Darrow went to Detroit with his best pair of galluses to defend the prisoners. In his final charge to the jury, Judge Murphy declared with appropriate emphasis that under state and Federal Constitutions a Negro's home was just as much his castle as a white man's. There were murmurs abroad that he made this declaration too emphatic, with an eye to political reward. But Detroit's colored population isn't large enough to justify courting by any official who must look to the whole huge city as his constituency. Anyhow, that jury acquitted.

Again the whole town talked about young Judge Murphy. He tried innovations—especially one of "coöperative" sentencing that commanded international attention. Especially in the case of first offenders on felony charges he believed that the legal court officer, the judge, should be helped in arriving at a fitting sentence by special aids. He enlisted psychiatrists and probation officers attached to the court—the first to study the individual's mental make-up, the second to report on his family and physical and general social history.

"I have in mind," he recalls, "two young Canadians brought in on charges of highway robbery—exceedingly serious. We learned that both boys came from good families suffering reverses. That they had tried their luck in Detroit, and failed; that foolishly they had attempted a hold-up. Nobody was hurt because the boy who wielded the gun was scared to death to use it.

"A serious offense, none the less; but these boys were not really criminals. They were incarcerated for a while, then returned to their homes in Canada. Both are now doing well."

When a judge starts reforms of this kind, he's quickly called a crank. It was whispered around that lawyers wanted to get their clients before Murphy because he sympathized with the criminals. A batch of pickpockets and dope-peddlers even begged for postponement of trial on this privately circulated theory. They were sorry. Murphy gave each the limit. It's his well-considered judgment that pickpockets and narcotic ghouls are habitual and therefore incorrigible.

He made a good record as a judge, so good that when Detroit's municipal affairs blew up into magnified scandal and he quit the bench to enter the fray wise heads deprecated his action. They thought he should remain where he was useful.

But Murphy knew Detroit better than many of the wise heads. The city reeked with official corruption. So obvious was this that one hitherto obscure man began a radio campaign of exposure which rocked the town. He was Jerry Buckley, who, on the very night when Mayor Bowles was recalled, was shot and killed by a gangster. This was the foulest feature of an Augean mess that

(Continued on page 50)

Courtney Dunkel

"A Mister East Side Dutch Dominick calling, sir!"

The needle jumps out of the haystack

Inadequately indexed records are the needles in the haystacks of business, the hiding places of waste, error and confusion. But every needle jumps out instantly when your records are indexed with

RAND MAK-UR-OWN INDEX TABS

Cut your tabs to fit your needs - - don't try to trim your needs to fit the tabs.

Mak-ur-own marginal indexes for all records as clear as your own eyesight.

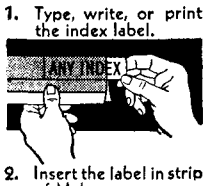
Transparent celluloid tabs with self-aligning gummed linen reinforcement. Can't tear the records and can't come off.

Conform to your present system or create system where there is none.

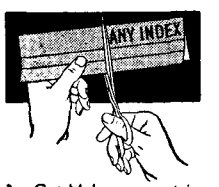
Six colors to signal what you want.

Three widths, for one, two or three lines of indexing.

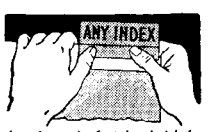
1. Type, write, or print the index label.



2. Insert the label in strip of Mak-ur-own



3. Cut Mak-ur-own strip to fit the label - - no waste.



4. Attach finished Mak-ur-own tab to index sheet or card.

Removable labels can't fall out or become soiled. Change them as often as you like.

Suited to every business and personal indexing need.

Easy to use - - inexpensive - - perfect indexing.

Go to your stationer for Mak-ur-own Index Tabs in quantities, colors and exposures for every requirement.

Mail coupon for generous free sample.

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
Marietta, Ohio

Send me FREE sample of Mak-ur-own Index Tabs advertised in Collier's, April 30, 1932.

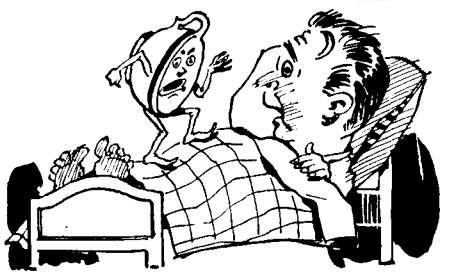
Name_____

Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIGHTEN HOUSEWORK
SAVE FLOORS WITH

Replace those broken down, floor damaging casters with new improved lifetime Bassicks. They mean easy moving furniture and floor protection. A correct size and type for every need. *Easy* rolling—*easy* swiveling—*easy* to install. Ask for them at your nearest hardware or house furnishing store, or write us for complete information.
The BASSICK CO., Bridgeport, Conn.
Bassick casters



Does COFFEE Give You Sleepless Nights?

COFFEE (also other drinks and foods) often keep you awake. Frequently this is due to an acid condition they create. The next time you raid the ice box before retiring, eat two or three Tums (often only one Tum is enough) to relieve the Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Gas, Acid Indigestion, which cause many sleepless nights. *Easy to prove*—get a roll of Tums at any drug store and try them. Only 10c.

"TUMS" for the Tummy
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
FOR STOMACH DISTRESS

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME
You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Extra Money!

You can earn extra money in spare time, as Miss Eleanor Brown and other Crowell representatives do, by introducing to your friends and neighbors Collier's, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion. Write to:
Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 49)

made the citizens of Detroit determined to get better government.

Capone's gang-government tactics were beginning to get hold of Detroit. The Purple gang had a name of terror. Murders followed murders to such a degree that the Detroit police ran out of X's to mark spots. Added to this, exaggerated but none the less genuine corruption in the matter of prohibition enforcement with Canada in Detroit's back or front yard, as the case may be, made clear the way for a Moses.

He was red-headed Frank Murphy. Fate didn't give him a fair chance. By the time he had settled in the mayor's chair, the full force of business recession struck Detroit. Tens of thousands were thrown out of work—out of any and every kind of work. Winter faced them and their dependents. The situation rapidly became desperate, so that within a few months about five hundred thousand of Detroit's population depended on the other twelve hundred thousand for support.

Anybody who visited Detroit during that sharp crisis in the winter of 1931-32 and saw machine-silent factories, dismantled and turned into huge dormitories; saw soup kitchens and bread lines—knew that it was time for action, not talk. There were even worse things unseen; crippled homes, without income of any kind, the poorest of the poor sharing whatever creature comforts they could get with those either too proud or too discouraged to enroll in a status they branded as beggary.

Common-Sense Relief Measures

Big industrialists of Detroit threw their idle factories open to Mayor Murphy. But they were doubtful when he stated that the needs of the city's poor must be immediately financed. They spoke about the dole system. Mayor Murphy doesn't like that word.

His mind was made up that, even if he had to plunge Detroit into debt, the destitute would find succor. Satirists inferred that what he meant was that the destitute should find suckers in the taxpayers to support them.

Murphy wasn't that much of a sentimentalist. Big business men loaned him the best brains in their welfare and personnel organizations. One large employer had attacked the Murphy dole system, charging that an employee of his was receiving relief. Murphy admitted it; but pointed out that the employee, while technically on the pay roll, had earned only thirteen dollars in nine weeks and had a family to provide for.

While the hungry were fed, and Detroit's streets kept clear by night of prowling unemployed, Murphy and a small army of associates worked out a plan to reduce the number of the city's dependents. Wholesale returns to their native country of Mexican colonies of workers were accomplished. Then family ties of the destitute were examined, case by case. A family, or member of it, with country relatives, was shown the desirability of one or all going elsewhere—where work might be less well paid than in Detroit, but where at least sustenance and a measure of family security were guaranteed. Firmer steps were taken with large numbers of casual workers who had no claim whatever on the taxpayers of Detroit. They were sent back to their home places and warned not to return. By such means, what Mayor Murphy calls Detroit's welfare work—no matter what others may call it—was made to work without bankrupting the city.

Critics called it socialism. In a way, it was; but in exigencies the common wealth must always be made a little more common.

Practically, Murphy and his aids reduced the number of Detroit's dependents through supervised emigration by more than 150,000. Coincidentally, by slashing his budget, Mayor Murphy cut twenty-two and a half millions in one fiscal year from what he calls the "spoils" payroll; in one department alone, that of Public Works, he cut $5,000,000, without, he says, the sacrifice of a single worthy city servant.

On a morning when he was asked what about continuing city cars for city employees, his reply was "What about it?" He began by cutting out his own.

The example he set in forgoing a car saved the city $500,000 a year. Municipal employees who use private cars use their own.

A $30,000,000 Saving

The net of it all is, that while carrying hundreds of thousands through the greatest economic distress that ever afflicted a solvent city, he reduced Detroit's budget from $90,000,000 to $60,000,000, and illustrated how to save money on such a simple item as garbage removal. In New York, where benign Tammany functions, this service costs the city $5 a head; in Detroit, $2.26.

With all his philanthropic earnestness, Murphy has a good name in the hard, matter-of-fact spheres where credit is not only a noun but a test of character. Detroit received cash it needed at a quicker pace and a lower rate than New York when, like New York, it had to appeal for emergency financing against taxes collectible.

So, in a year, Murphy has done a good job. True, yachts no more overcrowd ferries in the river. The ten-thousand-dollar golf clubs have gone on financial diets and their waiting lists have wilted. Detroit's Chamber of Commerce cannot point to the figures it once quoted as total population. It's just as well pleased.

The emergency has taught Detroit a lesson. Now it has its household under control. The gangs occasionally use guns, and there's a minor kidnapping industry of which something might be said—but not here—for Mayor Murphy found that rich men's children were the objects of the more ambitious kidnappers. Also, numerous gentlemen of not quite legal business enterprise have been snatched and ransomed. But Murphy has told the police that if any legitimate citizen is molested, the police will be held strictly accountable.

These rackets Murphy lays largely to prohibition, and prohibition he detests, although he never took a drink in his life. He won't permit Detroit's cops to police speakeasies. He believes they have plenty of work today in protecting citizens.

Murphy knows no regular hours. He works during all of them. On Sundays he slips out to a place near Pontiac for a bit of horseback riding with a young equestrienne he's supposed to care a good deal about. For the rest he lives in a modest flat with his mother.

But he best set himself forth in the picture that frames him as head of our largest industrial city on a certain day when somebody had told him of a movement to make him a Vice Presidential possibility on the Democratic ticket. He had testified in Washington before a Senate committee examining civic relief movements. Likewise he had been summoned to private conferences by Candidates Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith.

"I'm a candidate for nothing," said Mr. Murphy.

That answered that.

The very same afternoon he was waited on by a company of men and women conglomerately known as "Reds." They wanted permission to make a demonstration.

"You won't get it," said Murphy. "The business men and women of this city are bringing things around to the point where jobs are increasing. Anyhow, they're paying the taxes that keep those of you who can't get work."

"Yah!" brayed a cynic.

Welfare With Self-Respect

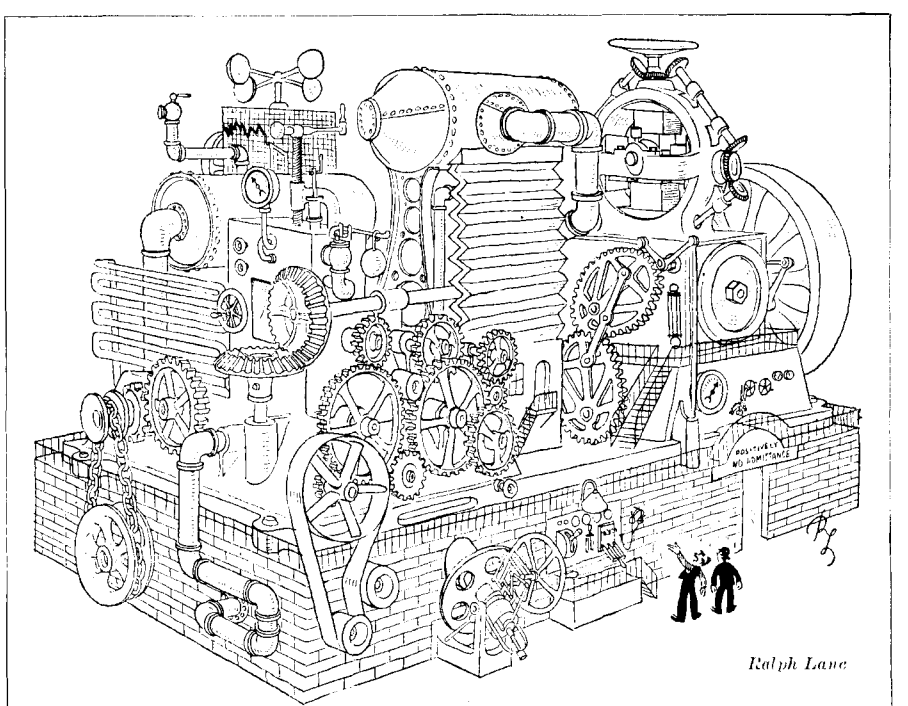
"You, my friend," said Murphy—and he picked the man out, "I've heard you make speeches before. I'll give you a job. I'll make you janitor of a firehouse, and I'll be there to see you start work."

I asked the mayor the next day if his "yah" man had reported for the job.

"Of course not," said Murphy. "The raucous Reds don't want work. It's the inarticulate white-collar people — the professional people—they're the ones who want it and who are entitled to help until they get it. Everybody rates food and shelter. These rate more—welfare with self-respect. In Detroit they're getting it."

We walked along a street with a famous name. I remarked it.

"Yes," said the mayor. "One of the first families to settle in Detroit. Their descendants are on welfare (the dole). But when a big motor man heard that he sent for me and opened up a job—at once."



Ralph Lane

Sound technician: "This produces the sound effects of a parting kiss"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spare the Axe and Spoil Everything

Continued from page 11

do some lusty bureau-eliminating, consolidating and telescoping.

The great trouble was that they knew that we were paying too much for government but no one was at all sure where or to whom. Doubtless in a number of instances two or more salaries and appropriations were going into one job. Each department was repeating some function that its neighbor had already done or was preparing to do. Something ought to be done.

President Harding Tried It

And that is where all past plans for the reorganization and simplification of government had come to a halt. The moment the high-minded gentlemen who set forth to reduce the bureaus, commissions and boards within and without the ten executive departments of the government got within striking distance of the tens of thousands of job-holders —civil service and appointive—they have been stopped in their tracks.

For example, let us consider the most recent attempt—and what happened to it. Incidentally it was the most ambitious of the few attempts ever made. It nearly accomplished something. But it hit the political-expediency reefs and foundered there.

It was during the administration of Warren G. Harding. It had its inception, to a reasonable extent anyway, in that unhappy man's desire to have his administration remembered for something nobler than oil scandals, Veterans Bureau frauds, Alien Property Custodian thievery and general bootlegging.

A joint committee of Congress—Senators Smoot, Wadsworth and Harrison and Representatives Webster, Temple and Moore—was chosen to make the survey, evolve the report and, if all went well, submit a bill to Congress. President Harding at the suggestion of his political advisers appointed an outsider to be his representative at the consultations and, as such, the committee's chairman. He was Walter F. Brown of Ohio, now Mr. Hoover's postmaster-general and a candidate for the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee to succeed the vanishing Senator Fess.

Whatever the committee's resolve may have been, whatever President Harding's wishes, it became obvious soon after the parleys began that the project was doomed to come to naught. Singly and in squads, personally and by plainly worded letters, representatives, senators, governors, mayors, county and state chairmen and bosses of all sizes and classifications badgered the committee with prayers, petitions, demands and threats. Briefly, they insisted that their men must not be molested, that Tom Hoosis, Dick Doodle and Harry Whatsis must not be disturbed, much less fired. Remember the party organization. Mind our patronage fences.

Nevertheless, the committee, chosen for its courage and its firmness in the presence of the mob, went ahead. And presently, in 1924, it evolved a scheme whereby the number of departments should remain at ten but the thirty-three existing independent establishments, such as the Tariff Commission, the Civil Service Commission and the Railroad Labor Board, be reduced to nineteen by the surprisingly simple expedient of stuffing fourteen of them into the departments. Enough consolidations were suggested to keep the number of bureaus at approximately the old figure. Not many job-holders would be dispensed with, and the outstanding feature of the plan was not economy of money but of effort. The scheme made for efficiency which, in time, would produce a satisfactory saving in money.

The most startling feature of the plan was that the War and Navy Departments should be consolidated under one head—a Department of Defense. It is not at all necessary to go into details concerning the furor this created in the two departments. But the situation marked one of the few times when both departments agreed. Both insisted that it simply couldn't be done. Their arguments were as complicated as they were loud and lengthy. Right or wrong, they won. It wasn't done. This would have reduced the number of departments to nine, but a tenth was proposed in the plan—a Department of Education, which would absorb government schools and hospitals, the Public Health Service, the Veterans Bureau, the Women's Bureau, the Children's Bureau and so on.

Practically everybody, from the third assistant doorman at the White House to the first selectman of Hardupp Township, Nevada, objected—and said so. So the committee, its doubts now raised near to the conviction point, went back to work. And presently they produced a plan that differed very little from the foregoing except that it left the number of independent establishments precisely as it had been, abandoned the idea of combining the War and Navy Departments and included the projected Department of Education, making the department total eleven and the scheme of government larger, heavier and more cumbersome than ever.

To be entirely fair, it is perfectly true that they did a neat job of reclassification and, here and there, condensation. They left the whole fabric broader than before but somewhat less bizarre. Logic supplanted several absurdities. But, to repeat, nothing came of it. Nothing. Their recommendations failed to please even the man who had set them to work, President Harding. One or two public hearings were held. Then the whole business was thrown into the great wastebasket. Congress was never asked to approve or condemn. And Congress was very glad of it, because its members, egged on by their bosses back home, were the most persistent protestants. No committee was going to upset their apple carts while they rode in them. No, sir.

Cutting Remarks

There followed, whether you remember it or not, a period of extraordinary prosperity. Nobody cared what government cost—or anything else. Just so we had plenty of it. If you wanted a job—political or private—you got one, even where none had existed. One was simply and instantly created. Like that. But the crash—the mighty international nose dive—came. Economy became the watchword. It became more than that in politics; it became a slogan, a platform, a boast, a pledge, a hope.

It was all very well to talk about "sharp cuts" in the budget. The difficulty didn't arrive until you looked for the place to cut. So the aroused Democrats, scenting victory in the coming Presidential elections, began to invade the office of the veteran Joseph W. Byrns, Representative from Tennessee, the new chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. Mr. Byrns is no dreamer. He is past the age when he can thrive on hypotheses. Mr. Byrns is a whole-hearted subscriber to the theory that one can best deal with an emergency with the means at one's hand and not with something that doesn't exist.

Not one of the Democrats entering Mr. Byrns' office would speak of a cut of less than $150,000,000. Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi announced that nothing less than a $300,000,000 reduction would do, and Senator King of Utah arrived declaring that it was silly to consider anything short of $500,000,000.

"Have any of you gentlemen," inquired Mr. Byrns, "gone so far as to find out where these cuts are to be made? If you have, you will have contributed a great service to your country."

They did their best to help Mr. Byrns but nothing approaching either the Harrison or the King figures was produced. Nothing feasible anyway. It would be idle here to go into it, but you get some idea of the limited field in which the budget cutters have to work when you understand that of the $3,996,672,450 estimated by the Budget Bureau as the cost of running this government between July 1, 1932, and July 1, 1933 (the fiscal year for 1933), considerably more than half is undeniable, already pledged and untouchable. For example, the Veterans Bureau alone, for the war veterans, will absorb $1,072,064,527. You may get some idea of what this means when you realize that in 1900 the entire expense of maintaining the Federal government was $650,000,000. And that was considered pretty awful, too. The 1933 budget asks for $767,000,000 for the Army and Navy alone, whereas the total expenses of the government as late as 1916 were less than $679,000,000.

Commissions Are Expensive

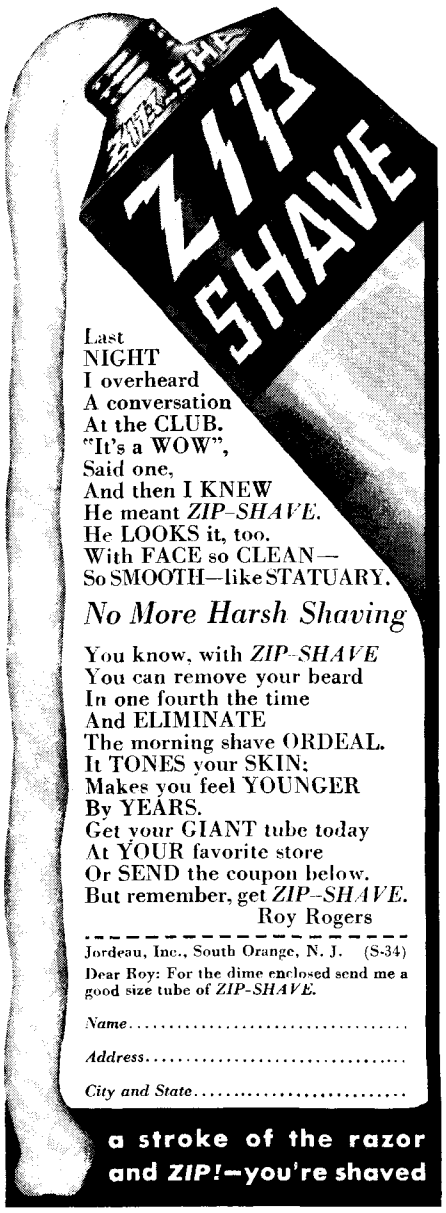
There was nothing, therefore, for the hopeful Democrats to do but attack the mobile funds. And while the bureau heads, the secretaries of departments, the war lords, the commissioners and all their dependents screamed in pain, the appropriation-reducers suddenly became aware that they didn't know whether they were saving the government and succoring the taxpayers or merely impairing the whole machine by depriving it of fuel. In other words, they didn't know where to cut, or what was unnecessary, or what bureaus or how many might be eliminated.

In short, about the only thing anyone knew was that the establishment was too big (and was annually growing bigger) and that it cost too much. The existence of a deficit proved that.

So the old demand for reorganization of the departments and bureaus and commissions was raised. Bills began to appear aimed at this end. Senator George of Georgia, asking the public to behold how well the consolidation of all veteran aid activities into one Veterans Bureau had worked, had presented a bill which would authorize the President to consolidate and reorganize any of the executive agencies as he saw fit in the interest of economy and efficiency. A similar bill limited to civil service employees has been introduced into the House. And in both the Senate and the House appeared those ancient trouble-makers: bills to consolidate the War and the Navy Departments into one Department of National Defense.

But in the meantime such pungent orators as Senator Pat Harrison were doing noble missionary work by attacking the governmental windmills from the floor of Congress. They were de-

(Continued on page 52)



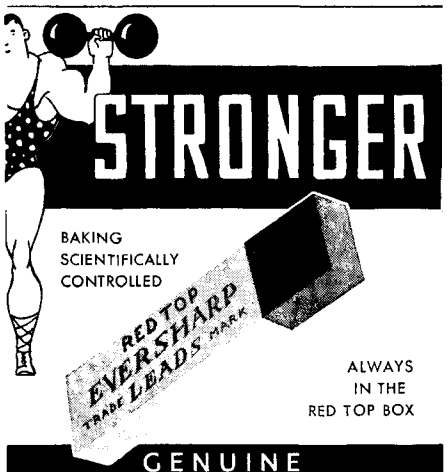
Last
NIGHT
I overheard
A conversation
At the CLUB.
"It's a WOW",
Said one,
And then I KNEW
He meant *ZIP-SHAVE.*
He LOOKS it, too.
With FACE so CLEAN—
So SMOOTH—like STATUARY.

No More Harsh Shaving

You know, with *ZIP-SHAVE*
You can remove your beard
In one fourth the time
And ELIMINATE
The morning shave ORDEAL.
It TONES your SKIN:
Makes you feel YOUNGER
By YEARS.
Get your GIANT tube today
At YOUR favorite store
Or SEND the coupon below.
But remember, get *ZIP-SHAVE.*
Roy Rogers

Jordeau, Inc., South Orange, N. J. (S-34)
Dear Roy: For the dime enclosed send me a good size tube of *ZIP-SHAVE.*
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

a stroke of the razor and *ZIP!*—you're shaved



GENUINE
EVERSHARP
LEADS for pencils

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of Outgro in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell Outgro in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLT .22 Long Rifle
OFFICERS' MODEL REVOLVER
America's most popular TARGET AND OUTDOOR ARM
now adapted for HIGH SPEED AMUNITION

WHEREVER target shooters gather, there you will find this popular Colt Officers' Model Target Revolver — also ideal for outdoor, camping and all around shooting. Built on a heavy .41 caliber frame it gives the balance, grip, feel and sighting of a .38, yet shoots the low cost .22 ammunition. Now a new Colt feature — Embedded Head Cylinder* — *adapts this arm for use with the new .22 Caliber High Speed cartridges.*

Like all Colt arms it is forged from flawless steels, gauged, finished, fitted, assembled and inspected by hand. Exclusive Colt Positive Lock makes accidental discharge impossible.

SPECIFICATIONS

Six shots, double action. Adjustable target sights. Checked Back Strap, Trigger and Stocks. Blued finish. Super-smooth, hand finished action. 6-inch barrel. 11¼ inches over all. Weight, 38 ounces.

***The New Colt Embedded Head Cylinder**

In this improved cylinder the head of the cartridge is sunk flush with the rear of the cylinder . . . completely embedded in solid steel. All possibility of danger from split cartridge heads is thus eliminated.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Fire Arms Division, HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Pacific Coast Representative
Write for Catalog No. 29 — *San Francisco Calif.*

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for April 1st, 1932. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared William L. Chenery, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the P. F. Collier & Son Company, Publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) P. F. Collier & Son Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; 1% Stockholders of The Crowell Publishing Company: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., New York, N. Y.; Gertrude B. Lane, New York, N. Y.; Anne Payne Maxwell, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, New York, N. Y.; Walter Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is——(This information is required from daily publications only.) William L. Chenery, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1932. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30th, 1933.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

(Continued from page 51)

manding, for example, reasons why we maintained a Bureau of Efficiency for which they were asked to appropriate $199,940—not a vast sum as appropriations go, but what did we get for it? And why not a central government Purchasing Bureau instead of forty or fifty purchasing agents who were not bound together by any bond of sympathy or common theory? And why, every time we elect to celebrate a national hero's memory or set up special demonstrations at national shrines, must we have a separate commission? Why can't the Department of the Interior take care of things like that?

And what about this Porto Rican Hurricane Relief Commission? What was it doing? And why? And then all those parks and public buildings commissions, scattered hither and yon. Why couldn't one of the regular departments take them over? Or couldn't one body do all the work, inasmuch as it was largely duplication anyway? Let's see: The Commission of Fine Arts, The National Capital Park and Planning Commission, The Public Buildings and Public Parks of the National Capital Commission, The Public Buildings Commission, The Supreme Court Buildings Commission. But why go on? Why all these commissions? Sanctuaries for lame ducks? Or what?

As I say, there's no end to it. If you are truly interested in the welfare, habits and customs of the Alaskan reindeer, you might find that office in the Department of Agriculture comforting and even inspiring. Likewise there may be an excellent reason why we should never, never abandon the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice over in the War Department.

Yet you don't see the system running loose until you look over the product of the Public Printing Office. Offhand it is hard to set the value of the enormous number of brochures, pamphlets, handbooks, monographs, manuals, chapbooks, circulars, tracts and fat tomes that office destroys every year for the excellent reason that nobody wants them.

If you would like a few thousand burning words on How to Build a Cat Trap, there it is. Or a hundred pages on Public Dance Halls. Let's run over the titles—just a few of them. We aim to please. Here's one on Canal Boat Children. A pity nobody wants it. It tells you why we have canal-boat children, who are, you discover, children of the skippers of canal boats—and their wives, of course. There are only 353 canal-boat children in the country, which for all we know may be good news for somebody. Anyway it gives you something to work on if you propose to do anything about it. Here is a towering stack of The Use of the Metric System in Nutrition. And yonder is a ton or so of Bringing Up Bobby, which contains all the recipes for child-rearing that Bobby would loathe, however beneficial they might be for him.

Paper Losses

Here somebody over in the Department of Agriculture has been at considerable pains to write How to Dress for the Sun Bath, although nobody seems to care, and to your surprise you discover that a man, not a woman, has written on Where Sheets Wear Out. Over in that corner you can load up on The Self-Help Bib, Vitamins in Relation to Salad Dressing, The Mating of the American Bullfrog, What They Think in Kindergartens, How to Select Your Watercress and Helpful Hints for Glycerine Users.

Information about everything. There's not a mistake you may contrive that the government cannot produce a book wherein you might have been amply warned. The production of those thousands of titles cost the government twenty million dollars. One hundred million were printed last year, forty per cent having been sponsored by the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce. It cost a lot even to destroy them. They don't even burn well.

Happily, the situation is not wholly barren of hope. Until the deficits alone began to amount to more than what it required to run the government for a couple of years before the war, there could have been no great chance of reorganization. Political expediency would have prevented it. But now they've got to do something. You simply can't force taxpayers to continue to buy antique bureaus for an already overfurnished house. They will have to throw some of that Americana out. And not replace it.

It is not a question of the sincerity, the willingness or of the ability of the memberships of many bureaus, boards, commissions and so on; it is that the whole system is clumsy, rule-bound, custom-dazed and very likely to be ignored in a crisis. For example, there is the Employment Service in the Department of Labor. Perhaps it is adequate to have taken the lead in combating the unemployment evil. Yet the initiative is taken by civilian organizations and carried on by civilian forces.

A striking example of what happens when a President seeks facts and information on any troublesome circumstance or situation, political or otherwise, is the Wickersham Committee. Perhaps it would have been unwise to ask an existing department or bureau to make the survey of crime and prohibition. Perhaps impolitic. But why, ask the insistent proponents of reorganization, have a Secret Service Division in the Treasury Department, Intelligence Offices, in both the Navy and Army Departments, a corps of sleuths in the Department of Justice and so on, if they can't be utilized in special inquiries? Is it that they are not trustworthy where politics may intervene? Or what?

If you think the current establishment is going to continue its coral-like development, you are mistaken. It can't. In the past twenty-five years Federal expenditures have increased over 700 per cent. Today, according to President Hoover, ten million persons are drawing either salaries or bounties of some sort (pensions, annuities, rentals, bonuses, premiums) from the Federal treasury. And millions of dollars are annually appropriated for the enforcement of laws which we either don't or can't enforce. As I say, you could go on like this indefinitely. The point is that, as one senator remarked, we will have to reorganize or "one of these days we shall add the fatal brick to this top-heavy structure and the whole thing is going to collapse."

"And then," concluded he, "we will have to rebuild amid chaos."

The Army and Navy Forever

Not long ago a delegation of general staff officers of the United States Army appeared before the House Appropriations Committee to argue for the millions of dollars it would require to erect a new War Department building commensurate with the alleged needs of that branch of the government.

"What is wrong with your present quarters?" asked one of the congressmen.

"It is antiquated, inefficient, ugly and generally inadequate," was the reply.

"You mentioned inefficiency," said the congressman. "Would efficiency not be served were we to combine the Navy and the War Departments and build one structure for both?"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because," replied the spokesman for the Army, "that is an entirely different matter. The Army is the Army and the Navy the Navy."

Which is just as sensible as any of the arguments against the general house-cleaning and the new order that is inevitable. And typical, too.

"Gargerles? I allus thought they was a mouth wash!" *Joe Easley*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nine-o'clock Town

Continued from page 22

taken in twenty different fashions, and the whole company is kept on the lot until the director is satisfied, or until eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

To bring liquor on the lot is a deadly offense against the most sacred rules and regulations. Very few violate this injunction, and they do it at their peril. The standard contract between the motion-picture companies and their artists prohibits drinking and debauchery.

Most of the stars, including both men and women, have an excess of temperament; and those who haven't soon acquire it. George Bancroft is one of the most temperamental of the male stars. A few years ago he was working for two hundred and fifty dollars a week. Now he gets one hundred thousand dollars a picture, and his moods and whims have grown in proportion. So they say. At his studio there is an executive, renowned for diplomacy, whose special duty is to deal with him.

Pursuing Their Press Agents

There is an air of romantic make-believe about the whole set-up in Hollywood. I have never seen anything anywhere else that is exactly like it. Movie stars read the fulsome, puffy trash that is printed about themselves in the fan magazines and actually believe it. Most of these highfaluting stories have no truth in them at all. On my desk is a copy of a fan magazine. I picked it up just now and opened it at random. The first thing I saw was a picture of a girl I know. The article says that her hobby is collecting first editions. Well, the truth is that this particular star is an uneducated, charming and beautiful child. I doubt if she ever read ten books through, from beginning to end, in her life. I make bold to assert that she hasn't the faintest notion of the distinction between a first and a second edition, and my guess is that her press agent invented the story.

But—and here is an important but—I am willing to wager ten to one that she is really and truly collecting first editions right now. She read in the magazine that she is doing that, and she set out at once to do it. Hollywood is always about three laps behind the press agent, but it keeps on and hopes to catch up some day.

Consider the state of mind of a beautiful girl who finds herself, to her great amazement, a celebrated movie star. She may have graduated from the counter of a five-and-ten-cent store, where the salary was eleven dollars per; or she may have been a stenographer—as Ann Harding was—or the daughter of a carpenter, with all the younger kids and the dishwashing to look after—as Clara Bow was.

Naturally, such a girl is awed by the romance of her own career. It is unbelievable; and the three-thousand-dollar salary check every week seems like a special gift of Providence. She thinks she ought to do something special, and I don't blame her. If I had a salary of three thousand dollars a week I would do something very special myself. Usually she begins to spend money and takes pride in paying the highest possible price for everything.

Swankiness is a quality that is readily acquired, and motion-picture stars possess it in full measure. It usually takes the form of fine clothes, specially made cigarettes, jewelry, shoes, furniture and automobiles, and other unnecessary, expensive things. Marion Davies is one of the swankiest stars in the movie world. She comes to work in two cars, driven by two chauffeurs—one car for herself and the other for her maids and attendants. On the lot she has a large cottage, completely equipped as a residence, which she uses as a dressing-room.

Most movie people are acting all the time, at home and on the lot, on the street and off the street. They get the camera habit. There are poses and attitudes, all of them unconscious, I am sure. It is just a way of living and thinking.

One of my acquaintances is a woman who happened to be married for five or six years to a world-famous movie star. She divorced him when their child was about two years old. I asked her one day to tell me something about her former husband; the kind of fellow he really is, and so on.

"I never knew him," she said simply, as if announcing an obvious fact.

"Never knew him!" I exclaimed. "Why, you lived with him, didn't you?"

She was silent a moment. "Oh, yes, I lived with him for years," she replied. "But I never saw him at any time when he wasn't acting a part. I've often wondered myself just what kind of man he really is—at bottom, I mean."

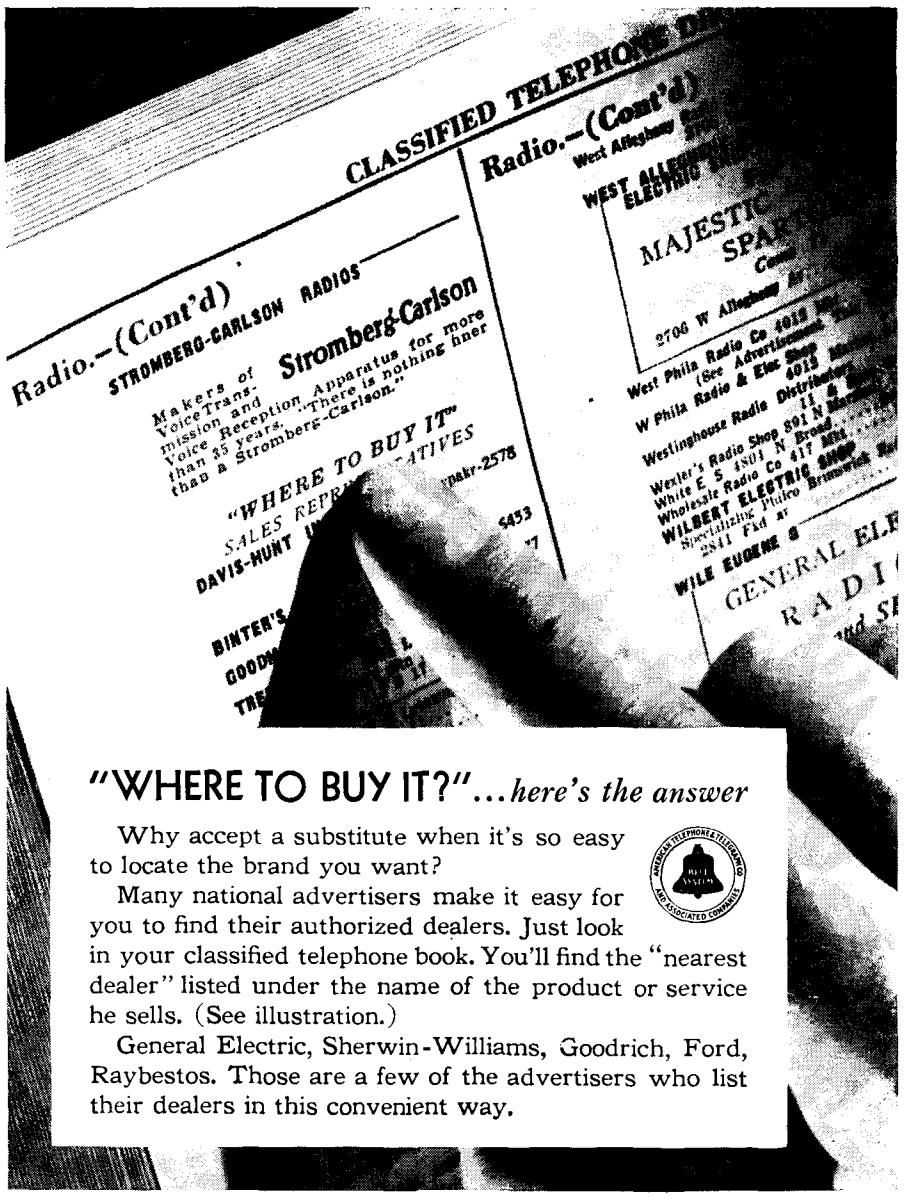
The urge toward domesticity is one of the notable impulses in Hollywood life. It is a land of married couples, twin beds, flowered silk pajamas, kitchen aprons, smoking jackets, child-raising, weak cocktails, ping-pong, dieting, knitted sweaters, tennis-playing, cake-baking, three-car garages and long telephone conversations. Everybody goes to bed early unless there is a party, and even that generally ends by midnight. By ten o'clock in the evening our neighborhood had usually settled down for a good long sleep. It was sunk in the sea of night. The houses were dark and silent. Over them stood ghostly eucalyptus trees that caught the moonlight in their thin hands and sprayed it in a silver filigree over the roofs. Passing along the street, one could almost hear the snores of men and women whose pictured faces were at that moment flashing on a thousand screens.

The Marriage Habit

The effect of the prevailing bourgeois conventionality is to prevent an undue number of what the newspapers call "marital tangles." There are tangles all right, but they are straightened out in legal form and seldom become scandals.

When a married woman in Hollywood grows tired of her husband and falls in love with another man, she goes to the trouble of getting a divorce, then marrying the other man and actually living with him. This course usually results in disaster, so there is another divorce and another marriage.

Hollywood manners run easily into horseplay and practical jokes, such as nailing hats and coats and pushing people into swimming pools. I went to a party once that began with great dignity. Everybody was in evening dress. The conversation was on a lofty plane, and it looked as if a boresome evening was under way. After a while some wit conceived a notion of taking the lilies that stood in profusion in the hall, dipping them in water and slapping the ladies on their bare backs with these wet flowers. In a short time everybody was doing it. The ladies enjoyed the slapping. When the party was over crushed lilies lay all over the floor. It was a boisterous occasion and a good time was had by all.



"WHERE TO BUY IT?"...*here's the answer*

Why accept a substitute when it's so easy to locate the brand you want?

Many national advertisers make it easy for you to find their authorized dealers. Just look in your classified telephone book. You'll find the "nearest dealer" listed under the name of the product or service he sells. (See illustration.)

General Electric, Sherwin-Williams, Goodrich, Ford, Raybestos. Those are a few of the advertisers who list their dealers in this convenient way.

Trim hedges FIVE times faster

Now, electricity saves you this hard, tedious work. With ELECTRIMMER, you can trim hedges oftener, make them grow thicker, and keep them more beautiful in one-fifth the time required with old-fashioned hand shears.

ELECTRIMMER works from light socket at negligible cost. Weighs only 6 lbs. Hold it with one hand to cut the toughest growth smoothly, evenly and quickly. Trims all hedges, bushes, shrubs and lawn borders. Write for free demonstration.

SKILSAW, Inc.
3326 Elston Avenue
Chicago

Opportunity for a few high-grade distributors.

OLD TOWN CANOES are perfectly balanced . . . easy to handle . . . light . . . fast . . . strong. Honest Indian models are made of tough cedar, covered with leak-proof canvas. They wear for years!

It's easy to own an Old Town. 1932 prices lowered to $63. Write for free catalog showing many models. Also outboard boats, dinghies, and rowboats. Old Town Canoe Co., 345 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

BUILD A BUSINESS of Your Own

Mr. T. F. Oberkiser of Ohio

MEET MR. T. F. OBERKISER of Ohio who is building a profitable business as subscription representative for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. You, too, may start a full time business or increase your present income in spare time.

Naturally, it's up to you to make the first move. Then we'll help you with personal cooperation from a competent Division Manager. Write for our pleasant and profitable plan, *now!* There is no cost or obligation to you.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-85
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me full particulars of your money making offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Don't Choke the Future

IF YOU want to get a vivid picture of how our present affairs are tangled up, helplessly, with what happened long ago, consider this episode:

Oklahoma decided that ice manufacturing ought, in the public interest, to be regulated. So a law was passed requiring those who wanted to get into the ice business to obtain certificates of public convenience and necessity.

The New State Ice Company of Oklahoma City got such a certificate nine years ago, and invested $500,000 in its plant. Then, without getting a certificate, Ernest A. Liebman began building an ice plant. The New State Ice Company sued to restrain Mr. Liebman from competing.

One obvious purpose of the Oklahoma law was to regulate competition. Everybody knows that unregulated competition has caused much of our present business depression, and various plans for restricting competition have been suggested.

The United States Supreme Court decided, however, that Oklahoma had no right to restrain competition in the ice business. Justice Sutherland for the majority of the court held that the Constitution forbade such a law.

The Fourteenth Amendment was cited as authority for the Supreme Court's decision.

Do you remember the Fourteenth Amendment? It says nothing about competition in the ice business or elsewhere. It was the Civil War Reconstruction Amendment, submitted to the states in 1866 and adopted two years later, and its purpose was to protect the citizenship rights of freed Negro slaves. In order to safeguard liberated slaves these important words were written into the Amendment:

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Of course that Amendment did not accomplish its purpose of establishing equality between white and colored people. It did, however, provide the authority, once it was decided that a corporation was legally a person, for the Supreme Court to veto laws, state or national, of which its members disapproved.

So, because an excited Congress in 1866 wanted to be sure that Southern Negroes could vote, in 1932 Oklahoma is forbidden to regulate competition in the ice business.

We shall have to get away from that. Nobody alive in 1866 had the slightest knowledge of what would be happening in 1932. The wisest man breathing 66 years ago had no notion of telephones, radios, the infinite applications of electrical energy, the gas engine, motor cars, airplanes and any of the other amazing developments which are the commonplaces of today. It was beyond human powers to plan for conditions which were not foreseen.

We shall do in the near future many things which but a short time ago seemed very radical and dangerous, and we shall undertake these new things willingly.

In his opinion dissenting from the decision of the Supreme Court in this very Oklahoma ice case, Justice Brandeis said: "Some people believe that existing conditions threaten even the stability of the capitalistic system." Justice Brandeis favored letting Oklahoma and other states experiment in new ways of regulating business so that the public well-being might be protected.

Courts usually follow public opinion, once they are sure in their minds what is the dominant public opinion, and we can be certain that the near future will see many economic experiments much more far-reaching than Oklahoma's little adventure in the ice business.

For men of all classes, rich and poor, hitherto conservative and radical, are determined that the evils from which we now suffer shall be prevented if it is within human power to do so. The very deepest emotions which actuate men, the instinct for self-preservation and solicitude for the unfortunate victims of a period of great emergency, lie behind that resolve.

We shall discover ways of controlling competition so that we are not rendered helpless by ruinous reduction of prices. Industry will be allowed, despite the prohibitions of present laws, to substitute self-government for the anarchy which now prevails.

Capitalism as a system is not endangered for the plain reason that no alternative seems more desirable. Once 97 per cent of the American people lived by agriculture. Industry offered more and so we became predominantly an industrial nation. We won't go back to an agricultural system.

Neither shall we adopt the other alternative of Russian Communism. However well Communism may suit the former subjects of the Russian czar, it has not attracted Westerners.

What we shall do is to extend and improve capitalism and bring it up to date. Progress has lagged but the direction of the current is in plain sight. Even during these years of depression the ownership of American industry as reflected in the lists of stockholders has been enormously extended.

Stockholders, however, like employees—in most great corporations stockholders are employees—want stability of earnings, prices and employment. They are an organized force which will provide the political support necessary to bring about the changes so urgently needed in our present scheme.

We shall be fortunate, however, if as we change our restrictive laws we don't make strait-jackets for the future. We know no more about 1975 than our grandfathers knew about 1932.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *Mother Gift* OF 1932

OTHERS don't expect much. They can even smile when birthdays pass unnoticed. But to be forgotten on Mother's Day is too conspicuous. Don't forget May 8! And don't depend on any casual remembrance, when there's such a perfect, personal, thoughtfully prepared gift as this. The Fan Box is something you could not have chosen for anybody else. Satin-covered. Richly-designed. And packed with the *most* extravagant selection of hand-dipped chocolates ever put into one box. Tasty small bits that mother will love. A special box, delivered *especially fresh* for Mother's Day! One, two and three-pound sizes. $1.50 the pound. See this exquisite gift today! Order it delivered anywhere. The service costs you nothing. But do not look for the package in other than Rexall Drug Stores. Remember: Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Drug Stores.

Mother's Day Comes May Eighth

Nougatines dipped in rich chocolate; many luscious flavors

Large chocolate-covered cherries. Also delicious soft fruit centers.

Featured Exclusively by **Rexall** Drug Stores

Tasty cream centers, all coated with $50,000 Artstyle chocolate.

Crisp and crunchy nut meats: almonds, walnuts, filberts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"The extra protection to my throat"

MIND IF I COLLYER "JUNE"?

June gave Park Avenue something to boast about . . . she's one of New York's "400." When June middle-aisled it, dozens of eligible bachelors went back into circulation. Did you see her in WARNER'S "ALEXANDER HAMILTON"? For 4 years she has smoked LUCKIES. That nice statement of hers was not given for money. "Thanks, June Collyer."

"It's the extra things I get from Luckies that make me so enthusiastic. The extra protection to my throat, the extra fine flavor of Lucky Strike's choice tobaccos. And the extra convenience of the little tab which opens the Lucky Cellophane wrapper so easily."

June Collyer

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED